

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

DEEP, fiery clouds o'ercast the sky ;
Dead stillness reigns in air ;
There is not e'en a breeze on high
The gossamer to bear.

The woods are hushed ; the waters rest ;
The lake is dark and still,
Reflecting on its shadowy breast
Each form of rock and rill.

The lime-leaf waves not in the grove,
Nor rose-tree in the bower ;
The birds have ceased their songs of love,
Awed by the threatening hour.

'Tis noon : yet nature's calm profound
Seems as at midnight deep ;
But, hark ! what peal of awful sound
Breaks on creation's sleep !

The thunder bursts ! its rolling might
Seems the firm hills to shake ;
And, in terrific splendor bright,
The gathered lightnings break.

Yet fear not, shrink not thou, my child,
Though, by the bolt's descent,
Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,
And the wide forest rent.

Doth not thy God behold thee still
With all-surveying eye ?
Doth not his power all nature fill,
Above, around, on high ?

Know : hadst thou eagle-pinions, free
To track the realms of air,
Thou couldst not reach a spot where he
Would not be with thee there.

In the wide city's peopled towers,
On the vast ocean's plains,
'Midst the deep woodland's loneliest bowers,
Alike the Almighty reigns.

Then fear not, though the angry sky
A thousand darts should cast :
Why should we tremble e'en to die,
And be with him at last ?

Selected.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL.

WE owe an apology to "Annie Gray," and to the readers of her Journal, for giving them so sad an introduction to her school-troubles, and afterward finding ourselves unable to continue her story in the "Friend." But, as every little school-girl knows, School, with its joys and sorrows, is a fruitful theme; and Annie has so *much* to tell that the "Friend" can scarcely find room for all her faults, and repentances and later experience in life. Nothing but a whole book to herself, we fear, will suffice for her fast-filling Journal leaves; and that, perhaps, our young readers may one day see upon some bookseller's counter. We are very sorry to leave her for the present in such despondency; but as we *all* know, children, it is very easy to fall into temptation and difficulty; but a hard, hard matter to arise and atone for it, walking bravely and hopefully on in a new and better way. So while Annie grieves and repents, and struggles with her faults, we will trust her to conquer them at last, and give you, little school-girl friends, a bit of loving advice.

Never let fun or play of any kind visit the school-room. Be sure, if you do, that some sorrow will spring up where the merriment was, and poison all the remembrance of it. Never let that rosy-cheeked tempter, play, enter your satchels, or hide in corners of your desks, or in corners of your brains, in any guise whatever. He takes so many forms, dear children, that fascinating tempter; he wears so many smiles, and promises such gleeful reward, that I scarcely wonder you follow him so lovingly; and indeed he is worth fol-

lowing, — or rather, perhaps, he is worth *leading*; for on the whole, I think, we had better keep the guidance and command ourselves. In that case he is a brilliant aid and cheerer on our way; so helpful and cheering that Dr. Bushnell once delivered an oration about him before an audience of learned men. There are some people he never can lead astray (and, perhaps, Dr. Bushnell was one of those); but there are some others, and many children among them, whom he charms into dangerous paths, and who find it very hard to recover the true way.

One morning I saw him hiding in a long paper box, which two little girls were intending to take to school. They did not know *he* was there. They thought they had put nothing in but a choice collection of paper dolls, queens and princesses in glittering robes, boys, girls, and babies, with their large and varied wardrobes. But there this tempter lay, in the minutest space imaginable; laughing, whispering, and singing to himself in this fashion: —

"Now for a good time! As for quiet, studious Amy, I give her up. She has found out some secret about me, and I suppose I could never push the idea into her head, of peeping in here among us until recess time. Well, if she likes Mr. Colburn with his improper fractions, and his *cisterns*, with the water running in and out no one knows how; and his *horses* that eat so much hay in two hours, and so little in one hour, &c., &c., — and if she likes poring over latitudes and longitudes, and measuring high mountains or long rivers with Mr. Morse, — why should I care? Her eyes are quite bright over them all, and she is glad to come back to me at last, as glad as I am to be with her.

But Marie, I can lead her as I please. *I* will be her 'scholar's companion' for to-day. As for Mr. Greenleaf with his dividends and quotients, she does not enjoy them. That long-division sum upon her slate now has a remainder twice the amount of the division, and she calls it *done*. As for grammar, I know I shall laugh to hear her parse her nouns with *singular case*, and apply a masculine gender to her adjectives. I saw "play, — play," and not "study," in her eyes just now as she packed the last princess in the box. How the teacher will frown! —

Oh rosy, laughing bright Marie,
She's my pet for fun and glee!"

But, children, what do you think happened to that dangerous paper box? Suddenly, at the last moment, with hat on, and satchel ready to start, off starts Marie for her forgotten Colburn, calling aloud to Amy to "stop, please, and come back for the box." But Amy does not stop, — it is too late; she turns to shake her head, and walks steadily on. So Marie puts down the box upon the door-step, and, not knowing exactly where to look for her Colburn, is in some danger of a tardy mark; so much so, that, relying upon Amy's never-failing book, she hastens back to the door. Meanwhile, her elder sister, anxious for the little girl's character at school, and knowing well the contents of the box, has taken it up, and quietly put it aside. She smiles at Marie's look of blank surprise, as she finds her treasure gone; but there is no time to pause for inquiry, and the young idler hurries on with a shadow in her merry eyes, an apple in her pocket, the *lessons* in her *satchel*, and the paper playthings in her head and

heart. We need not enter the schoolroom with her: you can all imagine her day there, and select perhaps, among your own days, some of the same stamp. Marie represents a class of scholars, who, with all their faults, are very dear to all. A bright, rosy, loving child she is, whose face is like sunshine, and whose ringing laugh the teacher loves to hear. Yet frequent mortifications, reproofs, and failures are fast bringing clouds over the bright brow, and the clear eyes are often dim with tears. Come now, dear Marie, with all your play-loving, work-forgetting companions; come, and tell us if all your hours of glee compensate for neglected duties, bad lessons, and the anxious grave reproof from your teacher's eye.

And come now, all the duty-loving, studious, orderly Amies, — tell us if the hardest lessons well learned, the most disagreeable duties cheerfully performed, do not bring a sweeter delight than all the gay pleasures in the world. Here *one* of the Amies — one I know very well — opens her quiet eyes in surprise, and answers, “I call it *all play* the lessons, and the hard sums, and the drawing hours, and helping mother —”

“Well, and the music lessons with the strict teacher? —”

Amy looks down for a moment; some of those first music lessons have cost her actual tears; but she has discovered the secret, a wonderfully beautiful secret, —

“I can make *those* play too, if I practise them *well*,” is her bright reply.

Ah, that is it, dear Amy! When we can all discover that secret, and make it a *truth* to our own experience, how wise and happy we shall be!

F. E. H.

LOCUSTS IN RUSSIA.

SEVERAL species of the grasshopper, or locust, are exceedingly destructive to vegetation in some portions of the world. For the most part, I believe, the farmers in this country suffer but little from them. But the case is far different in many portions of Continental Europe. In the southern part of Russia, for example, locusts sometimes destroy hundreds of acres of vegetation in an incredibly short space of time. I have gleaned the following facts from a recent traveller in that country : —

Of all the plagues suffered by the inhabitants of Southern Russia, the most disastrous, and therefore the most dreaded, are the locust invasions. When the first German settlers came into the country, two varieties of this insect were known to exist; their increase was not rapid, and they had not been regarded as objects to be feared. In 1820, it was noticed that their numbers had multiplied alarmingly; and, in some of the ensuing years, they caused great devastation. In 1828, troop after troop of them invaded the country, in such dense masses that they obscured the light of the sun; they destroyed the harvests, and in several localities they left no traces of vegetation behind them. The poor terrified colonists thought the day of judgment had come. In their dismay, they took counsel of their Tartar and Russian neighbors, who were not less distressed than themselves. The oldest person among them had no recollection of similar depredations; but most of them remembered the tales which their fathers had told respecting these terrible invaders. The Germans, how-

ever, determined to adopt measures which should protect them from similar attacks; and, for this purpose, they established a kind of police. Whoever first perceived a cloud of locusts, gave information to the inhabitants by an understood signal: men, women, children, all who could walk, armed themselves with bells, kettles, drums, guns, any thing in fact which would add to the racket, in order to frighten the invaders from the locality. They were frequently successful; though it was generally found that smoke produced the most immediate effect, especially if thick and odorous. Sometimes, however, the winged enemy were able to extinguish the very flames which were kindled to exterminate them. The lower strata of insects were pressed into the fire in such numbers, by the masses above them, that the latter escaped uninjured, and were ready to return to the conflict. Not unfrequently similar escapes take place when they are driven into the lakes or the sea. The numberless swarms form floating islands upon the surface of the water, which are submerged if the wind is violent; but, if the breeze is gentle, they are wafted in safety to the shores, where, after drying their wings, they ascend with unbroken spirit to scent out new fields for their ravages.

These insects show a decided preference for the gardens surrounding habitations. A village to the right or left of their direction never fails to attract them. It is impossible to describe the consternation of the inhabitants who have failed in their efforts to remove this plague of ancient times. The doomed field, orchard, or garden, where they alight, is covered by them to the depth of several inches; while waiting myriads above them intercept the very light of the sun. Windows, doors, and

even chimneys, are carefully closed to prevent their entrance into the houses.

The most numerous swarms are seen in August. They seldom set forth on their marauding excursions earlier than eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and sometimes they stop only at midnight. An ordinary swarm is generally nearly a quarter of a mile in width, and a mile or two in length. It is more difficult to calculate its thickness; but this must be very considerable, as it obscures the sunlight, and causes a perceptible coolness. They make so much noise in their flight, that they may be heard at a great distance; and, when they alight, it gives the impression of a shower of stones. In calm weather, they travel at about the rate of a mile an hour; in sunshine, at a height of some two hundred feet above the earth; but, if it is cloudy, their flight is so low that a man must turn his back, and take a firm position, till they have passed.

These marauders seem to have their preferences for certain plants, though they devour indiscriminately whatever they meet, transforming an oasis into a desert in the space of a few hours.—*Selected.*

THE BROTHERS.

(Continued from p. 254, vol. 24.)

IN about an hour, Edmund returned, dispirited and melancholy. His efforts to climb the cliff on the other side of the cavern had been equally unsuccessful. Albert also was much dejected; and they passed the long afternoon in almost perfect silence. The next morning,

Albert's arm was well enough to allow him to swim a short distance; and he proposed to Edmund, that they should try to climb to the little shelving ledge he had spoken of the day before, whence they might be better able to watch for any vessels that might pass up or down the bay. Edmund directed his course to a little foothold in the rock, where he had ascended the day before, and Albert followed; but, when he attempted to climb, he found that the sprain of his arm rendered it impossible. He was about to abandon the plan in despair, when he remembered a stout rope, which, in the hurry of their leaving anchorage on the day of the accident, he had put into his pocket. He now gave one end to Edmund, bidding him tie it round his arm, that it might not impede him in climbing. Edmund did as he was desired, and, after some vigorous scrambling, reached the shelf. It was perhaps a dozen yards in length, and from three to four feet wide, where its breadth was greatest. Two or three gnarled trees sprung from the scanty soil; and round one of these, the strongest, Edmund tied the rope. Albert had already fastened the other end securely round his own waist, and, with his feet and his strong arm, began the ascent, aided by vigorous pulls of the rope by Edmund. At last the ledge was reached; and, panting and weary, he stretched himself on the grass. He could not but admire, in the midst of his weariness, the beautiful bay, blue as the sky above, and shut in by the tall cliffs. When he had rested awhile, he began to examine closely the cliffs above the ledge. Forty or fifty feet, they rose above him almost perpendicularly; and he despaired of ever climbing them.

"Here's a foot-hold," he cried out at last to Edmund. "If my arm was not lame, I would try it. And see, there is a grand jutting-out stone to grasp with the hand. I will tie the rope round you, and you can try."

Edmund readily consented, and made the trial; but the distance between the foot-holds was too great, — he came back after he had reached a yard or two, quite disheartened. The morning passed in vain plans, and as vain watchings for rescue. When the boys judged by the sun that it was noon, Edmund descended to the cavern, and groped around for some food. He was fortunate again in finding some sea-fowls' eggs, and some shell-fish.

"I am almost perishing of thirst," said Albert, as they concluded their meal. "We *must* contrive some means of getting away from this deserted spot." And again he surveyed the cliffs in every part.

Edmund followed him. "What a whitish stone this is," said he, "I don't remember any like it at Bayside."

"So it is," cried Albert joyfully. "It may be chalk!" And taking up a sharp stone, which Edmund had brought from the cavern to use in breaking open the shell-fish, he struck the rock repeatedly with its edge. The rock crumbled and yielded. Albert sprang up in perfect delight. "It is chalk! it is chalk! Now we can escape!" And he explained to Edmund that they might make themselves footings in the rock, and so climb to the top. "How foolish in us not to have examined the rock before"!

"But it will take us at least a week," said Edmund. "Think how high the cliff is."

"But do you not see that it is steeper for the first twenty feet above us, than the rest of the way? and perhaps, if we make our own footings for that distance, we may be able to climb the rest without them." Albert chose that part of the cliff where the perpendicular height was least, influenced also by the fact that one of the trees grew there close to the rock; and he thought they might be glad to avail themselves of its boughs in cutting some of their steps. Edmund, meanwhile, had descended again to the cave in search of sharp, hard stones with which to commence their work. He tied them together with the rope, and pulled them up, when he again reached the ledge. And now they began their work in good earnest. Albert could render scarcely any assistance in the work itself; but he pointed out the places he judged best for each step, and sometimes attempted to cut away the rock himself. It was very slow and very toilsome labor; and, though they worked hard from noon until sunset, only half a dozen steps were cut. "Oh, dear!" sighed Edmund, as he looked at his blistered fingers, "we shall never get it done."

"But to-morrow," said Albert, "I shall be able to work. My arm is much better than it was this morning."

"Do let us sleep here," said Edmund. "It is so much pleasanter than that dismal old cavern."

"Oh, no!" replied Albert. "It is not safe to sleep here. We might roll over the cliff in our sleep. We must go down again."

In descending, Albert went down first; Edmund steadying his descent, as before, with the rope. Then he came down himself; and both went into the dim and

glimmering cavern. No eggs were to be found to-night, and the shell-fish were few and far between. They went very hungry to bed, and thirst became almost intolerable.

The light was long in waking them the next morning. No gleam of sunshine played over the surface of the water; and, after another unsuccessful search for food, they left the cavern. The rain was falling fast, and Edmund began to lament; but Albert immediately seized Edmund's shirt, which had hung out for a signal, and began to wash it as well as he could in the salt water. "Now," said he, "we shall have something to drink." After he had washed as long as he thought necessary, he wrung it, and they began their ascent of the cliff, carrying with them the shirt, which Albert hung to the branch of a tree which projected over the cliff. Hungry as they were, they went vigorously to work; and, as Albert found himself able to use his hand, they went on for some time with great spirit. When they stopped to rest, they went eagerly to the shirt, and, by wringing it, obtained water enough to satisfy their real necessities, though not so much as they would have liked.

Edmund now declared that he would fast no longer, if any thing could possibly be found to eat; and, scrambling down the cliff, he disappeared into the cavern, while Albert ascending the steps already cut, and, holding by his left hand to the rough projections of the rocks, wrought on with his right at the toilsome occupation. Edmund meanwhile groped his way further into the cave than they had ever ventured before. A large fissure in the rock attracted his attention. It was just wide enough for him to squeeze through, and he found

himself in another cavern, whose size, owing to the darkness, he could not ascertain. He would not then stop to explore; but, passing back through the aperture, he went into the first cave, where at last he found, in the farthest recesses of the cavern, a large supply of eggs. He collected enough for several meals, and then, going to the mouth of the cave, called Albert from the cliff to their most welcome repast.

The boys began their work with new vigor after their meal; but it grew dusk, and their task was not completed, when Albert fancied he heard the dash of oars. He could see nothing; but the sound was unmistakable. Both shouted as loudly as possible, and soon the boat came in sight, proceeding slowly up the bay. Once the boys thought their shouts were heard, for the rowers lifted their oars and seemed to listen, but they soon let them fall again into the water; and although Albert and Edmund made the most piercing cries, and the most frantic signals, she kept on her course, and was soon lost to view. Albert threw himself on the grass, and burst into a frightful passion of tears. Edmund wept too, though less wildly.

"Come, Albert," he said at length, "we must go down the rocks; it will soon be too late for us to see our steps."

"We shall die here," exclaimed Albert; "and it would be far better for us to roll from the cliff in our sleep, and be drowned, than to die by inches of hunger and thirst."

"But see how much we have done to-day; by to-morrow noon, we shall have finished the steps up to that part of the rock which slopes more, and then I dare say

we can climb the rest. Don't give up, Albert, till we have at least tried that. Come down now. See! that dark cloud has lifted, and there is a yellow gleam towards the West. Let us take that for a happy omen."

Albert rose, and followed his brother in silence. After a supper to which he did full justice, as well as Edmund, the tired youths stretched themselves on the hard sand, and were soon fast asleep.

Before noon the next day, the footholds in the most perpendicular part of the rock had been cut; and, trembling with eagerness, Albert, who was the best climber, tied the rope round his waist, that he might be able to assist Edmund, and ascended. The result proved that he was right. Above their hollowed steps, the cliff sloped more than it had appeared to do from below; and, about ten feet above the highest, there was a little ledge, large enough for Albert to sit and rest. Edmund climbed very easily by aid of the steps; but he could scarcely have scrambled up after they were passed, but for the aid of the rope.

When Edmund at last reached Albert, the latter set off again. Once he was almost baffled. He dared not look back, lest the dizzy height should make his footing slip. He made a bold, but successful attempt, and reached a flat projection, so far above him, that, under other circumstances, he would never have thought of endeavoring to attain it. But what was now to be done. He feared that, if he went higher, Edmund would never reach this flat rock, and yet it was only wide enough for him alone to stand on. He looked around. A dwarf pine grew from a crevice just beside him. He tried it, and found it firmly bedded in the thin soil in which it had

taken root. He climbed cautiously into it, and shouted to Edmund to recommence his ascent. Edmund was successful until he reached the last point; and then Albert, bidding him hold fast with both hands to the rope, exerted his whole strength, and pulled him up upon the little ledge, whence he sprang into the tree, and Albert stepping again upon the ledge, began the last stage of his ascent.

It was easier than the former had been; and in twenty minutes more, dizzy and weary, he had thrown himself upon the grassy top of the ascent, and saw Edmund set out upon the same toilsome progress. They rested under the shade of a huge tree, till the heat of the day had somewhat abated; looking round them meanwhile to discover any path or road which might led towards home. A growth of thick underbrush compelled them to relinquish their first plan of following along the cliff the course of the bay. The hill, or rather mountain, was very gradual in its descent on the land side, though it was covered with a dense forest. Guided, however, by a wreath of smoke that curled up in the distance, the boys began their homeward journey. After several times losing their way, our young adventurers struck about night into a little forest-path, which they followed for a long time, and at last came to a deserted shanty, on the borders of the wood.

Here they rested for the night; and, with the earliest dawn, they bent their way towards some cottages which they saw about a mile distant. A hale old farmer stood at the door of that which they first approached.

"Can you tell us which is the way to Bayside, and how far it is?" asked Albert. The man looked

sharply at the boys. They were haggard and pale, and their clothes were in rags and much soiled.

"Road to the right, first turn, until you come to a yellow schoolhouse; then turn to the right again. It may be a matter of five miles." The old man turned on his heel; but just then a pretty little girl, seven or eight years old, came running out to meet a boy who came from the farm-yard, with two foaming pails of new milk. The child saw that Edmund looked eagerly towards the milk, and said, "Are you thirsty, boy? I think grandpa' will let me give you some milk." And she filled her tin mug, and the brothers refreshed themselves in turn. How grateful it was to them, those only can know who have suffered similar privations.

As they went on their way, they gathered berries by the road-side, which appeased somewhat their hunger. As soon as they turned into the road by the schoolhouse, the aspect of everything was familiar to them. They walked on with brisker steps; but, when they came to the village, Albert stood still. "I can scarcely go on," said he. "My heart beats so violently, I must sit down here, and rest. And Edmund, — our poor mother! She doubtless believes us dead. We must not go in upon her suddenly: it would kill her. Let us go first to Sparhawk; and he will go, and prepare her."

Neither boy spoke as they again went on; choosing the less frequented paths, lest some one should recognize them, and bring the news to their mother before Sparhawk had seen her. The old man was sitting dejectedly at the door of his cottage, when Albert and Edmund stood before him. He would not wait to hear any thing

of their story. They followed him at a distance, while he hurried along to their house. "Ah!" said Edmund, as the tall elm which shaded it came in view, "how little I ever thought to see that again! I hope I shall never be tempted again to act contrary to our mother's wishes." Albert felt with his brother, but too proud to confess it to him. They crept softly into the little gate. We will not pretend to portray to our readers the joy of that meeting. It is enough for us to know that the privations and the anxieties they had suffered wrought a change in the character of the brothers. Albert's self-will and pride were humbled, Edmund's obstinacy was softened; and their mother found their manhood the staff of her declining years, as their infancy had been her pride long before.

Will our boy-readers, and those of the gentler sex likewise, remember this tale when they are about to disobey the wishes of their parents? "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life;" and true obedience, that which is acceptable to God, seeks not to screen itself behind expressed commands, but obeys even the wishes of those to whom the heavenly parent has given authority.

ED.

ICE IN THE HOT ASHES OF MOUNT ETNA.

THE main crater is about five hundred feet deep at this time (so say the guides); but I think this must be measured down the slope of the funnel. I could not, however, see to the bottom, owing to the volumes of

sulphurous smoke, whirling up ever and anon, accompanied by a rumbling sound, and occasionally by a slight vibration of the ground under foot. Here I found, amid warm ashes, on the slope of the crater within, heavy crystals of ice, set all at one angle, and curved like shark's teeth. I picked up one as big as a walnut, and asked the guide if he could account for its presence. Far be it from him to give a *rationale* of any thing of the sort; it would derogate from the dignity of Etna. It reminded me of a chemical experiment played off by a French *savant* at one of the late "Scienziati" meetings. He made water freeze in a red-hot cup. The silver platina being brought to a red heat, a few drops of water are thrown in, which do not evaporate, but jump about. Sulphuric acid is now poured in, which, in the act of boiling, produces so intense a cold by the disengagement of its latent heat, that the drop of water at once turns to ice. I opine the chemical process here to be the same, only on nature's grand scale. The morning mists supply the moisture, and within the crater there is no lack of sulphurous mixture, boiling as if in a retort; hence, as hot fumes ascend, the crystals of ice are precipitated. If any one rejects this solution of mine, let him find a better; remembering that he is to account for pieces of ice forming on a bed of warm ashes. This principle of "disengagement of latent heat" may also help to account for the severity of the cold felt on Mount Etna, which is far greater than is due to its elevation. —

Francis's Notes on Italy and Sicily.

MARGARET'S HUMILIATION.

BY MRS. BRADLEY.

(Continued from page 264, vol. 24.)

SHE started in affright as he called her name. I thought she looked as if she wanted to run away; but she conquered the impulse in a moment, whatever it was; took his offered hand, and welcomed him hospitably. He would not go in; the evening was too beautiful, he said; and so we all lingered in the piazza. Jessie grew tired of the quiet talk by and by, and wanted to go away to the swing; but I had an instinctive feeling that Margaret did not wish to be left alone with her teacher, and so I stayed behind, drawing closer to her. She put her arm round me gently, for the first time during my visit; and I felt then that she wanted me, — that my presence was a comfort to her; and I would have laid down my life almost at that moment to have given her peace and happiness.

"Have you been as devoted to the camp-meeting as most of your neighbors, Miss Margaret?" Mr. Page asked by and by.

"No, sir, I have been but once," Margaret answered.

"And I not at all; this is the last day too, is it not?"

"Yes," said Margaret.

"I have a fancy," Mr. Page went on, "to go to-night. I have never in my life seen a camp-meeting at night, and I imagine it must be a wild and impressive scene."

"I do not like it," Margaret exclaimed quickly; "it excites me too much; I have no control of my feelings,

and inevitably make myself ridiculous. I never went but once, and never will —”

“Do not say so, Miss Margaret,” Mr. Page quietly interposed. “I intend to ask you to accompany me to-night, and I trust you will not refuse.”

Margaret did not answer; but I saw — for I watched her *very* closely — that her face grew pale with a sudden fear, and she shut her lips tightly as if in pain. Her father's entrance saved her from speaking, and a few moments after we were called to tea. In real Southern fashion, the table was laid on the lawn, under a clump of beautiful trees, and the snowy damask cloth covered with the profusion of dainty dishes that one sees at a Southern board. The conversation turned upon the camp-meeting as usual, and Mr. Page spoke of his invitation to Margaret. “Margaret can do as she chooses,” Mr. Allen said laughingly; “but for myself I must beg a reprieve, I feel much more inclined for a cigar, and a quiet nap in my arm-chair maybe, than another ride to the camp-ground.”

“But, papa, *we* want to go,” cried Jessie. “Em, and Lottie, and I, — we must really go this last night.”

“Go along with you,” said Mr. Allen, good naturedly. “Sam can drive you over, if Mr. Page will have an eye upon you after you get there. You're accustomed to that, — eh, Mr. Page? I should think you were most devout little Methodists, the whole crew of you, by this time, though. I'll venture to say my horses are glad this is the last of the camp-meeting.”

So it was arranged that we should all go together, greatly to Margaret's relief as I fancied; and, as soon as supper was over, the large family carriage came to the

door for us. It was a drive of five miles, and the conversation was kept up pretty much amongst us children. Margaret never spoke except in reply to Mr. Page, and he said but little to her. I sat all the way close by Margaret's side, holding her hand in mine; she seemed glad to have me near her this evening.

The services had just begun as we reached the ground. We threaded our way through the long lines of vehicles of every condition, guided partly by the moonlight, partly by the flaming knots of pine-wood burning at regular intervals down the line, to the bower in the centre of the ground. The rude wooden benches, with which the bower was furnished, were already thronged with people, and it was some time before Mr. Page could procure seats for us. We worked our way up towards the altar, where some one was bringing a reinforcement of chairs, and were seated finally, while Mr. Page took his stand behind Margaret's chair.

From our station, we had a full view of the pulpit; a sort of rude wooden platform, boarded in, and containing chairs for the three or four ministers who occupied it. Just below the pulpit was a sort of open space thickly strewn with straw, with one or two benches in it, now entirely unoccupied. But every one knew the object of the "mourner's bench;" and no one ventured to take a seat there who did not come as a suppliant for the prayers of the church.

The pulpit was lighted with a row of pine torches, throwing their wild red glare around its immediate vicinity, but only making darkness visible down through the bower. Even where we sat, the shadows lay thickly around, and we saw but the outline of each other's faces

in the fitful light. The scene was very grand and solemn to me always; often as I had seen it, I was hushed into the same trembling awe. The grand old forest overshadowing us, and shutting out the moonlight except in occasional pallid glimpses; the long, low, gloomy-looking bower, with its sea of human faces looming up strangely in the darkness; the great bursts of flame from the bush-lights, throwing so strange and unearthly a glow upon every thing near; the shouts and songs of the negroes mellowed in the distance, and the wild chanting hymns ringing through our own congregation, — all stirred my childish spirit with a strange, deep excitement. I could not chatter and whisper as Jessie and Lottie did in their girlish mirth, but shrank away from them, clinging more closely to Margaret. She sat very still and very silent; her face drawn into the shadow as much as possible, and her hands folded passively in her lap. Mr. Page stood behind her, looking down into her face all the while, though Margaret did not see him.

The minister who was to preach came forward under the light, as the solemn, plaintive hymn died away. He had a young, enthusiastic face, pale and thin from much exertion, and looking paler than usual now in the strong glare of the pine knots. Without preface of chapter or text, he began with these words, from Isaiah: —

“Behold the Lord’s hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear. For your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity; your lips have spoken lies, and your tongue hath muttered perverseness.”

And then the sermon followed; a flow of eloquent, passionate pleading; a tide of denunciation, rapid and resistless; a heart-arousing appeal to one and all, being sinners, to come to the Lord and receive his salvation.

"Why will ye grope for the wall like the blind? Why will ye stumble at noonday as in the night? Return ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backsliding. Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God. Only seek Him, and he will be found of thee!"

With outstretched arms, and his high excited voice, he poured forth passages of Scripture, of warning, of condemnation, of merciful pleading; mingling them with human words of such power and eloquence that the great congregation were thrilled to their centre, and the people swayed to and fro as if a wind had passed over them. Cries and moanings and agonized prayers rose up from many a heart stricken suddenly with wild fear or penitence. One after another they crowded up to the mourner's bench, prostrating themselves to the earth; the ministers came down from the pulpit, going about amongst the people, comforting and praying with the penitent, and exhorting all to come and do likewise; the members, brothers, and sisters in Christ, went hither and thither, praying with those who knelt in wild despair, singing hymns of rejoicing with those who shouted in the fulness of joy and faith.

It was a scene of solemn, intense excitement; no heart in that vast assembly but was thrilled with powerful emotion, gazing upon this whirlwind of human passion. Child as I was then, the scene of that night is a living memory to me yet; and I can still recall the

thrilling emotions that shook my own soul with such power.

Margaret had sat passive as a statue all through the sermon. No motion betrayed her deep interest; only I saw through all the shadows how the tears rained down like a torrent over her white face, and her lips were compressed in such agony, as if all the power of a strong, resolute spirit could scarce keep down the cry of anguish. And I yearned so to comfort her, to speak some word of peace to that poor troubled heart. I even prayed, little as I knew of prayer then, that God would pity her, and bring relief to her suffering, whatever it might be.

At the close of the sermon, when the excitement grew wild and intense, and the people thronged towards the altar, pressing one against another in their eagerness, I in some way lost sight of Jessie and Lottie. They were standing up in their chairs; and the crowd, closing round them, hid them altogether from my sight. But I did not think of them a moment: every thought and feeling was for Margaret, who sat now in the darkness, her face buried in her hands, and her whole frame shaken with such bitter, despairing sobs as I had never heard in my life. All in vain I clung to her, praying her, with passionate tears, not to weep so; to tell me what troubled her. She did not seem to hear me at all, or be conscious of any thing but her own despair.

Suddenly Mr. Page came, and stood before her. I could not see his face in the darkness; but his voice was stern and commanding, though he spoke only in a whisper. He drew her hands forcibly from her face, saying, "Margaret, come with me. This is no place for you here."

And, half lifting her unresisting form from the seat, he drew her away; forcing a passage through the crowd, until they were without the enclosure of the bower. I followed them: I *could* not stay behind, though I knew that neither of them were conscious of my presence. And so on with them I went, keeping close behind Margaret, till we came to a quiet shaded spot, where a bench had been left under a group of trees. There Mr. Page stopped, and made Margaret sit down. I crept close to her, but no one seemed to heed my presence; and Mr. Page, still grasping both her hands, and looking full into her face, that all drooping and tearful dared not raise itself to his, said firmly, —

“Now, Margaret, it is time to put an end to this. I insist upon your telling me at once the reason of your altered behavior of late, and the cause of this emotion to-night. I have a right to *demand* this explanation from you; but I also *entreat* it, for your own sake as well as my own.”

(To be continued.)

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

IN the month of May, 1539, a new family moved into the village of Saintes in France. The father, Bernard Palissy, was quite celebrated for his paintings on glass. They lived comfortably and happily; Bernard was industrious, and earned enough to provide for all the wants of his family. After they had been two years at Saintes, Bernard one day saw a very beautiful cup, and was determined to make a vase similar to it, but stronger and

more useful. So he went to work, and mixed different kinds of earth, and kneaded it, and baked it; but it was not what he meant it should be. He laid aside the painting of glass which had supported his family so comfortably, and spent all his time trying to make this vase, which he was very sure he could do. Every day his family grew poorer and poorer, but he comforted himself by saying that to-morrow he should have more gold than his strong box could hold. To-morrow came, but it brought no relief to the suffering household; many to-morrows passed away, but still the strong box was empty. His starving wife and children clasped their thin hands, and, with streaming tears, besought him to return to his trade; but he would not. Twenty years glided on in poverty and suffering. Bernard's hair was gray, and his form bowed; but still he thought only of his darling object. His children were scattered here and there, to earn their daily bread. His neighbors called him a madman, a fool, and a villain. Suddenly, the apprentice who had served him patiently for many years declared he would not remain another hour. Poor Bernard was obliged to give him part of his own clothing in payment of his wages, and was now obliged himself to attend his oven. It is in the cellar, and he • anxiously gropes his way down the dark staircase.

"More wood," "more wood!" There is none in the little shed, there is none beside the cottage door: what is to be done? Almost wild, Bernard tears down the frail garden fence, and hurls it into the fire. The flames rise high and hot; but still there is not enough. A chair, a stool, a table, whatever the frantic man can seize, is thrown into the glowing furnace. Suddenly

a loud shout rings through the heated cellar. His trembling wife hastens to obey the call. There stands Bernard, gazing in mute joy on the vase so long desired, at length obtained ! The news of his discovery spread far and wide. Henry III., then King of France, sent for him to come to Paris, and received him in his palace. Here he lived for many years, a rich and honored man. At length a persecution arose against the Protestants. Bernard refused to give up his religion, and was therefore placed in prison, where he died in 1589. Children, did you know that the invention of common crockery cost a wise and good man so many years of toil ? — *Child's Paper.*

"NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE: GO, AND SIN NO MORE."

THESE words our holy Saviour spake to a poor, trembling, sinning woman, who was brought before him for condemnation. She was accused of some offence ; and according to the Jewish law, which treated the criminal with great severity, she would have been stoned to death.

Let us listen to the words of Jesus, and take heed to his treatment of the frail and erring, and draw therefrom a lesson which may be appropriate to each one of us, in our judgment of others.

Jesus looked around upon the accusers of this woman, with his searching eye, as if penetrating into the depths of their hearts, and said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." And they all, "being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one." And Jesus was left alone with the woman ;

then he spake these words, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

We read no more of the future life of this woman; but Jesus' melting tones of kindness and forbearance, gently winning her back to the paths of virtue, may have had a far greater influence over her, than the harsh manner with which her accusers would have treated her.

This forbearance, this gentleness, towards those who have in any way transgressed God's holy law, we must carry with us amid the daily occurrences and duties of life.

"Speak gently, — it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, — let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
Speak gently to the erring ones, —
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again."

How ready are we to blame and accuse others, whereas we may be guilty often of the same fault! or, if we may not have *committed* the same, we have the spirit within us, which under different circumstances would have developed itself into the same evil deed. This thought should make us charitable towards others. Our "own conscience must convict us" that we are not without sin, and therefore we must not be too ready "to throw the first stone;" but rather follow the example of Jesus, restoring the wandering, and saying in accents of *gentle* reproof and tender persuasion, "Go, and sin no more."

A. L. L.

CAMBRIDGE.

ON AN INCIDENT RELATED AT THE ANNIVERSARY
OF THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

THE father sits with pen and book
Within his garden's sheltered nook ;
While here and there, like song of bird,
His little daughter's voice is heard.

And suddenly, with tripping feet,
She hastens to the garden-seat,
And asks in tones that sweetly plead,
" Say, dear papa, is this a weed ? "

" It is a weed, dear," he replies.
One moment fall her gentle eyes ;
To other friends she hastens then,
And wins the same response again.

She to the gardener hies at last,
The little stem still holding fast ;
And once again she asks, " Indeed,
Dear Nicholas, is this a weed ? "

The father listens with a smile, —
The gardener answers " yes " the while, —
And thinks the child no more will prize
The simple thing they all despise.

But no : her voice again rings out,
Free from the slightest tone of doubt,
" In my own garden plant it, do,
And then 't will be a flower too."

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Ah! many human weeds grow rank,
Neglected by the wayside-bank,
That need but love and care of ours
To make them bloom immortal flowers.

ED.

SOUTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

THE South Americans have put to profit the intelligence of certain wild birds, and subjected them to a sort of domesticity, if I may use the word. The *chaïa*, or *chavaria*, of Paraguay, attains the height of a small turkey. Its head, covered with down, as well as its neck, is ornamented with an elegant crown of upright feathers; its plumage is of a leaden gray; its long legs are provided with very strong claws, and the end of its wings is armed with a thick, long, pointed horn, which renders it formidable to other birds. Nevertheless, its disposition is gentle, even generous; for it employs its strength and courage only in the defence of the timid birds of the poultry-yard, which the Indians place under its guardianship. It promenades all day with great gravity, in the midst of the hens, ducks, and geese confided to it; and its piercing eye, almost always directed towards the clouds, permits it to discover a bird of prey at a very great distance. As soon as he perceives it, he utters a cry of alarm, and prepares fiercely for the combat. Vainly does the vulture dart, with the rapidity of lightning, on a goose or a chicken; the *chaïa* is there, with his beak projecting and his plumage bristling. While with one wing he covers the victim, with the

other he strikes the assassin, and with his spur inflicts deep wounds in his throat and breast. Like an athlete trained to combat, he knows how to take his time to launch his pointed beak into his eyes, or to tear him with his claws. He strikes with redoubled blows, overthrows the enemy, subduing him rather by courage and address than by force, and soon constrains him to take flight in disgrace. Then he draws himself up, and promenades proudly amid his affrighted flock.

But if the bird of prey attacks the flock while it is in the fields, the geese, while the chaïa is fighting, may be scattered by fear, and, thus isolated, become an easy prey. Another protector comes to their assistance. It is an *agami*, whose voice, shrill as the note of a trumpet, frightens the vulture, and summons the shepherd to the aid of the intrepid chaïa. The *agami* has neither the strength nor the courage of the former; but it surpasses it in intelligence, as it does all other animals except the dog. This bird is of the size of a large chicken; its plumage is blackish, with shades of brilliant violet on the breast; its head and neck are covered with a dark violet down, resembling velvet; its beak is strong; its eyes, large, brilliant, expressive. Its body, elongated, almost vertical, arched like that of the partridge, is supported by long, yellow legs. It flies awkwardly, but very swiftly. In the wild state it lives in the woods, feeds on grain and fruits, and builds its nests at the foot of trees. Domesticated, it recognizes the hand which feeds it, attaches itself to its master, follows him everywhere, obeys his voice, and caresses him like a dog. Like the latter, it loves and seeks to please, and, in order to succeed, makes itself useful. By night it stations itself

near the door of the house, and watches what is passing without. If robbers seek to introduce themselves, under cover of the darkness, this vigilant sentinel immediately sounds the alarm, and makes its shrill voice resound like the barking of a dog. During the day, it guards the poultry-yard, and maintains good order there. It drives the hens and pigeons from the garden, and, in fine, renders all the little services of which it is capable, without waiting to be called upon to do so. Sometimes its master confides to it a flock of geese, to be driven to the fields. It is then amusing to see how much trouble it takes to keep the flock in order, to direct them, to hurry them, to compel them to keep together. If a shepherd has no dog, it is said that two agamies are a very good substitute; and that, in this case, they develop admirable intelligence and zeal. Nothing is more curious than to see stupid sheep run and jostle one another, in obedience to a bird one-sixth as large, and not a twentieth part as strong as themselves. This is a striking example of the immense superiority of intelligence over physical force. — *From the French.*

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

WE gave you, young readers, last month, some account of the Children's Mission. Its anniversary meeting was so very pleasant, that we are tempted to give those little friends who were not present a sketch of the proceedings. The lower floor of a large church was filled almost entirely with Sabbath-school children and their teachers.

At the side of the pulpit were the older children of the Female Orphan Asylum. The meeting was opened by the singing of a hymn by a choir of children, and was followed by a prayer, and the reading of reports from the Secretary and Treasurer. Some young ladies in Dorchester had held a fair on May Day, and from its receipts had paid *five hundred dollars* to the treasurer of the Mission. Numerous bundles of new clothing, it was also stated, had been sent to Mr. Barry, amounting in all to fourteen hundred garments.

Mr. Barry himself made an earnest and heartfelt address. He expressed his deep interest in the work, and spoke of a locality called Washington Village in South Boston, where the children were so bad that no one would undertake to reform them. Led by his duties, he went there some two years ago, and his Sunday school now numbered eighty-eight children; and the policeman who had formerly been kept on constant duty there was dismissed. He said that they were now in need of some place of worship, as the room which they had used was to be torn down; and, that when he asked the children how many of them would prefer to continue their school, even if it were in a barn, rather than give it up, eighty-eight hands were raised.

After his report, the children of the Orphan Asylum sung a hymn to the plaintive melody of "Lily Dale." Mr. Fearing, the President of the Society, stated that these children also had done what they could for the mission, and had made many little articles which were sold at Dorchester fair. While they were singing, many gentlemen in the assembly were affected to tears; and the clergyman who was called upon to speak, imme-

diately after the hymn was done, was at first scarcely able to command his voice.

Rev. Mr. Brooks said, that, when he was in Rome, he passed by a prison every day in which a man was confined for debt. His room was on the lower floor, and three times a day he put out of his window a fishing rod with a line attached, and to that line his little daughter came regularly and tied a piece of bread. The missionary box, he said, was like that line, and, every Sunday, children must tie on a cent.

Rev. Mr. Mumford, of Detroit, related an anecdote of a little child four years old, who came to her father one day with a weed called shepherd's purse.

"Papa," she asked, "is that a weed?" And when her father told that it was, she still asked her other friends; and, when they said the same thing, she appealed to the gardener, and as he also declared it a weed, her father supposed she was silenced. "Plant in my garden, Nicholas," she said, "and then it won't be a weed." So it was with these poor neglected human weeds. If children, with faith and loving hands, planted them in their gardens, they might become beautiful flowers.

Rev. Mr. Cudworth, of East Boston, said that he would illustrate his thought by a figure drawn from the city where he lived, which was largely concerned in ship-building. A builder had made a fine ship, — so fine, and so successful on her first voyage, that he built another exactly like it, and went to Europe in the second. While there, the first vessel put into port, leaky. She had sprung a leak, and damaged her cargo so much, that it took all the profits of the second vessel to pay for the

injury of the first. And what had caused all this trouble? A very little thing. One of the ship carpenters, in fastening the planks of the hull together, had omitted one of the treenails, or fastenings. This had done no harm on the first voyage; but when the vessel had become strained a little, then the omission showed itself in a terrible leak. So would it be with our characters. If we did not, while young, acquire a habit of giving, when we grew old, we should find a terrible leak in them.

And children should not think that one cent did no good. He stood the other day in a street in East Boston, and heard two roars, — one the roar of Boston, a mile and a half distant; the other of Chelsea Beach, three miles distant in another direction. This last roar was caused by a multitude of little waves rushing up one after the other. If one wave had said that it was of no use to go forward, its neighbor would have said the same, and the roar of the beach would not have been heard. So it was with every cent that was dropped into the contribution box. He thought that poor school at Washington Village ought to have its place of worship, even if we had to take our coats or bonnets to pay for it.

Mr. Winkley, of Pitts-street Chapel, Boston, said that the singing of the children brought to mind a children's concert he had attended when a child. Among the singers there were children he did not like; but, when they sang, he thought they were angels. So he felt then. He knew that all the children there were not good and agreeable; yet they all loved the mission, and all had given their mite to support it, and all their eyes were beaming with love, and for that reason they then seemed all angels to him.

Rev. Mr. Coolidge, of Boston, thought one thing had been omitted by the speakers. He thought that children should be taught to *pray* for the Mission. He never saw a little child in his Sunday School dropping a cent into the box, without praying that the gift might be blessed. Several other gentlemen spoke, and were listened to with great interest by the children. Some of their remarks we should like to transfer to our pages, had we space.

A letter was read from the first President of the Society, now a resident of New York, which stated that the Children's Aid Society of that city, a charity which had been suggested by the successful operation of the Children's Mission in Boston, had given the past year ten thousand dollars for its charitable objects.

We hope our young friends will be interested in this account of one of the pleasantest meetings of Anniversary Week ; and wherever they are, whether they can contribute to this Charity, or to any other, remember that nothing is too small to give, if given with the desire to benefit others.

ED.

THE ITALIAN LAKES.

ALTHOUGH the lakes of Italy cannot vie with their sisters on the opposite side of the Alps, there are several that are exceedingly beautiful. Those which most delighted me, while travelling in Italy, were Lakes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore. Having completed my visit at Milan, and being nearly ready to cross the Alps into Switzerland, instead of taking the diligence directly to

the pass of the Simplon, I occupied some two days' more time by making a *détour*, to visit these lakes. I was accompanied in this excursion by my two American friends and a dean in one of the colleges at Oxford.

There is a railway from Milan to Como; and wishing to get over the ground, at this point of my journey, as rapidly as possible, I took this mode of conveyance. We arrived at Como just as the sun was setting, and lending all his power in coloring the charming scenery of the lake. Como is an old town. Its cathedral is one of the most noted in this part of Italy. It was begun in 1396. Among the interesting objects it contains are the statues of the two Plinys, both of whom were born at Como.

Our party, after some refreshment, enjoyed a fine row on the lake, by moonlight. The scenery on this end of the lake is hardly equal in beauty to some farther northward. But our first introduction to Lake Como, while the twilight was fading into moonlight, was a most happy one. The Como people tell us of an enormous species of fish living in this lake, who have wit enough always to keep near the bottom, so that they are never caught and seldom discovered. They call the fish *augong*, and say that he is larger than a man, and a great glutton, devouring scores of the smaller fry at a single dinner.

At half-past eight in the morning, we took the little steamer *Adda*, for a trip up the lake. It would have amused you to have heard the different dialects employed among our passengers. Here was a group of Italians, chatting away, in their silvery tones, with such earnestness that you would think they were angry with each

other. A few paces from them were some Austrians, expressing their admiration in a much harsher language. There were groups of Frenchmen, too, chatting as fast as a horse could trot, and laughing up to their very foreheads; while, on the other side of the steamer, a party of English gentlemen and ladies, more sober and sedate in their enthusiasm, were contriving how they might take the most possible comfort, ever and anon declaring that the lake was "most extraordinary." There were two or three Dutchmen on board, who talked very sensibly, no doubt, but with an expression as if their mouths were full of hot macaroni; and, besides, there were specimens of genuine, whittling, calculating Yankees.

The boat was guided by a wheel running horizontally, and the pilot performed his task sitting down, leaning his head on his arm, and turning the wheel with the other. I cannot say much for the scenery for some miles. As we came in sight of Bellagio, however, it becomes more picturesque. The town of Como, it should be recollected, is situated at the southern extremity of one of the arms of the lake. We ascend the southwestern arm. The eastern shore abounds in villages and little white villas, the latter said to be mostly the summer residences of the Milanese nobility. We passed a place called Nesso, near which a fine cascade dashes down the hill-side. This spot is memorable, as it is supposed to be the site of *Pliny's villa*, which he called *Tragædia*, on account of its wild and romantic situation. This opinion is confirmed by the discovery of broken columns in the lake. Madame Pasta, the great vocalist, and Taglioni, the dancer, had also villas on this shore.

Como has been pronounced the most attractive, on the

whole, of the three lakes. Indeed, travellers generally regard it as the most charming inland sheet of water in Italy. It may be so; but that portion of it which I saw — universally called the finest — seemed to me to be surpassed by the scenery of Lugano. There were few or no cliffs, on either shore, so bold as I had expected to see. In this respect, many of the Swiss lakes greatly excel it; and I am not sure but the scenery of Lake George and the Highlands of the Hudson is equal to it. One of the chief charms of an excursion on this lake are the pretty dwellings nestled down among the trees on the shores. They have such an air of cosiness and comfort about them, that one falls in love with them at first sight.

We left the steamer — or the steamer left us, whichever you please — when we reached Menaggio, situated about half the distance from Como to the northern end of the lake. Here we hired a carriage, — a particularly poor one was all we could obtain, — and proceeded across a very rough and ragged country, quite barren of interest, to Porlezza, on Lake Lugano. It rained furiously for the last half hour of our ride; and our party presented the appearance, in some respects, of drowned rats. Porlezza is a little village of poverty-stricken huts, the inmates of which live mostly by fishing. When there are no travellers to be attended to, and the natives are in danger of starvation, they try their luck in the lake. But no sooner does a party of visitors come over from Lake Como, than they withdraw their hooks from the water, and use all the arts they are master of to catch the men. We found a score of boats on the beach, and twice that number of boatmen. The boats were all flat-

bottomed, and very wide in proportion to their length. I am not able to rank them under any genus of boats with which I am familiar; but I may say this, that they resembled the mud scow of New England much more than the gondola of Venice. We indulged in some hearty strains of laughter over these "pleasure-boats;" but we found out, before we reached the opposite shore, that the lake was somewhat treacherous, and very liable to sudden gusts of wind, abundantly capable of swamp-ing such graceful boats as we had expected to see. Selecting one of these boats, and shipping three oarsmen, we embarked for Lugano, on the opposite shore. The banks of Lake Lugano are, for the most part, more picturesque than those of Como. There is an air of wildness about it which compares favorably with some of the most celebrated of the Swiss lakes. The bluffs are some of them of great height, and well nigh perpendicular. I wonder that the praises of Lugano have not been more general. The shape of this sheet of water is singularly irregular and indescribable. It is something like a very uncouth and rustic capital H, with about as many arms and claws as would suffice for a crab or a lobster. One of these arms stretches towards Menaggio, on Lake Como; and it was on this arm that our acquaintance with this lake commenced. The greatest length of the lake is sixteen miles; its average breadth, two miles. Mount Salvatore occupies a very conspicuous place in the beautiful landscape presented to the eye from the lake. It stands on a promontory, washed on two sides by the waters of contiguous arms of the lake. As we approach the pretty little village of Lugano, the shores grow less wild and rugged. Traces of cultivation appear.

As we advance, we see beautiful white villas, and churches, pleasantly situated in the midst of vines, fig-trees, and walnut groves. It requires upwards of three hours to row from Porlezza to Lugano.

The next morning, at a very early hour, long enough before any breakfast could be had, we started in a *vettura* for Luino, on Lake Maggiore. The route is extremely hilly, but not unpleasant. It was seven o'clock when we reached Luino, a little village, the principal attraction of which, to us, consisted in its providing for us a good breakfast.

A little steamer touches at this place in the morning on its way to Sesto Callende, on the southern end of the lake, from which place there is a foot-road to Milan. Soon after we had swept the table of every thing edible upon it, this steamer arrived, and we started for Baveno. The character of the scenery on this lake is almost entirely unlike that of either Como or Lugano. On its shores there is a much greater proportion of cultivated land. Here, growing luxuriantly and abundantly, are the vine, fig, olive, pomegranate, and myrtle. The farmers, such is the abruptness of the slopes, are for the most part obliged to resort to terraces.

The great attractions of Lake Maggiore are the Borromean Islands. They are most conveniently visited from Baveno, and we lost no time in procuring a boat for the excursion. The *Isola Bella* is the most noted of these islands. One seems transported to fairy land, the moment he sets his foot upon its shore. There is upon it a splendid palace, owned by the Count Borromeo, connected with which are gardens, somewhat after the model of the world-renowned hanging gardens of Baby-

lon. An ancestor of this family, in the year 1671, converted this island, then a mass of barren slate rock, rising only a few feet from the surface of the water, into this miniature paradise. This was done, at great expense, by forming terraces, some ten or twelve in number, the lowest placed on piers thrown into the lake. The soil used in forming these terraces was all brought from the main land. Here may be found not only the plants of this latitude, but multitudes of exotics from tropical regions, all flourishing in the open air. I noticed the orange, citron, myrtle, cactus, aloes, camphor tree, sugar cane, coffee plant, and a host of others indigenous to countries situated near the equator. In the palace, they showed us a great many curiosities, among which was paraded the bed on which Napoleon slept the night before the battle of Marengo. They also attempted to show, outside the palace, another Napoleonic relic, in the shape of the word *battaglia* (the Italian for battle), which he cut with his penknife on the bark of a venerable bay-tree on the day of the battle of Marengo. One letter only of this word remained. Isola Bella is well worth visiting, though one must not be surprised if his curiosity, rather than his taste, is gratified by the visit. — *Selected.*

A STORY ABOUT A YOUTHFUL POET.

LUCIUS VALERIUS was at Herculaneum in the reign of Trajan. At fifteen years of age, he became a competitor for the prize of poetry. The prize was a beautiful gold medal, and an ivory lyre, which was every five

years adjudged to the author who produced the best poem. Valerius, though opposed by a number of poets double his age, was victorious. Among other honors paid to him, it was determined to erect a brazen statute which should be placed in the most conspicuous part of the city. The day of the presentation of this statute to the public view presented a trait in the character of Valerius still more lovely than his talents.

At the moment when the chief magistrate was placing a crown of laurel on the head of the statute, Valerius, perceiving a young man who had contested the prize with him, and who was, in the opinion of many, little inferior to him, looking on this scene with a sorrowful and dejected countenance, he instantly discovered the cause of his chagrin, and determined to remove it, which he did in the following manner: He seized the laurel crown, and, pressing towards his rival, placed it on his head, saying, "You are more deserving of it than I am; I obtained it more on account of my youth than my merit, and rather as an encouragement than a reward."

This generous conduct called forth enthusiastic admiration from the spectators; and the astonished youth, who thus unexpectedly received the crown of victory from the hands of the victor, was overcome with joy. To preserve the remembrance of the brave action which evinced at once so much modesty and such kind feelings, the people conferred on Valerius the surname of *Pudens*, which signifies modesty, — an honor greater than that which he derived from his poetry. — *Selected.*

A STORY OF THE BASTILE.

SOME of the most thrilling anecdotes are on record, concerning the unhappy inmates of the old Bastile, in Paris. Among them is that of the Marquis de la Tude, son of a knight of the order of St. Louis. He was sent to this gloomy dungeon for the offence of insulting one of the ladies of the court, Madame Pompadour. La Tude, with great ingenuity, effected his escape from prison; and, feeling unconscious of any crime demanding severity of punishment, he went, and voluntarily surrendered himself to the king. Madame Pompadour, however, who imprisoned the poor man, piqued at his placing more confidence in the king than herself, made such representations to his majesty, that he ordered La Tude back to the prison, and to be immured in one of its most dreary chambers, — a dungeon where another prisoner, of the name of Delegré, was also confined by order of the marchioness. Yet even from this impregnable fortress of barbarity, where no wealth could bribe, — where no instrument of any kind was allowed, — did La Tude and his companion, without money, and unaided, effect their escape.

They had neither scissors, knives, nor any edged instrument; and for a hundred guineas, the turnkey would not supply them with an ounce of thread. Upon making the calculation of the difficulties to be encountered, they found that they required about fourteen hundred feet of cordage; two ladders of wood and rope, from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and another of a hundred and eight feet in length. It was necessary to

displace several iron gates from the chimney; and in one night make a hole in the wall several feet thick, at the distance of only twelve or fifteen feet from the sentinel. The wooden ladder and that of rope, when made, must be concealed; and the officers, accompanied by the turnkeys, came to visit and search them several times a week. They had to make and do all these things to accomplish their design; and they had nothing but their hands to effect it with.

The hand, to those who know its use, is the instrument of all instruments. The iron hinge of the table was, by whetting on a tiled floor, converted into a knife. With this, bars were removed and a saw constructed; wood was concealed from the daily fuel to construct the ladders; La Tude's portmanteau contained twelve dozen of shirts, and other articles of apparel, out of which they made the fourteen hundred feet of rope. The bars in the chimney took six months to displace; and the whole of these preparations cost eighteen months' work, day and night.

The moment of attempting their dangerous enterprise now arrived. One night, after supper, La Tude first ascended the chimney, and drew the ropes, iron bars, &c., up after him, leaving a sufficient quantity of the ladder in the chimney to enable his companion to ascend with less difficulty. Being now on the top, they drew up the rest of the ladder; and then descended at once upon the platform, serving as a counterpoise to each other. They next fixed their ladder to a piece of cannon, and let it gently into the fosse; by which means they descended with their iron bars, wooden ladder, and all their equipage. During this time, the sentinel was

not more than ten fathoms from them, walking upon the corridor.

This prevented them from getting up to it, to go into the garden, as they at first intended: they therefore were under the necessity of making use of their iron bars. They proceeded straight to the wall which separates the fosse of the Bastile from that of the garden St. Antoine, between the garden and the governor's house. In this place there formerly had been a little fosse, a fathom wide, one or two feet deep; but now the water was up to their arm-pits.

The moment La Tude began to make a hole between two stones to introduce their iron bars as levers, the round-major passed by with his great lantern, at the distance of ten or twelve feet over their heads. To prevent their being discovered, they sunk up to their chins in the water: this ceremony they were obliged to repeat every half-hour when the round came by. At length one large stone was removed from the wall; they attacked a second, and afterwards a third, with equal success; so that before midnight they had displaced several cart-loads of stones; and in less than six hours had entirely pierced the wall, which was more than four feet and a half thick. They drew the portmanteau through the hole, abandoning every thing else without regret. They then descended into the deep fosse of the gate St. Antoine; whence, after a narrow escape from perishing, they got upon dry ground, and took refuge at the abbey of St. Germain des Prez.

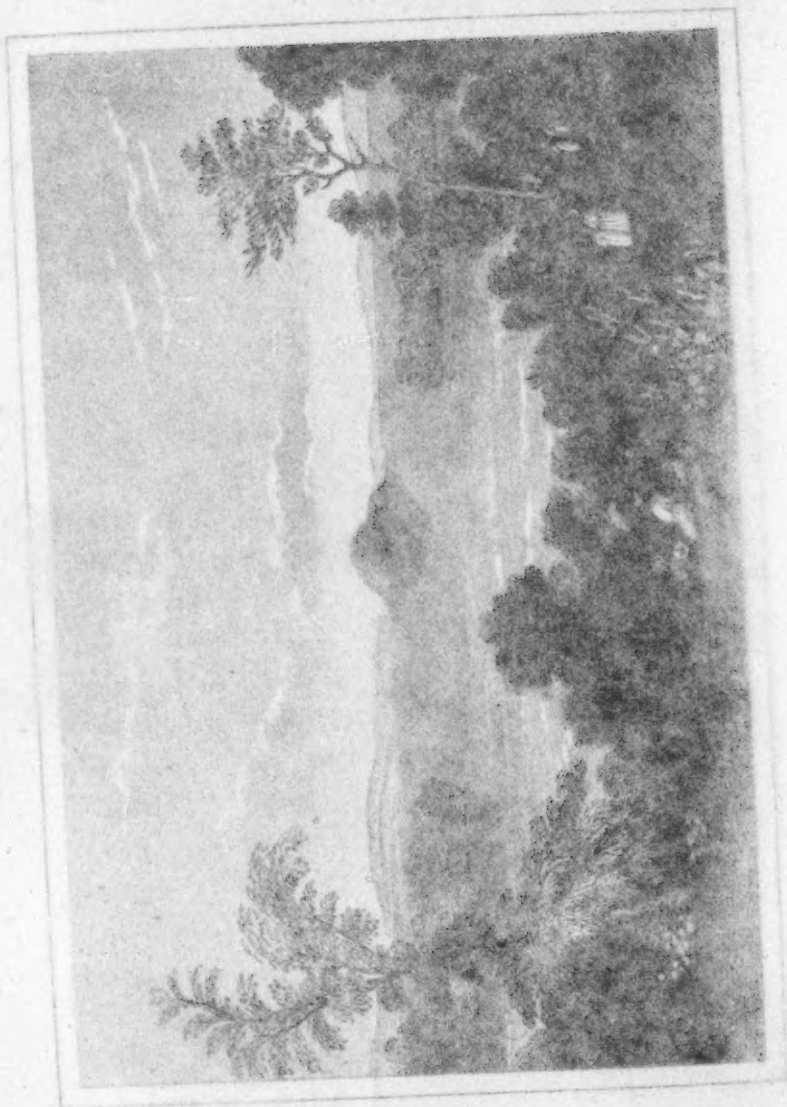
La Tude fled to Holland; but, on the demand of the king of France, he was given up by the Dutch government, reconducted to the Bastile, and more closely confined than ever.

On the death of Madame Pompadour, La Tude was informed of it by a writing placed up at a window in the street, in consequence of some papers he had thrown from the Bastile tower.

Most of the prisoners in the Bastile were on this occasion liberated. The minister Sartine, however, refused to set La Tude free, except on a condition which the unfortunate man, thinking derogatory to his honor, would not accede to; and he was still doomed, by the remorseless revenge of that monster of inhumanity, to remain a prisoner ten feet under ground, clad in tatters, with a beard reaching to his feet, no bed but straw, no provision but bread and water, overrun with vermin! Such, alas! continued for many years the wretched situation of the unfortunate La Tude.

The ultimate liberation of La Tude is not the least wonderful part of his history. A woman named Le Gros, walking abroad, in June, 1781, saw lying in a corner a packet of papers, that had the appearance of having been tumbled in the dirt. She took it up, and returning home, read the contents. It proved to be "a memorial, stating part of the misfortunes of the Sieur La Tude, prisoner in a dungeon, ten feet under ground, on an allowance of bread and water, for thirty-four years!"

The good woman was moved with compassion at the recital of such cruel suffering, and was incessant in her applications on his behalf to persons of rank, till at last she obtained his liberation on the 18th of March, 1784, through the influence of Baron Breteuil, who accompanied the glad tidings with a grant to La Tude of a large pension. — *Selected.*



THE CZAR'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

OF all the lions of Peterhoff, the "Cottage" is the most difficult of access. Once a year the grounds surrounding it are thrown open to the public, when the czar, on this solitary occasion, exchanges his military uniform for the dress of a civilian, in which he appears on the balcony, accompanied by the czarina, their children and grand-children. The "Cottage" was built by the emperor at the request of the empress, who, tired of the spacious grandeur of the imperial palace at Peterhoff, begged the czar to let her have a house just large enough to live in, *en famille*, with only such servants as should be indispensable, their suite remaining at the palace. This little residence is a perfect picture of rustic beauty. As its name implies, its style is English, being a kind of demi-Tudor structure of two stories, with numerous gable fronts, which are overhung by broad eaves. From beneath these, bright sunny-looking windows peep out, round which cluster flowers and creeping plants in luxurious profusion. This little bijou is set in a parterre of simple and elegant design, and bedecked with the most ordinary flowers, but those the choicest and most odoriferous of their kind. Several of the sleeping rooms are over the public rooms. Formerly, the beautiful young grand-duchesses occupied some of these apartments; and their little beds, hung with snow-white drapery, and the general arrangement of the chambers, of corresponding simplicity, remain as of yore. But imagine that this fairy bower, this rose-

covered cottage, this imperial dwelling, replete with every luxury and elegance, contains one apartment so much the reverse of all the rest, that, in comparison, it resembles the penitential chamber of an ascetic. The principal feature in it is a small iron bedstead, upon which lies a thin mattress,—some say of straw, others of horse-hair; but it is hard enough, any way,—covered with green leather, and a hard pillow of the same kind. A hard couch, stuffed and covered in like manner; a table; a few hard chairs, covered *en suite*, over the back of one of which hangs an old military cloak; and behold the bed-chamber of the czar. This old cloak is an especial favorite, and is probably related in some way to a cherished pair of slippers, which the empress embroidered for her imperial husband in the second year of their marriage. These slippers have been in use ever since, and, as may be imagined, will now scarcely hold together. Many attempts have been made to supersede them in the imperial estimation, but all to no purpose; and the tattered old favorites still hold office, in spite of every effort to displace them. Another apartment of great interest is the emperor's library, or "lookout-house;" for here, without leaving the room, his majesty can give his orders to the fleet, being provided with speaking-trumpet, telegraph, telescope, &c. At noon, if neither reviews nor military manoeuvres intervene, the emperor drives the empress through the shady park, which in most places is impervious to the sun's rays. After dinner (in summer, four o'clock is the imperial dinner-hour), the czar drives his "Staroocha," or "old woman," as he lovingly calls her, to inspect some improvements completed or projects in contemplation,

and not unfrequently astonishes her with some elegant or sentimentally devised surprise. On such occasion, the imperial pair were driving through the empress's park, when her majesty was surprised to perceive a piece of ornamental water where no such embellishment previously existed. She looked again, and behold! a beautiful little island floated on its surface; and, still more surprising, this charming islet was clothed with tall shrubs in rich bloom, and full-grown trees! Could it be a dream or enchantment? It was difficult to believe it a reality; for, but a short period before, her majesty had passed by that same place, and wild trees of the forest stood in countless numbers on the very spot now occupied by the picturesque scene before her. The czar invited her to alight; and, entering a light, fairy-looking boat, which lay moored near, the emperor ferried her across to the enchanted isle, which they entered by a narrow pathway, bordered with the czarina's favorite flowers, and overhung by the feathery foliage of the dwarf acacia, Siberian honeysuckle, &c. Following the winding course of the pathway up a gentle declivity, the czarina beheld an elegant temple or dome of rich iron-work, supported on graceful pillars, encircled by rare creepers; and beneath this dome, embowered amid the most beautiful blossoms of the choicest exotics, reposed a bust of herself. The czarina cast one look at the dedication—"To the joy of my life"—which was inscribed in Russ on the pedestal, and, seizing the hand of the czar, was conveying it to her lips, when he tenderly clasped her in his arms.

The inhabitants of Peterhoff are mostly all acquainted with each other; and, like one large family, relying

upon the paternity of all its members, they deliver themselves up to most perfect security in their free-and-easy arrangements and mode of life. The ladies pass the whole day in the open air, either in the verandas, porticoes, or galleries attached to their houses, where they have their meals served, or, strolling away in separate detachments, find themselves miles from home, unattended, and without the least fear of intrusion, even from a drunken man! In what part of the world could one meet the same privilege? — *Selected.*

MARGARET'S HUMILIATION.

BY MRS. BRADLEY.

(Concluded from page 26.)

MY cheek grew hot with indignation, listening to his peremptory words: what right had he to demand *any thing* of her! how dared he speak so sternly to my Margaret! I said to myself angrily. But Margaret, so proud as she was, did not answer indignantly and haughtily as I hoped she would. Her head dropped lower and lower upon her bosom; she drew her hands from his grasp to cover her face; and again her bosom shook with her woful sobbing.

Mr. Page turned away from her abruptly, and walked to a little distance. He stood with his face turned from us for a little space, and then came back. "Forgive me, Margaret," he commenced gently, so different from his former harsh manner, "for speaking so rudely to you: believe me, only the deepest sorrow for and with

you, and the most earnest desire to be of benefit to you, influenced me. *Will you not* confide in me now? You must know that it is but for your own good I urge you."

But Margaret was still silent; and Mr. Page continued most sorrowfully: "I have waited a long time before I would speak to you, — hoping and expecting that you would make it needless, by being first to offer an explanation of a matter that has given me more pain than you are aware of. It is possible that you do not understand what I allude to; but when I tell you that I found this ring in my desk on the morning that the ink was so mysteriously spilled, you will be able to comprehend my pain and perplexity. I return it to you now, not feeling justified in retaining it longer in my possession."

He held out Margaret's lost ring: even in the darkness, I could see plainly the pale, pure gleam of the large pearl; and my heart sank within me with a sense of bitter desolation and disappointment. O Margaret! Could it be that *she* had been unworthy, untrue? How had my idol been turned to clay!

She took the ring from his hand passively, expressing no astonishment; and then I felt that it was all true; that in some way my proud, beautiful Margaret had been guilty of a grievous sin, which had lain a terrible weight upon her conscience all these days. Mr. Page seemed waiting for her to speak; and Margaret, with a great struggle to command her voice, half arose, saying, so brokenly, so pleadingly, with such sorrowful humiliation in every word:—

"Will you please take me home, Mr. Page? I am as unworthy as you can imagine me, guilty as you can believe, and deserve all the contempt that is in your

heart for me. But I cannot confess every thing to you now. Will you please take me home?"

He grasped her hand tightly without saying a word, then dropped it, and turned away to seek the children. Margaret sat in utter silence until his return, which was in a short time. Jessie and Lottie came with him, chattering and laughing, — wondering how we all got away without their missing us, and protesting against being taken home so soon.

But Mr. Page gave Margaret his arm without heeding their childish chatter, and led the way through the woods to the carriage. Sam was within reach fortunately; so we were soon on the way home. There was very little said amongst us: Jessie and Lottie curled themselves up for a nap, and Margaret leaned far back in the carriage, so that her face was altogether concealed. Mr. Page was silent as a statue; and I crouched close to Margaret, my heart full of dread and sorrow.

We all retired very soon after we reached home; Mr. Page, at Mr. Allen's courteous invitation, consenting to remain all night. Next morning I was up earlier than usual, and before the other girls were awake. I had had a restless night; even in my sleep my thoughts were full of my poor Margaret, — wondering and grieving vainly over the great trouble that had fallen upon her.

I sat down by an open window overlooking the broad lawn and the grove of pines; and, looking down into this shadowy pine-grove, I saw suddenly the gleam of a white dress flitting in and out amongst the trees. I knew it was Margaret's; and the next moment I caught a glimpse of Mr. Page's figure near her. They both vanished from my sight amongst the thick trees; and I

did not see them again for an hour, though I kept close watch by the window. When they appeared again, they were walking up the lawn towards the house,—Margaret leaning on her teacher's arm, and he talking quietly to her.

At breakfast—for I did not meet her till then—Margaret looked pale, gentle, and subdued,—most unlike her usual brilliant self, but most unlike, too, the gloomy, wretched girl that she had been for a fortnight. I knew that her fault, whatever it had been, had been amply confessed; and I knew, too, that, by Mr. Page at least, it had been fully forgiven; for never had his manner towards her been so gentle and kind, yet so full of respect.

Poor Margaret! She called me to her after awhile, and carried me down to the pine-grove; and there, to me, a child, she humbled herself to tell again the bitter story of her sin. I cried passionately, grievingly; it almost broke my heart to see her shame and penitence; but she drew me to her, and kissed me again and again, saying, with tears:—

“Do not cry so, dear child, dear Emily! Pray for me instead, that I may be forgiven, not of men, but of God. I was so proud, Emily, you know; I thought I could not do a mean thing; and this is my punishment. God forgive me for such pride! Be pitiful to me!” And then she hid her face in her hands, weeping and praying,—a contrite, broken-hearted prayer.

She did not tell me—for she knew how bitterly it would have grieved me, how wildly I would have protested against such humiliation for her—that she meant to tell the truth to the whole school, and degrade her lofty pride before them all. But this was her determina-

tion, which she had avowed to Mr. Page after she had told him all. He tried to dissuade her from it at first,—telling her that it was a needless humiliation, and she had already suffered enough. But Margaret was firm.

“They shall see me as I am,” she said. “I have held myself above them all in my pride of truth and honor; and now they shall see how I have violated both, and am degraded below them all.”

And, in his own heart, he admired and respected her true courage and nobleness too much to say another word in opposition,—for all his pain in the thought of such a bitter trial for her.

And so, when school opened on the Monday, Margaret was in her place; and, rising before all the astonished girls, she told, with a face white and cold as marble, but an unfaltering voice, how she had got admission to Mr. Page’s desk, and made use of the key to solve the problem; how she had lied the next morning in denying all knowledge of the spilled ink, when it could only have been done by her in shutting the desk; and how Mr. Page had discovered her guilt by finding her ring there, which she had unconsciously dropped.

There were some small souls in that schoolroom—God pity them!—who curled the lip in scorn at this noble avowal, and rejoiced, as they said, “to see such pride brought low.” But, to the honor of the many be it spoken, from that day Margaret Allen was more truly loved, more entirely trusted and respected, than even in the days of her unstained and unapproachable uprightness. Where she had been feared before, she was loved with heart and soul now; for now all were sure of patient, gentle, unrebuking sympathy and forgiveness

from her, whatever had been the fault. And who could doubt the candor and honesty that, unbidden and unaided, had stood the terrible ordeal to which she had subjected herself?

But nobody ever called her "proud" now,—so gentle, so humble, so forbearing to all was she. Where they had said before she was the proudest girl in school, they called her now the sweetest, the best and dearest. Tried in the fires, and refined in the furnace, she had come forth purified, with a crown upon her brow,—“the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.”

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

(Concluded from page 190, vol. 24.)

ON the day that followed the close of his life and sufferings, the body of the unknown captive was wrapped in a winding-sheet of fine new linen, and interred in the cemetery of St. Paul's Church, in Paris. There is a tradition of a gentleman having bribed the sexton to open the grave, and allow him to look at the corpse of Marchiali the night after its burial. On removing the coffin-lid, it was found the head was not there, a stone being in place of it.

Immediately after the death of the prisoner, orders were received at the Bastille to destroy every thing that had been used in his service. His clothes, bedding, and bedstead were burnt, as were the tables and chairs belonging to his room; the window-frame and the door were burnt also. Whatever was made of silver, or any other metal, was melted down; and some articles were

pounded to powder, even the glass of his window and his mirror. The tiles that paved the floor were all taken up, lest he should have concealed under them something that might lead to the disclosure of his real name and story; every thing beneath was carefully scraped away, and the pavement replaced by a new one. Even the ceiling was taken away, and replaced by another; the walls were also plastered anew. It was obvious that great apprehensions were entertained of his having left some indications which might tend to the discovery of a secret, that, even after death, was never to be disclosed.

For more than a century, conjecture has been busy as to the true history of this remarkable prisoner, about whom so many extraordinary precautions were taken by the government of France; various theories being adopted concerning his identity, with numerous conjectures as to the cause of his long and rigorous captivity, and the unremitting concealment of his face. Very plausible evidence has been adduced, particularly within the last few years, to show that the person called the Man with the Iron Mask could be no other than Count Matthioli, the confidential secretary and first minister of Charles Ferdinand, Duke of Mantua. With this prince, Louis the Fourteenth had entered into a private negotiation for the purchase of his chief city. But the faithful secretary dissuaded the Duke of Mantua from selling any part of his dominions, and induced him to break off the treaty, and unite himself with the other princes of Italy in oppressing and curbing the ambitious encroachments of the King of France. Count Matthioli went to Rome, Venice, Geneva, and other Italian states, and

succeeded so well as to detach them all from the interest of France; and he finally repaired to Turin with the same intention. The French government, however, had been secretly informed of all these missions, and was therefore highly incensed against the Mantuan minister. Now that he was so near the territories of the King of France, a design was formed to entrap him for punishment, and, by shutting him up in secret, to prevent his farther interference with any plans against Italy. Marshal Catinat, who commanded the French troops in that part of the frontier, invited Matthioli to a meeting in the vicinity of Pignerol. Here Catinat awaited him with some officers and soldiers; and, contrary to the law of nations, Matthioli, the subject and minister of a foreign prince, was immediately arrested, and conducted to the fortress of Pignerol, which was the commencement of his long and strict captivity. His wife retired to a convent of nuns in Bologna.

That the Man with the Iron Mask was Count Matthioli, is the latest, and probably the truest, explanation of a mystery, which, perhaps, will never be more clearly elucidated. This opinion was first suggested about sixty years ago, and has been recently revived. The belief generally prevailing throughout the last century regarded the unknown captive, for the concealment of whose identity such extraordinary precautions were taken both when living and dead, as a person of much higher rank and consequence than the secretary of an Italian prince.

Voltaire and other writers asserted their conviction that the Man with the Iron Mask was, in reality, a twin-brother of Louis the Fourteenth. According to

their statement, it had been reported at court, that a herdsman, who professed the power of prophecy, had predicted, that, if there should be two dauphins in France, their rival claims to the throne would convulse the whole kingdom, and deluge it in blood. The rage of superstition had not yet gone by.

On the birth of the twin-princes, the expedient was adopted of concealing one of them, but keeping him alive in case the death of his brother should leave the crown without an heir, and make it expedient to produce him. He was, therefore, sent to a remote place at the southern extremity of the kingdom, and there brought up in secret; while his more fortunate brother was presented to the world as Dauphin of France, and successor to the throne.

The story goes, that, after the rejected prince had grown up, the resemblance of his features to those of his brother, who was now Louis the Fourteenth, became so striking as to make it dangerous to allow him to be seen, lest the truth should be guessed, and a party raised in his favor. It was, therefore, considered expedient to cover his face with a perpetual mask, and to shut him up for life in the custody of one who could be trusted with the secret.

Voltaire's version of the story of the Man with the Iron Mask, whether true or false, has always been the most popular; and he hints being in the confidence of some one who owns the facts. It seems to offer the best explanation for the importance that was certainly attached to the prisoner, for the concealment of his features, for the unremitting closeness with which he was watched while living, and for the apprehensions of

discovery, which even his death could not allay. It is supposed that both the fifteenth and sixteenth Louis were acquainted with the secret, and that it is probably known to the few surviving descendants of the old royal family of France. — *Selected.*

A LETTER TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS, — You have much said to you, doubtless, by your teachers and pastor and superintendent, about your constant attendance and your behavior in Sunday School. In fact, you hear so much about it, that perhaps you are heartily weary of the whole subject. But we have thought that you might perhaps read what you would not hear.

Perhaps you do not like to go to Sunday School. If so, we are very sorry for you; but it is none the less important because it is not agreeable. You are all old enough to know what is meant by *duty*; and it is your duty to attend, when there is a school within reach, and you can do so without danger to your health. There will be very little weather stormy enough to prevent a healthy boy from venturing out; and little girls are sometimes too ready to find an excuse for staying at home. Make it a rule, then, to go whenever your parents think it is proper, and the habit will become fixed, and the duty a pleasure.

Punctuality is as necessary to the Sunday School as to the day-school. If you are late at your day-school, your teacher gives you a mark which alters your stand-

ing in the class, or takes away from your recess the number of minutes that you were tardy. Your superintendent is unable to do either of these things; and so the punctual part of the school is annoyed, Sunday after Sunday, by the unavoidable noise made by those who come late. A few weeks ago, in a certain Boston Sunday School, where mottoes are given out by the superintendent for the children to remember and practise during the week, a little girl brought the following, one morning, and desired him to read it. If it comes into the mind of every child on Sunday morning as regularly as it has into our own ever since, there will be quite a reform in this respect:—

“Children who go to sabbath school
Should all observe this simple rule, —
That Sunday morning, rain or shine,
It always opens *just at nine.*”

We find we must say a great deal with regard to your behavior in Sunday School; for, even if you are not noisy and rude, and actually troublesome, there are a great many respects in which you may reform, and these by no means unimportant.

Singing is usually a part of the exercises of the school. In looking round, we often see children who can sing, and sing very sweetly too, standing perfectly mute, gazing round the room. Now, we ask, Is this right? Why do we sing hymns? Is it not to praise God? And, if so, ought any child to say by his actions, “The others may do as they please; I don’t feel like praising God this morning”? This sounds irreverent to you; but it is no more irreverent written out in words, than it is acted out in deeds. Some children, we know,

have no idea of tune, and cannot sing; but of these there would not be more than half a dozen among a hundred children.

And so with regard to reading the Bible, or responses, or joining in the prayer. Here there can be no excuse of inability; and children must all remember that God is looking down upon all their hearts, and knows who are worshipping him, and whose thoughts are far away from the sacred services.

We will suppose that you have faithfully studied your lesson at home, — though, unhappily, this is not always done, — and that your teacher begins to hear it recited. One boy at the end of the seat pulls something half-way out of his pocket to show you. You desire a nearer view, and snatch it. This makes a little contest; but the teacher's eye falls on you, and you are silent till your turn is past, when, perhaps, you begin again. Or else you look up at the window, and count the number of panes in it, and become entirely unconscious of time and place, till your neighbor touches you, and you realize that the teacher has asked you the same question twice, and is obliged to repeat it the third time before he can obtain an answer.

Or you do, perhaps, pay attention while the recitation is going on, and answer promptly and understandingly. The teacher closes the book at last, and asks a question of the whole class. All sit silent. Some stare about; others hang their heads and look foolish. Perhaps the teacher inquires directly of you. You know very well; but one of your companions fixes his eye on you roguishly, and disconcerts you, or you are seized with a sudden fear of the sound of your own voice; so you

make no answer at all,—unless hanging your head still lower, and blushing very much, may be considered one.

The teacher may at last obtain some reply. But so it goes on for half an hour; at the end of which time, the instructor is thoroughly disheartened. He would like to be able to estimate the amount of your knowledge of the Bible, or to ascertain, by judicious questioning, the faults to which you are most liable, that he may assist you in overcoming them. But you sit there as if struck with a sudden dumbness. Sometimes he talks a little while, thinking that some chance seed may fall into the soil of your hearts, and spring up and bear good fruit. But when he looks round the class, to learn, by the brightening eye or the attentive attitude, that he has not spoken in vain, he finds nothing but listlessness and indifference.

What shall he do? He may not be what is commonly called an interesting teacher; but, if so, he is probably more painfully aware of his deficiencies than you can be. He is, at least, earnest; and, if you listened to him with the intention of learning and being benefited by him, you could not fail to receive some good.

Of late, much has been said, and justly too, of the imperfections of Sunday Schools. The short-comings of teachers have been dwelt upon, and made very prominent, as they ought to be. Every teacher must feel his own inability, his own failures. But ought not the children to receive their due share of the blame of these imperfections? Ought they not to be made to feel, that, as far as good order, attention, and punctuality are concerned, they are responsible? Ought they not to be willing to answer, as far as is in their power, their teachers'

questions? We put these queries to our little readers. Let every one bring them home to himself, and answer them candidly; and then let him try next Sunday, and every Sunday, to do all he can to make his school a good one. ED.

THE ELDER SISTER.

ADELAIDE WALLACE sat by the open widow of the pleasant parlor, looking steadfastly out, but seeing nothing,—not even her little sister, who was chasing butterflies over the green field opposite. An open letter lay in her lap; and her thoughts were too busy with its contents to heed any thing beside.

She was one of a large family; and at the earnest solicitation of his sister, Mrs. Heywood, who had no children of her own, Mr. Wallace had permitted his second daughter to reside almost entirely with her aunt. Perhaps he thought it quite as well for the child; for Mrs. Wallace was not precisely fitted to have the management of children. The indolence of disposition which was one of Adelaide's greatest defects was also a characteristic of her mother; but, under the careful religious training which Mrs. Heywood gave her niece, the failing had been struggled against, and partially overcome; while, in Mrs. Wallace, it had always been unresisted, and therefore had increased. She never exerted herself to do any thing that gave her trouble; and as it was

a great deal of trouble to manage her children properly, she indulged them in every thing when she was good-humored, and scolded them, with or without reason, when otherwise. And under such management, or mismanagement, they grew up, as might be expected, noisy, quarrelsome, and rebellious,—having no respect whatever for their mother, and obeying her only when they chose. Adelaide's visits home, and those of her brothers and sisters to her, had been sufficiently frequent to keep alive the bond of mutual affection; and the youngest child, Lucy, Mrs. Heywood's namesake, had been allowed to pass the last two summers with her sister. Even when Adelaide was quite a child, her visits home had not been very pleasant,—the noise and discord reigning there were such a painful contrast to the peace and quiet of Mrs. Heywood's residence; and, as she grew older, to the feeling of annoyance were added those of sorrow and anxiety. She saw her mother's temper becoming more irritable, her habits of indolence more confirmed; she saw her father's countenance grow more grave and sad, his presence the only restraint upon his unruly children; she saw the impulsive, ill-advised attempts of her older sister Matilda, to effect a reform, followed only by opposition from the younger ones, and appeals, sure to be successful, to their mother, against Matilda's wishes; and Adelaide had often thought, whether, if she were at home, she should be able to do any good. She was not four years old when her aunt first took charge of her: she was now seventeen,—calm and tranquil in disposition, affectionate and winning in her manners, but deficient in that courage and energy which every character should possess. The letter lying before her contained the an-

nouncement of Matilda's approaching marriage, and her own recall home ; and she sat thinking of her future responsibilities and duties until her aunt's entrance roused her.

"A letter, Adelaide? From home? Shall I read it?"

"If you please, Aunt Lucy. I should like to know what you think."

Mrs. Heywood read the letter, and returned it to her niece. "What I think about your going home, my love? We shall be exceedingly sorry to part with you; but I do not see how it can be otherwise, under the circumstances. Your mother will need some one to assist her in the care of the younger ones; and Susan will not be old enough, for some years, to take Matilda's place."

A half-smile crossed Adelaide's face, as she remembered her last visit home, and Matilda's utter disregard of her mother and the children; but she answered simply, "I was not thinking of that, Aunt Lucy. I know my duty is at home now, and I had not thought of shrinking from it. But I am afraid; I shall feel that I ought to do good, and then worry myself by thinking I have failed."

"I would not do that, Ada. If you do your best, some good result will follow. Don't allow yourself to be discouraged, and do not attempt too much at once; and, above all, don't try to do other people's duties as well as your own. Find out as nearly as possible what your own are, and try to perform them faithfully; then leave the rest to Providence. It will be better in the end. I am not afraid to trust you, my child, because I know you have the root of all strength, the love of God,

in your soul; and you know where to seek for help when your courage or patience fails."

Adelaide sighed deeply. "It is such a fearful responsibility, Aunt Lucy. Think how I should reproach myself if my influence on any of the children should be injurious!"

"That is one of your weaknesses, Ada, — worrying yourself needlessly about what may never happen. Don't think of the future; your business is with the present; and, if your duties are done simply and religiously, your influence must be good."

Two weeks after, Mr. Wallace came to take his daughters home. He would have left little Lucy; but she did not like to stay without sister Ada; and though he felt unwilling to take Adelaide from the home where she was so happy and so beloved, to place her among uncongenial minds, and in a situation that could not be otherwise than painful, he felt it necessary, and hoped much from her influence on the younger children. He expressed his feeling to Mrs. Heywood, offering even yet to alter his plan, if she thought best; but she assured him that both Adelaide and herself coincided in believing it her duty to go; "and I can assure you," she added, "that my niece would be far happier in the performance of her duties at home, than in remaining here, and feeling those duties neglected."

They went home, therefore; and Adelaide was received by her mother kindly enough, but without any particular demonstration of affection; by Matilda with an apparent indifference, that concealed much warm attachment; and by the younger children with evident delight. A. A.

(To be continued.)

THE TURKS.

"UNCLE FRANK," said one of a group of children, who acted as spokesman for the rest, "pray, tell us a story about your travels."

"Why, it seems to me I have already told you all I can think of. What should you like best to hear about? Can I tell you any thing new about the Turks?"

"We should like to hear about them," said several of the children almost at the same time. "What kind of people are they?"

"The geography says they are Mahometans," said one of the party.

"That is very true," said Uncle Frank; "but do you know what a Mahometan is?"

"Is it not one that believes in Mahomet?" said one of the children.

"Yes," said their uncle. "Mahomet was an Arabian, who lived about twelve hundred years ago. He pretended to be a prophet sent by God to teach the true religion, and wrote a book in the Arabic language called the Koran, which all the Mahometans consider a sacred book, regarding it as we do the Bible. Mahomet taught them to pray five times a day, with their faces turned towards the city of Mecca, in which there is a temple which they consider very holy. It is considered a duty by the Mahometans to make a journey to this place, to worship in that temple, once in the course of their lives. But I believe it answers the purpose to send some one else in

their place, if they should not be able to go themselves. They have meeting-houses, which they call mosques. They have steeples, but no bells. When the time for prayer is come, a man goes up into the steeple and proclaims it in a loud voice, so that all in the neighborhood can hear. Their day for religious worship is Friday; on which day they abstain from some kinds of labor, and in some places have preaching in their mosques.

“Their manner of living is altogether different from ours. They have neither chairs nor tables, but sit upon the floor, or on a piece of carpet spread out; and, at their meals, the dishes of food are placed one at a time upon a low stool, each one helping himself with his fingers out of the same dish. They let their beards grow to the full length, but shave their hair close, — wearing a turban, or cap, on their heads. Their dress consists of a loose gown, or robe, fastened by a girdle round the waste. They sleep on a kind of couches, placed around the sides of their rooms, raised a little higher than the floor, and in the same clothes which they wear by day. Their women live in a room apart from the men, and do not even eat with them. The apartments of the women are in the upper part of the house, if it consist of more than one story. The women are not allowed to go abroad without veils over their faces; and those of the rich seldom go abroad at all.

“The Turks are very ignorant of what relates to other countries, and of scientific knowledge; for they, as well as other Mahometans, despise learning; and there are but very few of them who can read or write. The only education which they seem to think of importance is the study of the Koran; and this answers for their law-

book, as well as their Bible. They regard Christians with contempt, and do not scruple to abuse them when in their power. The European part of Turkey comprehends the country formerly belonging to the Greeks, the Turks having acquired it by conquest; and in many parts the Turks live among the Greeks. The Greeks, being by profession Christians, have always suffered more or less from the cruelty of their Turkish masters. Somewhere between twenty and thirty years ago, the Greeks in the southern part of the country had a revolution, in which they gained their independence of the Turkish government. Many of the Americans did what they could to assist the Greeks in fighting against their Turkish oppressors.

“Another feature of the Turkish character is their laziness. In their villages, they may be found sitting about their shops and public places, and smoking, — in which occupation they spend a large part of their time. Although their country is one of the finest in the world, and the soil very fertile, they take no pains to cultivate any thing more than to supply their own necessities. Indeed, almost all the trade and enterprise of the country are in the hands of the Greeks and Armenians. No encouragement is given to agriculture; and, if a farmer should succeed in raising a fine crop, the officers of the government would be likely to take the greater part of it from him, without recompense, for taxes, or for some other pretext.

“But there are favorable things also in the Turkish character. They are sober and temperate, and faithful and honest in their dealings, at least among themselves, and with others whom they respect. There have also

been some attempts to reform the public affairs of the country within a few years past. The father of the present sultan or emperor attempted to introduce some of the European improvements, particularly in the military department; although against the will of the Turkish people, who very much dislike innovations. The present sultan is said to be a person of a very mild disposition, and in no way given to the cruelties which were practised by the former rulers of the country. But I fear that this country can never be much improved so long as it is ruled by Mahometan principles.

"I wish to tell you, before I leave off, a little about the capital city of Turkey. We call it Constantinople; which name was given to it in honor of Constantine, the first Christian emperor of the Greeks. Before him, it was called Byzantium. The Turks have corrupted the name of Constantinople into Stamboul; and this is the name by which they call it. It is quite a large city; but the houses are mostly built of wood, and the streets are too narrow for any wheel-carriages to travel. They are thronged with dogs, who are not owned by masters, but live under a sort of government of their own. All merchandise is carried by mules or asses. The streets are never lighted; and those who find it necessary to travel them in the evening, are obliged to carry lanterns. The Turks themselves generally retire to rest at the approach of evening, and rise very early in the morning."

— *Selected.*

THE QUIET BAY.

COME! for the August sun beats down
 With fiercest glare upon the town;
 And high brick wall and dusty street
 Reflect the scorching, stifling heat.

Come! for the pulse is languid now,
 And throbs, instead, the aching brow:
 I know a spot where wave and tree
 Will breathe their soothing song to thee.

Smoothly, as on an inland lake,
 Upon the shore the ripples break;
 And herb and floweret seem to drink
 New freshness by the grassy brink.

Green islets give an added grace,
 Like dimples on a happy face:
 Unbrokenly their shadows sleep
 Upon the scarcely heaving deep.

We'll stretch us 'neath the birchen shade,
 Where no rude sunbeam shall invade,
 And where the locust's drowsy wing
 A pleasant lullaby shall bring.

We'll plunge beneath the glassy tide,
 Or o'er its surface gently glide;
 Or lure, with tempting bait and hook,
 The fish from out his hidden nook.

Come! for all nature calls to thee;
Be for one day elate and free,
And cast thy cares and toils away,
And loiter by "*the quiet bay.*"

ED.

THE FIG.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

AMY, though she always liked the busiest place best, was never in anybody's way. The cook was never afraid of stumbling over her, or running against her, with a hot coffee-pot or a boiling saucepan: Amy vanished from her path, as if she had been a fairy. Amy's dress never brushed against the kettle; it was never too near a scorching fire; and even the apron escaped wonderfully from spatters of grease, slops, and stains, however busy her little hands might be. Her favorite amusement was cooking. She made tiny pies and minute doughnuts, while the cook made large ones; and then she invited her playmates to a formal tea-drinking, to share her miniature niceties, and behave like old people.

One day her round table in the nursery was prettily spread, the little tea-set of blue china all displayed upon the small waiter. There were just six cups and six plates, and there were six little children, including herself, all ready to sit down. They were all very grave and polite, except one little roguish boy, who was chuckling over a paste-cake he had snatched.

"Amy, Amy," said her father, coming in hastily, "you must run down to the grocer's on an errand."

Could any thing be more inconvenient! "O papa! now?"

"Yes, darling; there is no help for it." Amy knew that it must be necessary, so she went cheerfully. The children accompanied her a part of the way, and waited at the corner of the street. When she came to meet them, her face was all glowing with pleasure.

"I have something *so* nice, just the thing I love best in the world to eat. Mr. White was very kind to give them to me. He kissed me too, and said I had remembered the errand very well for a little girl."

The children guessed sugar-plums was the thing Amy held under her apron. No — nor candy of any sort, nor cake, nor raisins, nor nuts. When they came again to the little round table, Amy brought another plate, and untied her little package. Figs! Delightful!

"And see, he happened to give me just one apiece for us. Six, exactly."

The plate took the centre of the table, the slices of apple which represented cheese retiring to make room.

The cakes, which propriety required should be eaten first in order, were quickly despatched. Then five eager little hands were extended, and one fig remained in the plate. Amy, as a little lady, felt it to be an awkward thing for the head of the table to take the last, as the supply could not be renewed. She thought she would wait till the company had left the table, and then possess herself of it, unless some one should request her to waive ceremony. But no one said, "Take it, Amy; we have each had one, and that is your own."

Her father was standing at a desk writing. He observed her delicate scruple, and looked over his shoulder

now and then to see if the fig was still there. The doughnuts came into play next, and the plate was refilled twice from a basket under the table. The tea gave out at last, and Amy went to the kitchen to get more hot water. When she returned, the fig had disappeared! Her lip trembled, and her eyes filled with tears. It was not merely the loss, though that was great. The ingratitude, the injustice, the unkindness of the robbery grieved her to the heart. But presently the look of disappointment gave place to a beautiful smile. She poured out tea with graceful attention to each visitor, till every thing was devoured, and the party broke up.

"Amy, do you feel happy?" said her father, as she was washing her little cups and saucers, to put them away.

"Yes, papa."

"Did you not think it hard you could not taste your own figs at all?"

"At first I did. But I thought, 'It is more blessed to give than receive,' and then I was not sorry any longer." o.

ONLY A GIRL!

"GEORGE, dear George, wait for me!" cried Agnes Barton to her elder brother.

George walked on, entirely regardless of her entreaties.

"George," she cried again, "I wish you would wait! I want to see you put up the flag; and perhaps I can help you."

George still proceeded on his way, but vouchsafed this gracious answer, "Poh! what can you do? You're only a girl."

George at this moment remembered that he had left something necessary to his operations at home; so he paused, and called to his little sister, who was clambering up the steep hill-side in pursuit of him, "Here, Agnes! I've left my twine at home, on the bench in the wood-shed. Just run after it, there's a good child."

"But will you wait for me, then?"

"No; nonsense! Just as if you could not come up to the rock alone! Why, you're a perfect baby!"

"I *can* come up alone; but it would be much pleasanter to walk with you."

"Well, don't stop to talk; but tell me at once whether you will go or not." Agnes made no reply, except by turning round and running towards the house.

At a little distance from George, hoeing in the corn-field, was Hiram, — a thoughtful, steady lad, three or four years older than George, and who was apprenticed to George's father. He had heard the whole conversation between brother and sister; and, as George began to ascend the hill again, he called out, "That's what I call *obliging*!"

George blushed a little, for he was conscious that he had been unkind; but he put on a bluffer manner, to hide his confusion, and said, "She's only a girl; that's all girls are fit for."

Hiram was a lad of much good sense; so he did not ask, as he might well have done, what *boys* were fit for, but went on steadily with his work, intending, when he saw an opportunity, to convince George that his despised

little sister was at least his equal in many things, and much his superior in sweetness of temper.

Presently Agnes came hurrying back. She looked towards Hiram, as if expecting that George would be found talking with him. "Oh, dear!" she panted; "this hill is so steep! I *do* think George might have waited for me. I made as much haste as I could."

Hiram smiled pleasantly at her, and said, as she passed, "I wish you were *my* little sister." And, with her heart lightened a little by his cheerful words, she soon reached the top of the hill.

There stood George at the foot of the flag-staff. He had gained nothing by hurrying; for he needed the twine to commence his work. So there he stood, leaning lazily against it, and whistling a tune. Our young readers doubtless think that George was sufficiently ashamed of himself to thank his sister for her kindness; for she had run a part of the way, although the path lay up hill, and her face was flushed and warm. But no; he snatched the twine from her hand, and began to make his arrangements for raising the flag.

Agnes was very quick at her needle; and she had herself sewed together the red and white cloth for the stripes, and had put in the blue corner as neatly as her mother could have done. George, to be sure, had cut out the stars, and fastened them on; but all the rest had been her work. No wonder she felt interested to see it raised.

But something went wrong. Whether George's conscience troubled him a little, — for, as all children know, a troubled conscience makes every thing go wrong, — or whether it was his want of skill, we cannot say. Certain

it was, however, that the flag *would* not go up. George twitched and pulled, until the stitches which fastened it round the rope gave way.

"There, now," he exclaimed, "that's too bad! Now I must go all the way home again. Come along, Agnes; I shall want you to sew it for me." But Agnes drew needle, thread, and thimble from her pocket, and soon repaired this mischief. Again George tried to raise it, and grew more and more impatient at his repeated failures. At length Agnes timidly began a suggestion.

"There, don't bother! Can't you see I'm busy? What should *you* know about flags? You're only a girl."

Some time longer did George worry and work and alter; but to no purpose. He paused then, and said, "It's of no use trying; I mean to get Hiram to help me."

"But he can't help you till his work is done, George; and that will not be till my bedtime; and I so want to see it flying to-night! Just try it once as I say, before you give it up."

George sullenly suffered her to explain, and then followed her directions. Away went the flag, as if it had never made any resistance; and Agnes held the string below while George climbed the pole and made it fast. Then he shook out the folds, and the western breeze caught them, and it streamed proudly out upon the wind. Agnes jumped up and clapped her hands. Hiram had heard and seen all that had just happened; for his work, in its progress, had carried him, too, to the hill-top.

"Ah, Master George!" said he to himself, as the boy stood complacently looking up at the banner, "one might

think you'd feel cheap enough. Where would your banner be if you had not had a *girl* to help you?" But Hiram "bided his time," and kept his observations concealed within his own breast. That time was not so far distant as he imagined.

George had raised his flag in honor of the "glorious Fourth," which was the next day, and he had bought some crackers, and intended to celebrate it in capital style. His cousins, James and Roger, were coming to pass the day with him; and he had already enjoyed it a dozen times over, in anticipation.

Mr. Barton had just returned from the village when George and Agnes reached home; and they found their mother reading a letter which he had brought from the post-office.

"My sister Anne is quite ill," said she, looking up from the paper; "and William is anxious that you and I should come over to-morrow and see her. We can set off very early, as of course there will be no sleep after sunrise, and then I can spend a long day with her. I am only troubled," she added, after a pause, "about the boys. I am afraid George, with his cousins, may get into trouble."

Mr. Barton laughed. "They can't do any harm with crackers," said he; "and besides, Hiram has very little to do, and I shall charge him to keep an eye upon them."

Mrs. Barton was not content to give her husband the sole office of charging Hiram to watch over the boys; but she went to the barn the next morning, where Hiram was busy currying the horse, and bade him watch them carefully. Hiram readily promised. "O Hiram!" she said, after she had once turned away, "you know we

always send old Mrs. Bond some of our Independence dinner, because she is so fond of roast pig; and, after you have finished your own dinner, Katie will cut off a piece, and you shall carry it to her." And Mrs. Barton set off with her husband in the chaise, quite happy in the consciousness that she had forgotten nothing she had intended to do or say before leaving.

At about seven o'clock, James and Roger arrived. Agnes was occupied in the kitchen, making real cherry pies for dinner; so the three cousins had no interruption from her, and proceeded directly to the foot of the flag-staff, where bunch after bunch of crackers was fired off. After bathing in the pond, and eating candy enough to make them sick, they began to be at a loss what to do.

"I'll tell you," said James; "I've brought a little cannon and some gunpowder, and we'll fire that."

"That won't do," answered George: "father does not like to have me play with powder."

"But he won't know. He is far enough away by this time."

"But Hiram will see us, or hear the cannon, and tell him."

"He's going into the village after dinner," said Roger, "to carry some dinner to an old lady; and we had better wait till then." George had not moral courage enough to refuse to have any thing to do with the powder at any time; and so the subject was dropped.

At noon, another volley of crackers was fired by the boys; and this time the company of Agnes was tolerated, because she had been thoughtful enough to bring some matches from the house for them to light their ammunition. After this salute was over, they adjourned to the

house, where they managed to pass away the time until dinner was served, at one o'clock. As soon as the meal was over, the boys repaired again to the hill, declining the company of Agnes, who would fain have been of the party. She took her box of paper dolls, and sat down in the back porch, which commanded a view of the whole slope of the hill, thinking, if she could not go with the boys, she might at least watch them.

Presently Hiram came out and turned down the green lane, carrying the plate, with a nice white napkin folded over it. Then Agnes became absorbed in a weighty question with regard to a precious piece of gilt paper. She could not decide whether to make Isabel, her most beautiful doll, a dress of entire gilt, or to cut up the paper into trimmings for the dresses of all the family. Just as she had determined upon the latter more prudent plan, she heard a loud report in the direction of the hill-top, which startled her; and as she raised her eyes she saw a cloud of smoke. It was followed by a most fearful shriek. Hastily dropping the box and its contents, she fled, as fast as her trembling limbs would allow, up to the flag-staff; while Katie, the domestic, pale as ashes, came behind.

Roger sprang towards them. "The cannon! the cannon! They're both killed! they're both killed!"

Agnes and Katie thought so too when they saw James and George. The face of the latter was blackened by the powder, and scarcely a feature was discernible, while from the shattered hand of the former the blood was streaming frightfully.

"Run, darlint, run, if there's any strength in ye: go to the village as fast as ye can for the doctor." And,

raising the insensible form of George in her arms, as if he had been a feather, the kind-hearted Katie hastened down to place him on a bed, and left Roger to rub his hands, and to try to restore him to life, while she ran back to James, who was groaning in the utmost agony.

Poor little Agnes sped along the high road; and just at the entrance of the village she met Hiram, who bade her hasten back, and himself went for the doctor, who was smoking his after-dinner cigar.

It seemed as if Agnes was in every place at once. Now she brought old linen to aid in dressing James's hand; then she stood by George, holding strong ammonia at his nostrils, to restore him to consciousness. Now she brought a glass of fresh water for James, who fainted under the dressing; and now she fanned her brother, who had just begun to show signs of consciousness.

A long and painful operation was it to dress George's face; and all that time his heroic little sister stood by him, holding his hand, and, while tears of sympathy ran down her own cheeks, encouraging and cheering him. Hiram, by the doctor's advice, took James and Roger home, as soon as he could no longer render any assistance to George, and Katie was obliged to go about her unfinished household work.

Poor George! The pain in his face was intense, and his eyes could not bear a ray of light; and the doctor had charged him to keep very still, in order not to disarrange the bandages. So there he sat, leaning back in a large arm-chair, while Agnes, close beside him, exercised all her faculties to amuse and divert him. She softly stroked his hair; she tried to read to him; she sang to him hymns in her sweet voice; and, when it

was supper-time, she herself fed him, lest he should disturb the bandages.

Hiram came in after tea. He looked at the little girl, and saw that she was pale, and that her hands trembled still from her fright. So he said, "I know George would like some raspberries; and, if you will take the little basket, you can pick some very large ones on the edge of the farthest apple-orchard."

George thought he should fancy the raspberries. And away went Agnes; and, when she came back with them, her color and the command of her nerves had returned, as Hiram had foreseen would be the case.

We pass over the anxiety and terror of both father and mother when they returned at ten o'clock at night. Agnes was sent directly to bed; but Hiram lingered to give an account of the whole affair. He related, with a glowing cheek, the firmness and presence of mind which Agnes had shown, and said, as he left the room, "I think she did pretty well, *considering she is only a girl*. Hey, George?"

Our story is done. We can only inform our readers that George narrowly escaped losing his eyesight, and that, as his parents considered him sufficiently punished for his disobedience, very little was said to him; and Hiram is pleased to observe that he treats Agnes every day with increased consideration, and has never been heard since his accident to say, "She's only a girl!"

ED.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH
TRAVELLER THROUGH FRANCE AND IN ITALY.

NO. IV.

THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA DORIA PAMFILI.

[As these gardens have since been the scene of some severe fighting, during the siege of Rome by the French, and are said to be quite destroyed, the young readers of the *Child's Friend* may take some interest in a description of this now historical locality as it stood in 1844.]

THIS morning we set off out of the city to see the Villa Doria Pamfili, — a casino, or country-house, a little beyond St. Peter's, laid out in the stately old Italian style, and one of the best specimens possible of this fashion, which reminds one continually of the pictures painted to illustrate Boccaccio.

The Villa Doria Pamfili is a very beautiful place. The grounds are laid out in fine groves of ilex, cut so as to form a thick, cloister-like roof overhead, where even the burning sun of Italy can find no entrance. Each long vista is brightened by beautiful fountains; and the green alleys cross each other in many places, a fountain at each intersection springing up in a column of silver spray. These contrast beautifully with the dark green shade of the ilex trees, which form, as it were, an impervious wall, except in the direction in which they lead. Sometimes they open on beds of rich flowers, by an orange grove, and sometimes you catch a glimpse of a conservatory filled with more tender plants. In the beds are, even at this winter season, many plants of a still warmer climate, growing profusely in the open air, — the cactus, the yucca, and figs and oranges in all

stages of ripening. At the extreme end of this quaintly laid out ground is a kind of pine wood, which owes less to art than the rest, — the stone pine, which is also called the umbrella pine, from its peculiar form, and the dark outlines of which are so familiar to every one who is much acquainted with Italian landscape painting. The foliage of this picturesque grove nobly crowns the summit of a hill; and not far from this wood you come upon the principal fountain, which falls, sheet after sheet, into a reservoir, whence again come forth a succession of falls and sweeps over rocky ledges, their boundaries clothed with roses and evergreens.

We wandered about, catching beautiful glimpses of the surrounding hills, and now and then a peep of the city, at a little distance below us. Near the house is a curious and very formal kind of garden, laid out in beds so as to form the "coat of arms" of the family of Doria Pamfili. The divisions are in very narrow box-borders, and the colors of the flowers within these borders correspond to the heraldic colors of the coat of arms. It is very elaborate, and is surrounded by a stately balustrade of white stone, crowned by many vases full of flowering rose-trees or graceful creepers.

The house is but small, as, when the family are here in the hot months, they chiefly live out of doors. There are two tower-like buildings, with flat, airy roofs, which command beautiful views all over the stately gardens beneath, and beyond the grand outline of St. Peter's, which is quite near. Rome, with its crowded domes and spires, lies farther off, more dimly seen.

On the opposite side of the villa, the horizon stretches away in wavy lines of distant mountains, on which the

clouds rest. Some of these mountains are of sufficient height to be capped with snow; and the day was warm enough to make this refreshing, and a striking contrast to the scene at our feet, — of orange trees full of fruit, and roses in rich bloom.

After we had gazed well on the variety of panoramic views which the highest tower of the villa afforded us, we went to visit a grotto, surrounded by a curious water-work, — a kind of little pavement in front, and, at the sides, full of small openings, through which, when the guide touches a spring, numerous jets of water leap into the air. It is a *trap* for the unwary traveller, who is sprinkled with a *shower from the ground* before he knows whence it comes. In the inner recess of this grotto stands a pretty statue of a piping faun; and there is an organ hidden behind this statue, which is made to play, when the fountains spring out, by a water-wheel, which is turned by the same stream.

But the most curious thing in the Doria Pamfili gardens is an ancient sepulchre, discovered, a few years ago, under the ground of the garden, — a columbarium, as it is called, where the ancient Romans preserved the funereal urns of their dead. This people, as my young readers perhaps know, had the custom of burning their dead on funereal piles of wood, and then gathered the ashes, which were enclosed in small urns of stone or earthen-ware, or even of glass. As these urns were carefully closed up, the ashes were preserved for a very long time.

The urns in this curious mausoleum were standing in little niches, like pigeon-holes, — hence the name columbarium, — and the walls painted in fresco between the

rows of urns. The whole is in very good preservation; which is, most probably, in consequence of its having been so long closed up under ground. It lies at some distance below the surface, a quiet little chamber of the dead. We felt ourselves carried back to old pagan times when we saw all these relics so well preserved; and, when we came up again to the surface of the ground, it seemed as if we had flown over centuries of time in a moment. There was St. Peter's, standing as grand and majestic as ever, while we had been looking at the work of hands that existed ages and ages before St. Peter's was thought of, — ages before Christianity itself was revealed to the world.

R. W. A.

THE WANDERING ALBATROSS.

THIS bird has a yellow bill; flesh-colored legs; the general color of the plumage is whitish, the upper parts crossed with black lines; quill feathers black; tail rounded, and of a lead color; its length is from three to four feet.

There are only three or four ascertained species of the genus. They are considered the largest of web-footed birds, and are found throughout most parts of both hemispheres, but are most common within the tropics and in the high southern latitudes. The present species resorts to the Falkland Islands and Patagonia, for the purpose of breeding. The nests are made on the ground, and are composed of mud and weeds, raised to a height of two or three feet. The female lays a single egg, larger than that of a goose, — white, spotted with brown. It is asserted that the albumen or white of

these eggs never becomes solid by boiling. While the female is sitting, she is supplied with food by the male; and, as soon as the nest is vacated by the young bird, it is re-occupied by the penguin, who, in her turn, lays and hatches in it.

The peculiar home of the great albatross is on the tropical seas, where he leads a wandering and adventurous life, — roving over the midst of the ocean, and even crossing from one hemisphere to the other, in pursuit of the shoals of fishes on which he feeds. Sailing above the solitary ship becalmed in those fervid waters, beneath that “hot and copper sky,” or breasting uninjured the tornado which threatens to overwhelm vessel and crew, the albatross is looked upon by the sailors with a sort of superstitious awe; and the killing of one of these birds is, in their expectation, sure to be followed by some terrible disaster. On this superstition is founded that wonderfully striking and original poem, “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,” the idea of which was suggested to Coleridge by a passage in one of the old voyagers, who states that “his second captain, being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy that a long season of foul weather was owing to an albatross which had steadily pursued the ship; upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition.” — *Selected.*

SIN.

WE believe that most children have very inadequate, imperfect ideas of sin. They will tell you that it is sinful for a man to steal, or to commit murder; but most of

them have no idea that they are constantly sinning against Almighty God. The Bible says that "sin is the transgression of the law of God." If, then, you transgress the law, if you do what God forbids you to do, you commit sin.

You disobey your father or your mother; you are sorry for it perhaps at the time; or perhaps you have become hardened, and think nothing about it. Are you not sinning as much as the thief who takes away your property? True, one of the commandments is, "Thou shalt not steal;" but another reads, "Honor thy father and thy mother." God has not told us that one of these sins was worse than the other. You have been all your life with friends who have tried to teach you what is right; while the thief, perhaps, has scarcely heard of the ten commandments.

You have been taught, and rightly too, to consider drunkenness as a very great sin. It is an abuse of a power that God has given to man. But is it not an abuse of a power which God has given you? Is it not the indulgence of a sinful appetite, when you are angry?

Children look too lightly upon sin. They do not feel that sin must be punished; worse than all, they do not feel that they commit it. We have heard it said that children could have no very distinct ideas of sin. This, we believe, is a fatal mistake. From the moment a child is capable of knowing that it is wrong for him to touch a thing that his mother forbids, from that moment he has an idea of sin. Not of sin in its length and breadth, — in its fearful realities and consequences; but as true an idea, for his tender years, as man has in his riper age.

We believe, if the faults of children were called by their right name, — if they were made to see them as sins; and this is easily done, if the instruction is early begun, — we should not hear from many parents the complaint of the difficulty of drawing a distinction between what is disagreeable and what is sinful; the danger of reproving a child for bad table-manners, as much as for disobedience or unkindness.

This danger would never be incurred, if children were made to feel that disobedience and unkindness were sins in the sight of God. The solemnity and earnestness with which parents would converse with them after a transgression would be a very different thing from the reproof which tended to correct some unpleasant habit.

We began by speaking to children. We feel that we have ended by speaking to parents; and yet we have no disposition to alter what we have said. We have seen enough of children to know that there is much truth in our opinions; and, as sometimes we are glad to take hints from the humblest sources, we trust that some parents may receive a little light and assistance from what we at first designed for children.

ED.

OPENING OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

DETERMINED not to disappoint the Parisians a second time, the formal opening of the Palace of Industry was advertised to take place on Tuesday, the 15th of May, without postponement on account of the weather,—which,

by-the-by, had for some days previously been "*vilain*." The "*Moniteur*" of the 13th published an official programme, duly setting forth and marshalling the order of procedure and precedence, from the emperor to the *canaille*.

According to the "*Moniteur*," the doors would be opened at ten o'clock for the admission of ticket-holders; at twelve the portals were to be again closed, to allow the congregation to settle down before the arrival of the emperor, — which event was notified to occur precisely at one o'clock. Two hours were thus allotted for the entrance of some 3,000 persons. Gentlemen were earnestly invited by the "*Moniteur*" to attire themselves in dress-coats, — which they did; and multitudes must be suffering from rheumatic affections ever since; for the morning was raw, drizzling, and uncomfortable.

It is already well known that the exhibition is to be held within three distinct buildings, of which two are structures merely supplementary to the Palace of Industry. Our Paris correspondence has already described this palace, erected as a permanent edifice on the Carre Marigny, the most eligible site of the Champs Elysée.

It need only be added, that the palace proper is some eight hundred feet in length, three hundred and fifty in width, and seventy or eighty in its greatest height; roofed with glass on iron ribs; built of massive blocks of stone; and, although pierced by some three to four hundred windows, has an aspect of heaviness, — such at least is the impression conveyed in viewing the principal facade, — surmounted by the allegory of France crowning commerce and the arts.

The interior of the edifice has been appropriately de-

scribed as a vast hall, entirely surrounded by a corridor, over which ranges a gallery of twenty English yards in width. An arch of grayish-colored glass roofs in the hall, and a stained window occupies either end. The whole interior is left of a light stone-color, relieved only by a series of small heraldic shields, which indicate the cities of France. When our correspondent visited the interior of the palace a few days prior to the opening, the day was dull and cloudy, and the aspect was extremely sombre.

Suddenly a burst of sunshine fell upon the roof, and streamed through the painted windows. The effect was magical. What had but an instant before resembled a meeting-house under repair, grew up into a gorgeous temple. The sunlight and the light tone of the walls harmonized, and seemed to expand the dimensions of the edifice; the walls receded; the columns sprang up to cathedral height; while the rich rays just touched the points of relief with sufficient warmth to extend the vista and lend beauty to its details. Another minute, and a cloud drifted over the sun. The temple contracted, and fell into the shadow.

The nave, or central aisle, was railed in for the more distinguished company; and as many seats along the front of the galleries as a view could be obtained from, were set aside for occupancy. A platform, covered with rich carpets, was erected in the middle of the transept, between the locations of the United States and Belgium, and not visible from many parts of the gallery, sustained two fauteuils for the emperor and empress, and chairs for the other members of the imperial family. Right and left from these were the orchestra.

The fauteuils were in crimson and gold, canopied by the usual insignia of empire, and supported on either side by clumps of lances bearing flags and eagles. In front of the throne were benches set apart for the members of the diplomatic body, the grand officers of the nation and imperial household, the senate, legislative corps, council of state, officers of the army, judicature, church, and other departments, all of whom were ordered to appear in official costume. The public found places where they could.

From half-past ten o'clock, when the doors were opened, until noon, a continued stream of people poured in, the variety of costumes in the central aisle making quite a gay appearance.

At noon the doors were closed, and a very dull hour was spent, unenlivened by music, or any thing else except staring and talking. About 8,000 persons were then within the walls.

The benches of all the public bodies were full, and the diplomatic corps had not a man missing. As noon chimed, a detachment of the *cent gardes*, in their theatrical costume of steel and sky-blue, marched in, and formed an avenue to the throne. Soon afterwards came Prince Napoleon, escorting that excellent lady, Queen Maria Christina, late of Spain. With the prince came the imperial commission of jurors.

At half-past twelve a salute of artillery was fired, which led the assembled company to suppose that the emperor had set out. Another dreary half-hour succeeded. Some time after one o'clock, the noise of shouting gave notice of their majesties' approach, and preceded by a number of outriders, escorted by cuirassiers of the guard,

and attended by his suite in three or four carriages. Napoleon and the empress, with King Jerome and the Princess Mathilde, descended from a state-carriage at the door of the Palace of Industry.

A little procession was formed; the one solitary band inside launched forth into "*Partant pour la Syria*;" Prince Napoleon met his imperial cousins, who advanced through the avenue of the guards, took their places by the throne, and bowed to the people; Marshal Vaillant, Marshal Magran, the Dukes of Bassano and Cambaceres, and the ladies of the empress, ranged themselves behind. The tableau was complete.

The emperor, with his beautiful wife by his side, both looking noticeably fatigued and care-worn, remained standing on the steps of the throne, while Prince Napoleon, president of the commission, read a speech. After the emperor's reply, he and the empress left their position on the platform, and proceeded, followed by their attendants in a sort of procession, to take a cursory glance of the articles exposed on the stalls. Way had to be made for them through the crowd, and they were frequently brought to a stand. By dint of elbowing, they succeeded in making the tour of the building, and once more stood bowing on the steps of the throne.

Having made their acknowledgment to the company, the imperial pair left the hall with their suite, not more than half an hour having elapsed since their arrival. Almost immediately afterwards the company broke up. The imperial cortège, with its outriders and escort, whirled rapidly homewards. The exhibition of the world's industry was opened. — *Worcester Palladium*.

THE OLIVES OF GETHSEMANE.

At the foot of Mount Olives, we find what is now considered the Garden of Gethsemane, memorable as the resort of our Lord, and as the scene of the agony which he endured the night he was betrayed. There is but little doubt that this is the real place of the solemn transaction. It seems to have been an olive plantation in the time of Christ, as the name Gethsemane signifies an oil-press. It is about fifty paces square, and is enclosed by a wall of no great height, formed of rough, loose stones. Eight very ancient olive-trees now occupy the enclosure, some of which are very large, and all exhibit symptoms of decay, clearly denoting their great age. As a fresh olive-tree springs from the stump of an old one, there is reason to conclude that, even if the old trees which existed in the time of our Lord have been destroyed, those which now stand sprang from their roots. But it is not incredible that they should be the same trees. They are, at least, of the times of the Eastern Empire, as is proved by the following circumstances: In Turkey, every olive-tree which was found standing by the Moslems, when they conquered Asia, pays a tax of one medina to the treasury, while each of those planted since the conquest pays half its produce. Now, the olive-trees of the Gethsemane pay only eight medina. Dr. Wild describes the largest as twenty-four feet in girth above the root; though its topmost branch is not above thirty feet from the ground. M. Bove, who travelled as a naturalist, asserts that the largest is at least six yards in circumference, and nine or ten yards high; so large, indeed, that he calculates their age at 2,000 years.—*Ancient Jerusalem.*



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

When long the evening shadows lay
 O'er the mossy ground;
 When broad oaks and aspens gray
 By golden light were crowned.

When then their work forsook;
 With uplifted spade,
 And with weary steps his nook,
 In dell, or glade.

And of all, there lingered one,
 As he passed me by,
 Singing to the setting sun
 A sweet melody.

And then why alone *he* sang,
 And his way he went;
 And his voice like trumpet rang:
 "I am content."

"If you're pleased to follow me, —
 But half a mile, —
 See what makes my heart so free
 At night, and smile."

And with a hearty will:
 Talking all the while,
 And with his rustic skill
 Progress to beguile.



THE HAPPY FAMILY

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

FULL long the evening shadows lay
 Upon the mossy ground ;
 And the broad oaks and aspens gray
 With golden light were crowned.

The cotters then their work forsook ;
 And, with uplifted spade,
 Each sought with weary steps his nook,
 In hamlet, dell, or glade.

But, last of all, there lingered one,
 Who, as he passed me by,
 Was singing to the setting sun
 A pleasant melody.

I asked him why alone *he* sang,
 As on his way he went ;
 And thus his voice like trumpet rang :
 " Master, I am content.

" But, if you're pleased to follow me, —
 It is but half a mile, —
 You'll see what makes my heart so free
 To sing at night, and smile."

I followed with a hearty will :
 He, talking all the while,
 Endeavored with his rustic skill
 Our progress to beguile.

And now we neared a little stream,
That, with a frolic bound,
Went dancing in the day's last beam
The mossy stones around.

And now a wreath of misty smoke
Curled up amid the blue ;
And, underneath an aged oak,
A cottage came in view.

Before the door, a childish crowd
Sat at their evening meal :
Their laughter echoed sweet and loud
In many a merry peal.

One bowl the simple supper held,
And each might take his share ;
And kindness, not restraint, compelled
The just division there.

No selfish accent caught my ear ;
But all was love and glee ;
And the good mother, standing near,
Smiled at their harmony.

Then, with a proud and thankful tone,
The cotter said to me,
"Should not I sing, sir, when I own
These treasures that you see ?"

"Ay ! well may you, with truest mirth,
A gladsome singer be :
You have the choicest gift of earth,—
A happy family."

TOM'S DREAM.

I SAW two fellows coming along the street; and somehow, I don't exactly know how, I found out that one was named *I can't*, and the other was *I won't*. I think they could not have been any relation to each other; they didn't look at all alike; and I am sure they never had the same father and mother. *I can't* had a sleepy face, with very pale eyes, as if he had never had life enough in him to look up at the blue sky; and his knees bent as he walked, and his arms dangled. *I won't* had black eyebrows, as stiff as a shoe-brush, and lips set close together; and he stumped along as if his legs were two pavier's mallets. I wished father could hire him to walk our flagstones that were laid so loose.

I thought I had heard of these boys at our school; so I marched up, and asked them if they had ever been there.

"Rather think so," said *I won't*, grinning a little: "we have been at all the schools."

"What! all the schools in town?"

"All the schools in creation."

I began to stare, and thought he talked pretty big; but the other meek chap presently sneaked round the other side of me, and said, "It's true as can be. There have been schools of some sort ever since there were boys and girls enough in the world to make a family; and, if there was no other, there was always the mother to manage us, or let us manage her."

So I began to wonder if they were in the ark; but, as I don't like to talk about Bible things in the street

and with strangers, I kept that wondering to myself, and asked them if they never grew any older; but they seemed to think it a foolish question, and gave me no answer.

So we walked along together till we heard the school-house bell ringing out the last clatter; and I felt that we were very late, though I had not observed the sound till that minute. "I think we had better hurry a little," said I, good-naturedly, trying to step rather faster. "I can't," said one fellow, dolefully; "I'm going as fast as I know how." "And I won't," said the other, knitting his shoe-brush eyebrows together, and slackening his pace a little. "They have no business to stop ringing; it's not nine o'clock, I know."

I pointed up to the church-clock: it was two minutes past nine. He glanced up sulkily. "I don't care; I'm not going to be hurried by anybody. I'll get to school when I please, and I won't get there any sooner." So he trudged very deliberately along. "I wish I could help being late," said his companion; "but I can't; there's always something to hinder me: either I can't get my lessons in time, or I can't wake up, or can't have my breakfast. And, now it's so hot, how can a fellow hurry?" And down he sat on a shady door-step, fanning himself with his straw hat.

I don't remember much more about them, except that I saw them both get a flogging from the master, and I tried to make out which he thought was the worst fellow; and I really believe *I won't* had the smartest whipping by a good deal. The other fellow cried dismally, which only made the boys want to laugh; but *I won't* had such a silent, stubbed way of taking his punishment,

that the master seemed to think he had not had enough to do him any good, and that it was his duty to bring out some token of feeling. In fact, I imagine the master got a little provoked.

All of a sudden the schoolroom whirled round, and turned upside down, and went tumbling and vanishing away with everybody in it.

Presently I saw a pale, slovenly looking man sitting on the counter of a crockery-store, and a couple of gentlemen talking with him.

"If you would only rouse yourself, look into your accounts yourself, and make your own purchases, and not trust so much to others, you might get along yet."

"Yes," said the other gentleman, "you might indeed. I don't think you are a ruined man, by any means, as yet. But you must be energetic."

"I can't," mumbled the man, who was dangling his feet, and whittling at a shingle.

"I'll tell you what," said the other: "as I married your sister, I feel bound to help you, for the credit of the family; so I'll lend you the money you want, and take your goods as security, on *one* condition."

"What is it?"

"That you will turn over a new leaf at once, examine your books, turn off your clerks, and give your whole mind and time to your business."

"Don't ask any such promise of me," said *I* can't; "it is of no use. I am going to fail, and there's an end of it. I am no business man, — never was, and never can be."

The gentlemen looked at him a minute, then at each other, and walked contemptuously out of the store.

And, somehow or other, I knew that *I can't* failed in business the next day, and was supported by his relations, and felt very mean and unhappy.

Just then I believe the robin in the apple-tree by my window began to sing, and I thought of getting up early to do my sums which I couldn't get along with the night before, because they were so hard. But, strange to say, I got dozing again; and then I saw a very cross, obstinate-looking man, talking with a lady, who had a gentle, sensible countenance, but who seemed very earnest. I knew him again; for there were the black eyebrows of the boy *I won't*, with half a dozen additional scowls on his face.

"I will not tease you any more," said she; "for I know, or ought to know, that it is all in vain. And yet how happy we could be, if you would but give up this dreadful lawsuit!" "You may as well spare your breath," replied he: "I have told you so a hundred times. I won't give up the lawsuit, I won't let that fellow get the better of me, if it ruin me ten times over."

The lady sighed, and shook her head. "If it were to ruin you only in worldly matters, it would be a small thing comparatively."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed *I won't*.

"I mean that poverty is not the worst evil. Our friend and neighbor, *I can't*, has become poor through inefficiency and indolence, and *men* despise him; but I do not think God looks upon him with as much disapprobation as on the man who indulges in a wilful obstinacy, yielding neither to man nor God."

Her husband looked at her in silent amazement. "You never talked so to me before," cried he.

"No," said she; "I never felt sure that it was a religious duty to do so. But I am convinced that God cannot look on you with satisfaction, nor can your soul know peace, till the obstinacy of your nature yields itself to a loving, trusting faith. And, having come to this conviction, I must speak boldly."

Just then I woke; but, before my eyes were fairly open, I saw the noble wife sitting by her changed husband, as he read the New Testament with tears running down his cheeks, and I heard him say, "Wife, I am thankful I gave up that lawsuit."

L. J. H.

SUMMER LESSONS.

THE warm months are over, and families come crowding back again into the city from cosy little cottages among the mountains, or from the spray and foam of the sea-beach. Most of our little city readers have frolicked in the open air to their hearts' content, and have returned, half glad, half reluctant, with sunburnt faces and renewed health, to their homes. And our country readers, those whose happy lot it is to be always surrounded with the beauties of nature, must forego till next year the "good times" they have enjoyed with their city cousins, and begin like them their round of study and of home duties.

How many children have been into the country with their eyes open this summer? How many can tell of half the beauties they have seen? and how many have made their outward senses but avenues to their inward life,

And, somehow or other, I knew that *I can't* failed in business the next day, and was supported by his relations, and felt very mean and unhappy.

Just then I believe the robin in the apple-tree by my window began to sing, and I thought of getting up early to do my sums which I couldn't get along with the night before, because they were so hard. But, strange to say, I got dozing again; and then I saw a very cross, obstinate-looking man, talking with a lady, who had a gentle, sensible countenance, but who seemed very earnest. I knew him again; for there were the black eyebrows of the boy *I won't*, with half a dozen additional scowls on his face.

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How many children have been into the country with their eyes open this summer? How many can tell of half the beauties they have seen? and how many have made their outward senses but avenues to their inward life,

and have learned lessons from every bush and tree and stone?

In the first place, you may draw a most wonderful lesson from the change in your own frames. July found you with pale cheeks and heavy eyes, or with languid steps and no appetite. The mountain-air or the sea-breeze has restored color and freshness to your countenance, and vigor to your limbs. How has all this been done? You cannot tell. You do not even know the precise moment when your cheek grew red, or when you felt able to walk miles without fatigue. What a wonderful thing is this recreative power! The saying is a very common one, "I feel like a new being;" and so indeed it seems almost as if our nature were renewed; as if we had exchanged the worn-out body for a new and fresh one, — the same, and yet not the same. Did returning strength excite in your hearts no gratitude to God? Did you not feel how much he was doing for you? If not then, at least let our suggestion rouse you to grateful thoughts, and thankful acknowledgments of his blessings.

When you have stood on the shore, has the ocean preached to you? Has it said, "I am great and powerful and irresistible, and yet placid and beautiful; but He who made me is power, and strength, and beauty"? Has it suggested, to those of you who are old enough to appreciate it, that it is the immense reservoir of the rains and dews that water the earth, and cause the herb to spring forth and blossom abundantly? Have you thought of its peculiar saltness, that keeps it from corrupting? Have you remembered that it is the highway of nations, and thought of the myriad vessels that bring

near, by means of it, the ends of the earth? Consider, too, the fragile, beautiful mosses, growing in all their delicate loveliness where no eye can see, as if to teach us that our heavenly Father's goodness and care extend far beyond our utmost knowledge. Has the sublimity of the mountains spoken to you? Have you thought upon the Psalmist's words, "He looketh upon the hills, and they tremble"? Has their far height given you conceptions of the loftiness and holiness of that Being who from chaos brought this glorious world into existence? Have they, with their cloud-capped summits, whispered to you what the daily life of the Christian should be, — walking with his feet amid the temptations of the world, but constantly holding communion with heaven?

How has the perpetual miracle of growth been going on around you! How have the hard, green balls been transformed into nutritious fruit! How have the stalks of corn bent lower and lower with the fast-filling ears! And could you tell how one plant drew up from the ground such juices as made it assume an entirely different color and shape from one that grew close beside it? No: all these things are in the mighty hand of God. If we considered them as we ought, we should walk amid his creation in a constant state of adoration. Our thoughts would be continually lifted on high; since the smallest grass-blade would speak volumes of his wisdom and love.

But, whether you have listened to these teachings, or have let them pass by you like the idle wind, they have been whispered to you every day and every hour, from the moment the sunlight, flickering through the dancing leaves, awoke you, till you closed your eyes with one last

gaze upon the starlit heavens. They have been given to you for your profit and advantage. The refreshing breeze would have lifted on its invisible wings your spirit up to God, and the rolling thunder would have bid you beware lest you sinned against your Maker. If your inner ear and eye have been closed to these voices of nature, how great is your accountability for neglected opportunities!

If, at a certain time every year, a mother were to take her child to a beautiful gallery of paintings and statuary, where music was continually sounding and sweet odors were breathed around, and that child refused to look at the paintings, to listen to the music, or to enjoy the perfumes, would you not say that he was a very perverse and ungrateful child? Surely you would. But are you not more perverse and ungrateful than even this child would be? The kind hand of your heavenly Father leads you in the summer-time into his beautiful world. He has filled it with every thing to delight the senses; and yet you close the eyes and ears of your soul, and refuse to let your words of praise ascend to him.

We will not believe that among our little audience—for we always feel that we are *talking*, not *writing*, to you—any such child is numbered. We trust that those children who have enjoyed the glories of summer have done so with thankful hearts. We trust that the religious part of their nature has been ministered to, as well as the physical. And now they are all to return to their duties. They have played long enough. Vacation is over, and the work of another year lies before them. We hope they are about to enter upon it in a good spirit. They are strong, and able to work and study. Then let

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them show their gratitude to God by a faithful performance of every duty. Let those high animal spirits, which are so pleasant and useful in their proper place, be kept in due subjection. Never let them disturb the sick mother or the sleeping baby, — never let them creep into the schoolroom, and interrupt its order and quietness. Let every one say to himself, “I have played hard; and now I will work hard.” Let every one remember that a child’s duty lies in the performance of little every-day duties, and that he is showing his love and gratitude to God when he leads his little brother carefully to school, or studies a hard lesson in spite of temptations to play, just as much as the man who performs some heroic action, or some noble act of self-sacrifice. In each case, God looks at the motive; and he has said he will not despise the smallest offering which is prompted by a desire to please him. — ED.

THE ELDER SISTER.

(Continued from page 68.)

A DAY or two passed on, during which Adelaide’s eyes were opened more fully to the lamentable mismanagement of the household, and the reform necessary, but perhaps impracticable; and, while she sat one evening thinking how best to commence the important work, Matilda came to her, and said, “Dreaming, Ada, of the happy hours passed at Atherton parsonage?”

“No, Matilda; thinking of the present.”

"Oh!" There was a world of meaning in that little exclamation. "And what do you think of this delightful home of ours, — of our precious mamma, and our amiable and quiet household generally?"

Matilda's contemptuous tone fell painfully on her sister's ear. She answered gravely, "I cannot help seeing much that ought to be different, Matilda; but is it not our duty to try to alter what we think wrong, instead of ridiculing it?"

Matilda respected her sister's sincerity too much to take offence; she looked at her with a half-amused, half-pitying smile, and then said, "You are a dear little female Quixote, Ada, fresh from Uncle Heywood's sober parsonage and Aunt Lucy's self-denying precepts; but 'tis all of no use. An angel could do nothing here, with such a ——"

"Oh, hush, my dear sister!"

"No, Ada, I will not. If you are to stay here, and be made miserable, as I have been for some years past, you shall at least have the benefit of my hardly learned philosophy. Our mother not only will do nothing herself, but she will not allow others to assume the responsibility. You can do no good to the children; for they will appeal to her, and she always indulges them; and the only way is to do as I have lately done, — find as much pleasure for yourself as possible, take no interest in any thing at home, and get married as soon as you can, that you may escape from this place of torment, miscalled a home." Matilda was evidently deeply in earnest, and tears stood in her eyes as she finished.

"Was that your reason for accepting Mr. Holbrook?" asked her sister, sadly.

"Yes. Don't despise me, Ada; not just yet. He is very good, and loves me far more than I deserve, and I like him better than any one in the world but you; but, if I had not, I should still have accepted him, to escape from home."

"It is very sad," replied Adelaide; "yet I cannot but hope something might be done by patient and persevering effort."

"May be; those virtues are not in my line; but I doubt any good being accomplished here by any one. Still, I may help you in one thing after my marriage: if these noisy, disagreeable children are wearing you to death, you can send one or two of them to me, and I will endure them a while for your sake. And, Ada, if you *could* do any thing for Frank! He is worth saving; but I cannot do it. The others are not worth much in any way; but poor Frank might be something; and he is getting among very bad companions just now. A boy of sixteen, without a happy home, is in so much danger!" And Matilda, hearing the door-bell ring, hastily kissed her sister, and left the room.

Adelaide was too discreet to begin, at once, the reform she desired; she was well aware that, after so long an absence from home, she must take time to understand the characters of the children and the ways of the family before she interfered in any way; and she therefore employed the time that intervened before Matilda's marriage in obtaining this knowledge; paying, meanwhile, the respect and attention to her mother that no one else thought of giving, and quieting, by gentle persuasions, the frequent disputes of the children. Matilda was both able and willing to aid her in many ways, par-

she kept her little pupils during the hours allotted for their study and work. Here, too, she always permitted them to bring their toys and play, with the simple proviso that all should be put in order when they had done playing. She had many trials, many discouragements. Lucy was often obstinate, Emma indolent and fretful; but Adelaide rested not on her own strength, and, laboring only to perform the duty of the day in patience and gentleness, trustfully left the future to the guidance of an all-wise God.

A. A.

(To be continued.)

A WEEK'S RECORD.

Sunday, May 5.—Miss Morison told our class this morning, in Sunday School, that she should like to have us keep a record of our thoughts every day this week, and bring them to her next Sunday morning. Lucy Dana said that she should be afraid to show her thoughts,—she was sure there would be so many wrong ones. Miss Morison looked very seriously and kindly at her, and said, “My dear Lucy, you are afraid of the eye of a fellow-being, frail and tempted as you are; and yet you are not afraid of the all-seeing Eye.”

I never remember hearing her speak so seriously as she did this morning. She told us we were all old enough now to decide whether we would serve God for our future life, or whether we would go on just as we had been, only thinking of him now and then; which was, in reality, rejecting him, and living for the world.

She said we must make a deliberate choice, or we should never become any better; that we must take a stand, and say, "From this moment, with God's help, I will devote myself to his service." I understood all she said very well; but I could not feel it as she did. The color came into her cheeks, and the tears into her eyes, as she spoke to us. Certainly religion is a real thing to her. She made me wish that I could feel as she does.

To-night I have been sitting a long time alone, and reading the Bible. How plainly our duties are written out there! and yet how hard it is to do them! I do not believe it is hard for Miss Morison. She says, when she is tempted, the thought of Christ comes to her, and keeps her from yielding. How I wish it would come to me! I do not think it will be wrong for me to pray that it may come to me. I am sure Christ said he would help all that came to him; yet I am afraid to determine, deliberately, that I will be a follower of God. How can I? I am sure I should do wrong to-morrow; and then how terrible that would be! I *will* try to do right this week, however.

Monday night. — I have not succeeded very well to-day. It was a beautiful, bright morning; and I dressed myself, and ran down stairs to practise my music lesson. After I had practised about half an hour, I missed a piece of music; and then I remembered that I had left it on the what-not, Saturday afternoon, after I had shown it to Alice Simmons. When I took it up, I saw a Bible beneath it; and then I recollected that I had not given one thought that morning to my heavenly Father. I hurried back to my own room, to read and think there; but my conscience has reproached me all day.

Then mother asked me, at the breakfast table, why I stopped practising for so long. I was just going to tell her something that was true, but not the whole truth; but some impulse kept my tongue from saying what I at first intended; and so I had to answer, that I forgot my Bible before I left my room. She looked very grave; but she said nothing.

During the first hour and a half at school, I found it very easy to feel and think right; but at recess one of the girls made an insolent remark, and I retorted. I am grieved now, when I think what a quarrel we had. I am sure I could not tell what thoughts I had then. I only know I was very angry. Then I did not let my anger cool; but kept thinking, all the remainder of school-time, of my provocation. And I showed a very unforgiving spirit too; for I thought Mary looked sorry; and, after school, she made a motion, as if she were coming towards me; but I turned my back upon her, and I suppose she went away. I looked into the window of an engraver as I came home, and there was a beautiful head of Christ. It brought me to myself again; and I saw how wrong I had been. I did not know whether it was right to pray in the street; but, somehow, I could not help asking God to keep me from such anger and ill-will; and then I was happier.

Perhaps that prayer did me good; for I have not been angry since, though I have had one or two things to vex me. But it seems to me very, *very* hard to do right. I cannot help feeling, that, if we must be so constantly on our guard, it would become very irksome. If this is a wrong thought, I hope it may be forgiven; but, as it is a thought, I must write it down. Then, too,

the Bible tells us to be like Christ; and he was so pure, and good, and holy, I am sure I shall never be like him. I think it is very discouraging.

Tuesday night.— Oh, dear! It seems as if, the harder I tried to do right, the more difficult it became. I began the day right to-day, and I hoped it would go right. Mine is an east window; and, as I woke, the sun was rising, and that verse came into my mind which I learned when I was a little child, beginning, —

“My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise.”

I was very careful to-day, at school, not to become angry. I had a great struggle with myself before I could make up my mind to tell Mary that I was sorry for our quarrel yesterday; but I did so finally. It was all the harder, because she had seen me turn away from her yesterday; and she listened very coldly when I first began to speak; but at length she blamed herself even more than I did.

I wish I could stop here; but I cannot. I have been this afternoon both thoughtless and selfish. I heard Bridget ask mother, this morning, if she could spare her to go and sit with a sick brother. Mother said yes; that she was going out herself, but that I could take care of little Eddie. I forgot this when Alice Simmons came for me just after mother went away; and I put on my bonnet and shawl, and went a few steps beyond the door, when I remembered Bridget. I could not bear to turn back, because it was so pleasant, and Alice knew where some violets grew; and so I tried to persuade myself that Bridget could go in the evening just as

well. I did not enjoy myself, though we found the violets in profusion. The vision of a poor sick man haunted me all the afternoon. I came home before mother, and almost hoped that she would not know that Bridget had not been out. Bridget's pleasant smile seemed a reproach to me; and when she said, "Had yeez a pleasant walk? Yeez disremimbered intirely that I was to go and see me sick brother," I could hardly help telling her that I did not forget, but that I was too selfish to stay. I tried to make reparation to her by telling her that I would put Eddie to bed, so that she could stay till late in the evening. She said it was just as well; but I knew it was not as well for me. I think mother saw how sorry I was; for she did not reprove me: she only asked, "Charlotte, how *could* you?"

Oh, dear! again. I wish I could see Miss Morison. Perhaps she would tell me why it is so hard to do right. She might say it was because I did not ask God to help me. But indeed I do ask him; and I am sure I feel what I say when I kneel morning and night.

Wednesday night. — I did not think of God when I first woke this morning; but I remembered to read and pray before I left my room. I read our Saviour's prayer. I do not understand what it means where it says that we are to be *one in Christ*. I shall ask Miss Morison to explain it. I believe all has gone right to-day but one thing. When Mr. Macgregor returned our compositions to us, he praised mine very much. I was made too vain by his praise; and, after school, I ridiculed one of the girls very severely. I was recalled by hearing another say,—

"Come away from Charlotte Redwood now; for Mr.

Macgregor has praised her a little; and she is so proud, that she thinks us all her inferiors."

Once, I am sure, I should have been angry at this speech,—so I notice a little shade of improvement,—but I felt then almost thankful to Anna Ellis; and something prompted me to say, "No, Anna; don't go away. I have been very ridiculous, to say the least; but I will try to come back to common sense." Some of the girls stared, and others asked Anna if she was not ashamed of herself; but Anna Ellis seized my hand, and declared she liked me better than ever.

But I do not like myself as well as I did a week ago. Anger, ill-will, thoughtlessness, selfishness, pride,—these are a sorrowful list of faults for three days. I do believe no one else finds it so hard to do right. Mother kissed me to-night, and told me she thought this had been a good day. Uncle George was sitting by; so I did not like, as I could have wished, to tell her that it had *not* been a good day: so I only shook my head softly, and the tears would come into my eyes. But mother only kissed me again. Oh! if people only knew how much others felt their own wickedness, they would never praise any one for doing right.

Thursday night. — How long it seems since six o'clock! But I must not begin to write about the evening now, or I shall not say any thing about the morning. I took an early walk this morning, and really felt good and happy. Every thing was sweet and lovely, and every thing sang praises to God; and I sang too. It was so beautiful all the morning that I could not study, and was very idle,—another black word to add to my long, black list. I managed to have perfect recitations,

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though I did not know some of the questions which were asked the other girls ; but when I told Mr. Macgregor, he laughed, and said I was very scrupulous. This afternoon I walked with Anna Ellis. She tries hard to be good too ; and she told me how bitterly she repented of what she said to me the other day.

We came home about half-past five ; and, when mother was undressing Eddie, she called to me to come quickly. I shall never forget how the poor little fellow looked. He was in a fit. I ran for the doctor as fast as I could, and brought him back with me. I cannot tell how many the dear little fellow had. Mother let me stay with her till father came home, and then she sent me away. I knew the doctor was afraid he would die ; for he never left the house till ten o'clock. Thoughts ! I have had so many, that I could not even begin to write them down. I stole in once and looked at Eddie, and thought he was dead, — he was so still and white.

As I sat alone in the parlor, I seemed to realize, for the first time, how solemn death was ; and then in my ear a voice seemed to whisper, " If death is solemn, is not *life* solemn too ? " And then I felt that I had, till that moment, been asleep, and was then suddenly awakened ; and, one after another, the most serious, awful thoughts came crowding upon me. Miss Morison's words sounded in my ears, and every thought brought me back to the same point : " Choose *now* whom you will serve." I saw life in two aspects, — one, that of a woman who yielded to every new pleasure, and suffered herself to be turned from the right road continually ; the other, that of one who had taken God for

her guide, and whose whole aim and pathway was turned towards the heavenly city.

I heard a call to lose no time in inaction. "Life is short," said the inward voice; "it is a warfare, a struggle; but God is your helper. The fight will be severe; but you have the Christian armor to put on. Your steps may turn for a moment from the right, your limbs may tremble for want of courage; but Christ has promised to be your guide. Can you hesitate?" No: it seems to me that I cannot hesitate; that I must for the rest of my life, whether longer or shorter, obey the commands of my God; and that I must to-night, before I sleep, make the solemn consecration. But I will not do it now: I must be calmer before I can take such a step. Let me pray to-night that God will aid me to do what is well-pleasing to him, and to give myself to him in my youth.

Occasionally, in my more serious moments, I have felt a want of something satisfactory; there appeared no resting-place for the deeper and more earnest part of my nature. Now I know how this thirst of the soul may be quenched; now I feel that God is the only resting-place of the soul. All the blessings of my life come crowding upon me, — all the untold, unnumbered favors of the Father in heaven. My soul seems too full for utterance. I must leave my record for to-night. God grant that the calmer thoughts of to-morrow may be as deep; and that I may, in quietness of spirit, resolve to be his alone!

ED.

(To be continued.)

FRAGMENTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH
TRAVELLER THROUGH FRANCE AND IN ITALY.

NO. V.

THE CATACOMBS OF ST. AGNESE.

ON the 7th of January we joined a party headed by Mr. Benjamin Gibson, the brother of the celebrated sculptor, and himself also a sculptor and a great antiquary, to see the catacombs of St. Agnese, far out of Rome, on the Campagna, and I think the most striking and interesting place I ever saw in my life.

The history of these wonderful excavations is briefly this, as our kind friend, Mr. B. Gibson, explained it before we descended : —

In the first persecutions undergone by the early Christians, it appears they fled for refuge to some caves formed in still earlier times by the carrying away of the earth called Puzzolana, which, being very ancient volcanic earth, is used as cement even to the present day. However, these very ancient extinct volcanoes had been worked out and deserted for ages ; but the cavities left by the digging away of the Puzzolana remained, though almost hidden and overgrown.

Into these the poor persecuted early Christians fled ; and as their numbers increased, and people even brought their families to hide them, they began to enlarge the caves by digging lower into the earth ; and, the soil being soft, they soon worked down far below the surface of the ground, so that they were out of hearing even in the caves, their first hiding-places. There it seems they remained, and hollowed out habitations and churches, and at last graves, for themselves.

When any of their brethren above ground were killed for their constancy to their religion, they brought their bodies and buried them in these catacombs when it was possible, and carved on the stones at the side of their graves some emblem, to show the kind of death they had died; or at least a palm-branch, as a sign that they were martyrs.

In the course of three centuries they had extended so far as to reach under a large portion of the Campagna, and were indeed a city under ground. They are in two stories, and have streets branching out of streets in all directions. Walled up with graves, they seem but one immense sepulchre. But they have been the abodes of the living; and what abodes!

The dead are laid sideways, one over another, along the passages. In the churches, their bishops, as they called them, seem to have been honored by a last resting-place under the altars; but the stone or slab of burnt*clay which closes up each tomb bears in a small space the inscription or carving which symbolically describes the character or fate of the dead within.

We were walking, each carrying a wax taper for an hour and a half, staying but a very short time at each grave or chapel. But we saw only a very small portion of the place. Some of the stones or marble slabs were gone; and we saw the mouldering bones within, — some the bones of *children*. We even could trace in the clay the impression of the toys of these poor little creatures, as if they had gone to sleep with them in their hands, — their last sleep. Some of the slabs are in the Vatican Gallery; and both there and in the catacombs I have been much touched with the simplicity of the inscriptions: "Anas-

tasia, — in pace." "Sabina, — in pace." As if *peace* was all the happiness these persecuted souls could pray for!

We saw also among the symbolical carvings frequent representations of Old Testament histories: "Daniel in the lions' den," "Jonah under the gourd," "The three youths in the furnace." A very appropriate one, the last! And then among the emblems: the Dove, the Palm-branch, the good Shepherd. And one in the Vatican, either from these catacombs or from the still more extensive ones of St. Sebastian, was a very interesting carving of a company of early Christians partaking of the Lord's Supper, sitting round a table, and each having a small loaf marked with a cross.

Sometimes on the tombs of the women would be carved a female figure in an attitude of prayer. Sometimes only instruments of torture were engraved, — a fearful memorial of the way to "*peace*" which the noble martyr within the tomb had found. In the catacombs of St. Sebastian, which we visited afterwards, we saw the entrance to the covered way which these poor Christians had *burrowed* for themselves under ground eighteen miles to Ostia, the nearest seaport, in hopes to have some chance of escape; and, if not there, surely a more secure haven than any on earth was theirs at last.

Some of the little chapels in the catacombs of St. Agnese are carefully ornamented with carvings in the stone, as if their long weary hiding had given the worshippers here leisure for such work. There is also a fresco painting in one of the chapels, — I suppose one of the earliest of Christian paintings in existence, — a group of Mary, the mother of Jesus, with her son by her side, standing.

You may have an idea of how deep the lower chambers of these catacombs are, when I tell you that the upper story is sixty feet below the level of the ground. There is an aperture straight up to the daylight in one place, like a narrow chimney; and it is supposed that they drew up here to the surface the earth which they dug out of the excavations.

What a wondrous reality this place is! what a standing monument of courage and faith! Think of the fears, the privations, the pains in which the dwellers in these dark abodes must have lived! I think that the constancy which enabled these people, with their wives and families, to dwell and hide in these places, when a word, but a *word of falsehood*, would have saved them, is a stronger proof of the truth of Christianity, and its supernatural power over the human mind, than any thing else in its history. I felt overpowered with the associations of this holy place; yet could hardly believe it not a dream when we came into the upper air, and beheld Soracte far over the Campagna, the light of the setting sun just touching the white walls of a convent on its summit.

R. W. A.

AN ELEPHANT'S FRATERNAL FEELING AND AFFECTION.

WHILE a wagon drawn by several elephants was passing our office yesterday, the following story was told, which we vouch for as true:—

Last season, a menagerie visited the village of Johnstown, Herkimer County. When the cavalcade left town,

it passed over a bridge which the road crossed, leaving two elephants to bring up the rear. These were driven to the bridge; but, with the known sagacity of the race, they refused to cross. The water of the creek, which flows through a gorge in the slate formation, presenting at that point banks of precipitous character and thirty feet in height, was low; and, by taking a course across a cornfield, a ford could be reached. But the proprietor of the cornfield refused to allow his property to be so used, except on the payment of an exorbitant sum; and this the agent of the managerie refused to submit to. Accordingly, the elephants were again driven to the bridge; and again they refused to attempt the crossing. They would try the structure with their great feet, feel cautiously along the plank with their proboscis fingers, but each time would recoil from making the dangerous experiment.

At last, however, goaded by the sharp iron instrument of the keeper, and accustomed to obedience, they rushed on, with a scream, half of agony, half of anger. The result showed the prudent prescience of the poor animals to have been correct; the bridge broke, and went crashing to the bottom of the gorge, carrying with it both the monstrous beasts. One of them struck upon its tusk and shoulder, — breaking the former, and very badly injuring the latter. The other was, strangely enough, unhurt. Now was shown the most singular and remarkable conduct on the part of the brute which had escaped. Its comrade lay there, an extempore bed being provided for its comfort; while no temptation, no force, no stratagem, was sufficient to induce the other to leave, and proceed with the main portion of the caravan;

which finally went on, leaving the wounded beast and its companion under the charge of their keeper.

Day after day the suffering creature lay there, rapidly failing, and unable to move. At the end of three weeks the water in the creek commenced rising, and there was danger it would overflow and drown the disabled elephant. The keeper desired, therefore, to get it up, and make it walk as far as a barn near by, where it would be out of danger, and could be better cared for. But it would not stir. He coaxed, wheedled, and scolded; but all to no purpose. At last, enraged, he seized a pitchfork, and was about plunging it into the poor thing's flesh; when the companion wrenched the fork from his hand, broke it in fragments, and flung the pieces from it. Then, with eyes glaring and every evidence of rage in its manner, it stood over its defenceless and wounded friend, as if daring the keeper to approach; which the man was not so rash as to do again, with cruel purpose.

Thus the injured animal lay there until it died. When satisfied that it could no longer be of service, the other quietly followed the keeper away from the spot, and showed no desire to return. — *Buffalo Democracy*.

RELIGION A REALITY.

IF children could be early convinced of the *reality* of the teachings of the Bible; if they could realize that the Father and the Son were as truly their friends as those whom they beheld with their bodily eyes; if heaven could be presented to them so that they would

look upon it as an actual state, and as their future home, — how would society be changed !

But it is not children alone who are indifferent to these great themes. Young people just setting forth on the journey of life commonly take no thought for what should occupy the greatest share of this attention. The solemn assertions and warnings of the Bible fall on deadened spiritual ears, and are read by the mind, and not by the heart. How shall these children, these youth, be roused from their state of indifference, and feel for themselves that life is a great and solemn trust, and that God and Christ and heaven are, indeed, the only sure and stable things in existence ?

We must first feel these things ourselves. We must, in our own hearts, have that nearness to the Father and the Redeemer which shall make our words concerning them convince the listener that we are speaking of what we know and feel. It does not answer for us to sit down with young persons or children, and talk to them of these holy subjects, and strive to interest them, unless we are ourselves interested. Children are quick observers. They soon discern between the real and the counterfeit. They will soon know whether you are teaching them because it is a matter of formal duty, or whether your instructions spring from a love of, and an earnest belief in, sacred subjects, and a desire that all within your influence may love and believe them too.

If we speak of God, let it be with the utmost reverence, but with the utmost confidence. If *we* are sure that he is all-powerful, and that he does every thing for our highest good, our tone of voice, if nothing else, will carry conviction with it. If we are talking of the

Saviour, let it not be as we would speak of Socrates or Plato, a teacher dead long ago, but leaving his teachings to benefit mankind. No: let children see that Jesus is a reality to us; let them see that he can aid us when we are tempted, and *how* he aids us; let them feel that the thought of him makes us patient in suffering; let them long to go to him with the same confidence that we do, to pour into his ear trials and troubles that we should hesitate to confide to an earthly friend.

And, when we speak of the life to come (and, oh! let us try daily to make that more real), let it not be as of some far-off planet, some distant abode. Let us bring it near to ourselves and to them, — near, because God is near us; because Christ has promised that he will be always with his followers, even unto the end of the world; and because those we have loved are there. Let us try to make them realize that God, in his love and tender mercy, that Christ, with his holy and gentle spirit, are ever striving to draw us upward and onward to that higher life, compared with which our present existence, however bright and happy it may seem, is but as a feeble rush-light to the splendor of the noonday sun.

ED.

LITTLE WALTER'S ESCAPE.

"COME, Walter," said a mother to her little boy, one night not long ago, "it is eight o'clock. Give a kiss all round, and come to bed." Down clambered Walter from his uncle's knee, where he had been sitting in

house where Walter's room was ; and they soon found that the wind had blown in the roof of that end of the house, and it had all fallen in Walter's room. His mother was the first to reach the spot ; and great was her relief to hear a little voice say, " Here I am, mother, not hurt a bit." The bed was covered with bricks and mortar ; and on the pillow where his curly head had been lay a large beam. He had felt so cold, a few moments before, that he had slipped his head down from the pillow, and covered it with the bedclothes.

The next morning, at breakfast, the family had a great deal to say of the fearful storm and Walter's wonderful escape ; nor did his father forget, in his morning prayer, to thank God for his great mercy in sparing them all to meet again in safety. Walter was very quiet, and said but little ; but after breakfast, when he was alone with his mother, he said, —

" Ah, mother ! I was so tired last night, when I went to bed, that I thought I could not stop to say my prayers ; and then I thought it would not be right if I didn't. Perhaps, if I hadn't, God would not have taken such good care of me."

E. W. H.

BOWLING IRON-WORKS.

THESE works are situated about half a mile south-east of the town of Bradford. We enter the yard on the north side ; and the first things we see are square pieces of dross, lying in heaps, at the extreme side of the yard. These are run from the blasts into square iron carriages, and then taken away to that part of the yard allotted for

them, until called for. They appear like variegated lumps of glass; and, when broken into small pieces, they serve wonderfully well for repairing roads and footpaths, for which they are used in that part of the country, because they are the cheapest article that can be obtained. We will now enter into the first building, which is the engine-house. No dwelling-house is more neat and clean than this is; and carpets of the first quality are laid over the entire floor, then up the steps to a plat, which extends from one end of the room to the other, and on which stand a few chairs, for persons to rest and to watch the movements of the engine. The steps and plat are also carpeted. This magnificent engine is of one hundred and fifty horse-power, and is used for pumping air. The air passes through large iron pipes, from the engine-house to an airometer, which stands at the centre of the works. At the other end of the yard is another engine, of three hundred and fifty horse-power, also used for pumping air, which passes into the same airometer. Between these engines stand three large blasts, for melting the iron. These blasts are blown from the airometer by means of smaller pipes, attached to the omer, and reaching to the blasts. A constant blowing is kept up, as the engines work day and night. The blasts are fed by square iron carriages, containing coals, lime, and earth; which are drawn up an inclined iron railing by machinery, and, when arriving at the top, are upset, and their contents tumbled into the blast, and then let down to be filled again; and thus these blasts are constantly supplied.

We will now walk into the moulding-rooms. First, we see the liquid iron, almost as clear as water, running

from the blasts, down a gutter, into the moulds. Here we see it formed into every kind of shape, — such as wheels, pulleys, and every form of casting for machinery, and also the ponderous engine-beams, crank and crank-shafts, piston-rods and cylinders. All portions of machinery are formed in this department. We will follow all these into the machine-shops, where they are polished, ready for fitting one thing to another; and thus the various machines are completed. There are other departments belonging to such establishments; such as those for preparing the iron for the blasts, cleaners, blacksmiths, fitters, &c.

There are also boiler-makers. The iron for making boilers is rolled into sheets by passing through rollers. The rollers move slowly; and, when the sheet is large enough, it is cut off, and then put away to cool, ready for use. In making a boiler, one sheet is riveted to another. First, all the sheets are punched through, across the ends and up the sides, about one and a half inches from the edge. The rivets are made in great quantities by the smiths, and thrown into barrels. They have a head at one end, and are pointed at the other. A man works inside the boiler, who is lying on his back, and who has a large piece of iron, with a handle attached to it; and, after pushing through the rivet-nail, he places this iron against it, and holds it to its place; while two men outside first take the socket-punch and give it a tremendous blow, in order to force the surfaces perfectly close to each other; then, with each a hammer, rivet the sheets perfectly steam-tight. One would be surprised how quick, neat, and firm this operation is performed. It is a very laborious one.

These works occupy about two squares. But these are not the largest works around the town of Bradford. Iron-works, called Low Moor, situated two miles south-west of the town, are considerably larger, and more important, — as they employ, I should suppose, three times as many hands as the one just described. I need not go into detail in describing the nature of these works, as they mould and finish every kind of machinery in the same way. But, in addition to machinery, cannons of every bore, cannon-balls of every size, are cast here, under government orders. Great quantities of castings and machinery, large engines, materials for building locomotives, &c., are exported from this foundry to different parts of England, and also to different portions of Europe, and other parts of the world.

This section of Yorkshire abounds with minerals, iron and coal; of which these companies have purchased large quantities, and which extend for miles around these works. Coals belonging to these gentlemen are not allowed to be sold for domestic use, — the inhabitants being supplied from other coal mines around the town.

Suppose we are now standing near this foundry, where we behold the dense smoke, the six lofty blasts, the smoky houses, and smoky-looking workmen; and listening to the huge forge hammer, weighing many tons, which shakes the ground for miles around. You see dark-looking mountains at a distance. There is scole, and other matter, met with in sinking the iron and coal pits, and carried away by carts, till it forms these black-looking hills. We will ascend to the top of one of these, from off which we can see a sweep of country around. For two miles one way, and three miles another, nothing

but coal and iron stone pits are in sight. Some of the coals are drawn out by horses, and others are lifted out by engines.

We will descend to the bottom of one, say a coal-pit. We step into a small carriage, which holds three bushels of coals. There is a plate of iron fastened to the middle of each side of this carriage, with a strong iron loop, into which two iron hooks are put: these hooks hang loose at the ends of a strong piece of iron, reaching over from side to side like the handle of a bucket, the middle of which is attached to a rope or chain. We are now descending, snugly seated at each end of the carriage, to the depth of one hundred and fifty yards. We are at the bottom: we look up, and behold the stars clearly. Here we feel no cold nor heat, — the thermometer standing still, — the temperature being always the same, or nearly so. We now pass along the track where these carriages are dragged by the hurrier-boys to the miners, who are busy in getting coals; and, when filled, the boys drag them back again to the pit's shaft, hook them on to the chain, and they then are drawn to the top. While the full one is ascending, an empty one is descending. In passing along the track, we observe strong posts standing on each side of the track, wedged against the roof and bottom, at about seven yards apart. These posts, thus fixed, hold up the roof; and, as the coals are removed, the posts are placed in this manner, to keep pace with the excavation. We are now near the miners, who are seated upon low stools, with picks in their hands, which are sharp-pointed at both ends, in order that the face of the coals may be more easily penetrated. They first cut into the seam of the coal, from side to side,

about a foot from the bottom, as far as the pick can penetrate into its face, — which is about eighteen inches. Then they commence picking just above this pick-seam, as it is called, and down fall the coals, just at their feet; which are shovelled by the miners and the boys into the carriages, and then dragged away along the track to the pit's shaft, and hooked on to the chain. The miners pick off one layer after another, until they reach to the top of the bed; and then, after all is removed, they pick the remaining foot of coals left at the bottom. This all being removed, they then commence again, as before stated.

Observe, there are lamps (Sir H. Davy's safety-lamps are generally used) to give light to the miners and to the boys. They are fixed against the posts, all along the track. We have, perhaps, been one thousand yards from the pit's shaft into this excavated coal mine. But, observe, this is not the only set of miners employed at this pit: there are other sets at work, in the same way as described, in different locations belonging to the same pit. Thus the engine is pulling up coals for several sets of miners. — *Selected.*

A TURKISH DINNER.

AFTER having traversed some streets bordered by the merchants of pipes, sweetmeats, cucumbers, ears of corn, and other Oriental commodities, and encumbered by a compact crowd, we began to climb the deserted lane formed by the rose-wreathed walls of vast gardens, at the top of which was perched the house of the ex-pacha of

Kurdistan. A gate which was closing allowed us to see an elegant chariot entering the coach-house. The wife of the pacha had just returned from a ride; for, contrary to the idea which we have of them, the Turkish ladies, far from remaining immured in the harems, go out whenever they please, on condition of remaining veiled; and their husbands never accompany them. A low door, at the head of three steps, was opened to us by a domestic dressed in European style; and after having laid aside our shoes for slippers which we had taken care to bring with us, we were invited to ascend to the first story, where is found the *selamlik* (apartment of the men), always separated from the *odalik* (apartment of the women) in the arrangement of Turkish houses, rich or poor, great or small.

We found the ex-pacha in a very simple room, whose ceiling was of wood, painted gray, and relieved by blue mouldings, having no furniture but two parallel *armoires*, a mat of Manilla straw, and a divan covered with chintz, at the extremity of which sat the master of the house, twirling between his fingers the beads of a chaplet of sandal-wood. The corner of the divan is the place of honor, which the master of the house never quits, unless he be visited by a personage of a rank superior to his own. Let not this simplicity surprise you. The *selamlik* is, as it were, an exterior apartment, a sort of parlor, an antechamber, beyond which strangers do not pass, and which is devoted to public life. All luxury is reserved for the harem. There are displayed the carpets of Is-pahan and Smyrna, brocade cushions, soft, silken divans, little tables incrustated with mother-of-pearl, censers of gold and silver filigree, Venetian mirrors, rare flowers

in China vases, and musical clocks. There the ceilings are wreathed with complicated arabesques; mantel-pieces of Marmora marble are suspended like stalactites; and threads of perfumed water trickle from white fountains. In this mysterious asylum is passed the real life, the life of pleasure and intimacy, into which no relative or friend can penetrate.

The ex-pacha of Kurdistan wore the fez, a surtout buttoned on one side, and full white pantaloons. His face — thin, delicate, a little languid, terminated by a beard in which were already glistening some silvery hairs — bore the marks of distinction; and if an English expression may be applied to a Turk, I should say that this pacha had the air of a perfect gentleman.

My friend translated to him my compliments; to which he replied in a very gracious manner. Then he beckoned to me to sit down beside him. My facility in seating myself after the Oriental fashion made him smile, and gave him a good opinion of me. The day was declining; the last orange tints of the west were dying on the edge of the horizon; and the sound of the cannon echoed joyously in the air. The fast was broken; and domestics appeared, bearing pipes, glasses of water, and some delicate sweetmeats. This light collation served to show that the faithful might now legally take nourishment. Then they placed beside the divan a large tray of brass, carefully polished, and shining like a golden shield, on which were arranged various dishes in porcelain bowls. These trays, supported by a foot, serve as tables in Turkey; and three or four guests take their places at them. Body and table linen are luxuries unknown in the East. You eat without a cloth; but they give you, to wipe your

fingers, little squares of muslin, embroidered with gold, somewhat similar to the napkins used at English tea-tables, — a precaution which is not useless; for you are provided at these repasts with only the forks of Father Adam. The master of the dwelling, full of politeness and little attentions, would have given me a spoon; but I declined, desiring to conform to the rules of Turkish gastronomy.

In the eyes of French cooks, the Turkish culinary art must seem barbarous and patriarchal: there are combinations of substances entirely incongruous, but which show some research, and are not made by chance. The dishes, of which one eats with the fingers, are in great number, and rapidly succeed each other. They consist of pieces of mutton; dismembered chickens; fishes preserved in oil; raw and cooked cucumbers, arranged in every form; little viscous salsifies, like the roots of marsh-mallows, much esteemed for their healthy qualities; bullets of rice, enveloped in vine leaves; melons served with sugar; honey-cakes; the whole sprinkled with rose-water, seasoned with mint and aromatic herbs, and crowned by the *pilaw*, a national dish, which figures at all repasts, in the palace and in the cottage. For beverages, they drink water, sherbet, and cherry-juice, which is dipped into a shallow dish with an ivory-handled shell-spoon.

The feast terminated, the trays were carried away, and water to wash given us, — a ceremony indispensable when one has dined with no other utensils but his ten fingers. Coffee was served; and the *chiboukdji* presented to each guest a beautiful pipe, with a large amber mouth-piece, a stem of cherry-wood shining like satin, the bowl, crowned with a white bunch of tobacco from Macedonia, resting

on a round of metal placed on the floor, to preserve the mat from the coals and cinders which might fall from the bowl. The conversation was as animated as could be expected where it is carried on through an interpreter. The brother of the ex-pacha, seated beside him, followed it with interest. They seemed familiar with European politics, and asked me a thousand questions upon them.

At length the domestics took away our pipes; the ex-pacha rose to go and say his prayers on a carpet in the adjoining room, and returned at the expiration of a few moments, calm and grave, after having performed his religious duties like a good Mussulman. We exchanged a few more sentences; and, when I took leave, the master of the house told me that I could return when I pleased, and should always be welcome; which, in a Turkish mouth, is not a vain formula. — *Selected.*

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHO DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER
RIGHTEOUSNESS; FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED."

It was a dark and dirty street in New York. There was nothing pleasant or attractive in its muddy pavement, old houses with broken window panes, and rickety doorsteps. The people who passed through it were no pleasanter to look at than the street or the houses. Men, with ragged coats, rough beards, hollow eyes, and bloated cheeks, showed too plainly in their appearance where the money went which should have supported their families. Slatternly women, with worn-out, dejected faces, — or,

worse, with bold stare and coarse laugh, — passed in and out of the doors, round which dirty, neglected children crawled or played or quarrelled, unrestrained.

It is not a pleasant picture ; but it is not exaggerated ; for such is the general aspect of too many streets in our large cities. But in all such places there are some who seem to be brought there by no fault of their own, — some men who are not intemperate ; some women who try hard to keep themselves and their rooms decent, their children clean and under restraint. But their lives are sad and dreary ; and their best efforts will not always save them from severe suffering.

Let us enter this house which stands a little apart from the rest, and climb up the broken, creaking stairs. Pushing open a door near the head of the staircase, we find ourselves in a room nearly destitute of furniture, lighted by two windows, whose broken panes are stuffed with paper. On a miserable bed in one corner lies a girl of eight or ten years. Her face is very thin and pale, her eyes gleam with an unnatural brightness, and her hands are long and lean like birds' claws. She is alone ; but her eyes are fixed upon the door with an eager, desperate look. A step is heard ascending the stairs : the door opens ; and a woman, whose garments, in spite of the cold weather, are thin and scanty, and whose face is almost as ghastly as that of the girl, enters. "Have you got any thing, mother?" gasps the child. "Yes, thank God!" is the answer, as she lays upon the table a small quantity of broken bread and meat. "Oh, give me some, mother! give me some! I am starving! I am dying!" cries the poor child. Her mother places before her the greater part of what she had collected ; which rapidly dis-

appears before the fierce hunger which was gnawing within, and gradually wearing away the life of the poor invalid.

As she finished, her mother — who, though faint for want of food, had almost forgotten to eat the scanty portion she had reserved for herself, while watching her famished child — said tenderly, “Have you had enough, my poor Mary?” “Yes, mother,” was the answer, in a sad, desponding tone; “enough for the present; but how soon I shall be hungry again!”

There was a dreadful storm at sea last night. Many a noble ship, which yesterday morning looked proud and beautiful in the bright sunlight, has gone down with all on board; or is rolling, a broken, dismasted wreck, at the mercy of wind and wave. The “Orient” braved the tempest for many hours; but at daylight it was found that she was sinking. The passengers and crew hurried into the boats, taking with them all the food and water which they could lay their hands on, — a scanty supply for so many people.

The storm soon went down; and there, many, many miles from land, floated these boats; helpless, for they knew not which way to steer to meet the only chance of rescue, — that of some vessel passing near them. Among the passengers in one of the boats was a gentleman, and his son, a lad twelve years old. The whole company were placed on short allowance of food and water; for no one knew how long their scanty stock might be obliged to last. Yet no one complained; though the share of each was barely sufficient to prevent real suffering.

The sun lay hot and scorching on the now placid sea;

while hour after hour, day after day, passed, until three days and nights had dragged their slow length along; but no sail appeared, — no hope of rescue. Food and water were at length exhausted; hope had nearly died out in their hearts; and they sat, or lay, silent, gloomy, and despairing. As the fourth day advanced towards noon, their sufferings for water became fearful; and it was evident that the poor boy could not hold out much longer. He lay with his head in his father's lap, his eyes closed, his mouth half open, breathing with a gasping, choking sound. No one could help him; for all were perhaps suffering as much, though their stronger frames could bear up longer. The father's eyes were dry; but there was an expression in them, as he looked upon his son, which told of a strong heart breaking.

But at this moment a sound, more like a shriek than an articulate word, is heard from one of the men. As all turn towards him, he points to the western horizon, where *a sail* is seen. A thrill of life runs through the stricken crew. Signals are hoisted; and feeble arms ply the oars, to bring them nearer to the distant hope of safety. She comes slowly on, — nearer and nearer she comes. God be thanked! she sees them! She hoists a signal in return. Kind faces crowd the gangway; but as the hearty hail echoes from the ship, comes back from the boats the gasping response, "We are dying for water!" A boat instantly puts off, bringing the needed relief. The first draught is given to the dying boy. As it touches his parched lips, a thrill runs through his whole frame. He raises himself, — drinks long and deeply; and, as he sinks back into his father's arms, a fervent thanksgiving bursts from that parent's lips for the life, dearer

to him than his own, restored when all hope of human aid seemed past.

Such is hunger, such is thirst, as they are known and felt by hundreds — yes, by thousands — of our fellow-creatures. Relief comes sometimes; but often it fails. It may come again and again, yet fail at last; for this hunger and thirst cannot be satisfied once for all. They return continually. Once appeased, they are soon again felt, again demanding supplies; while every day some poor sufferer, utterly unable to obtain these supplies, gives up the contest, and lies down in death. But there is another kind of hunger and thirst, which only needs to be felt to be satisfied: we have God's own promise that whoever feels it shall be filled. Listen: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and ye that have no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore will ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat that which is good." And Christ says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. Whosoever drinketh of *this* water shall thirst again; but he that drinketh of the water which I shall give him shall never thirst. I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger. Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

There is the condition. We must have real hunger and thirst for this righteousness, this goodness, which God will give us. We must not be contented with a faint, lazy wish; or even a more earnest, but not lasting, desire. We must long to be God's children as earnestly as that little girl longed for food, or that dying boy for

water. Think what their hunger and thirst was ; and then think whether you have ever felt half so earnest a wish to be a Christian child or a Christian youth.

When you do feel thus, your wish will turn to a prayer. You will pray as you never before have done. The language of your heart will be, — and it will be as strong and earnest as if it were a cry for the food for which you were perishing, — “ Give me of this water, that I thirst not ; give me the bread of life.” This is a prayer which will be answered, — which God delights to hear, — which always brings down a blessing. The hunger and thirst of your souls will be filled ; for God will give you strength to do his will. He will give you his Spirit, to fill your hearts with love to him. He will lead you to Christ, who will show you by his teachings and his life just what you ought to do.

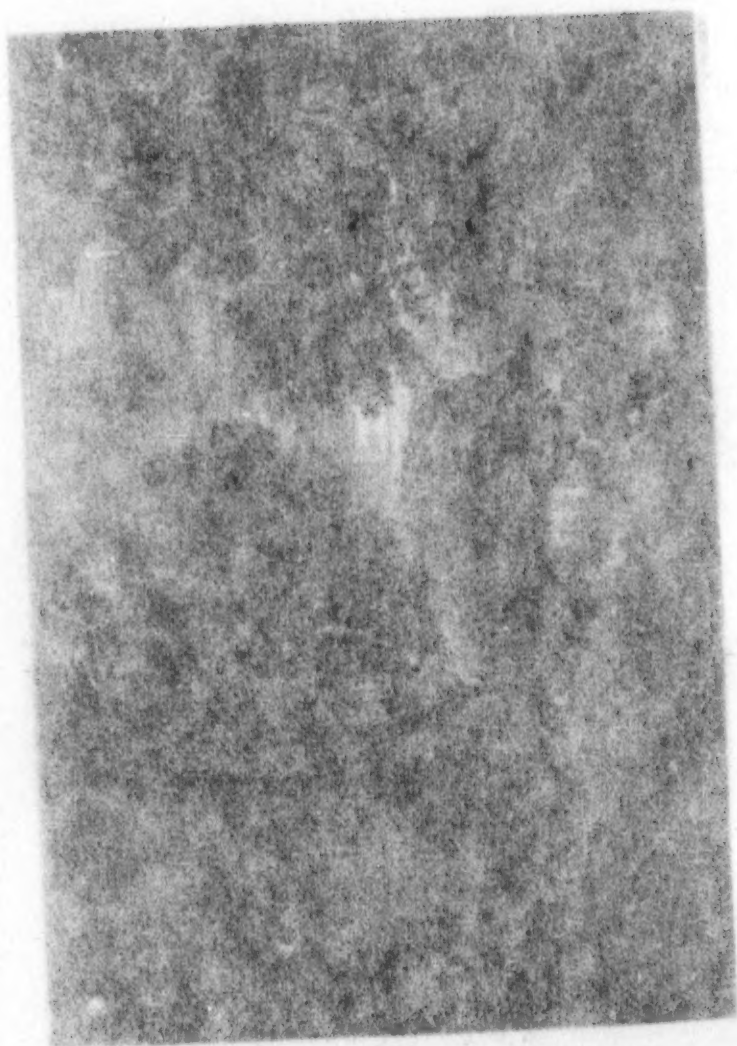
“ I thirst ! Oh ! grant the waters pure,
Which those who drink shall thirst no more :
Oh ! let me quench my thirst in thee,
And pure, and strong, and holy be.”

M. M.

GOOD TEMPER.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from foibles springs ;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please ;
Oh ! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.

More.



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THE WATERING-PLACE.

AH! how cool and comfortable it is there, under the shade of those beautiful trees! and how the cattle seem to rejoice to stand in the refreshing pool! The picture seems to make us, this warm September day, fly back again to the cool breezes, and the green shades, of our summer retreat.

But this watering-place puts us in mind of a story of a youth named Tom Morgan. Tom was a strange fellow. He might have been thirteen or fourteen years of age at the time of which we speak; but his stature was no greater than that of most boys of eleven. His form was light and wiry. He had black, piercing eyes, — so small and keen, that they looked like sparks; dark, coarse hair; and a complexion which the sun and wind had turned into a gypsy-brown.

Never was a child about whom public opinion differed more. Mrs. Smith would not let her Henry associate with him. "His eyes were wicked," she said; "and, besides, he was all the time lounging about, when he ought to be helping his mother." Mrs. Brown, who lived opposite the Widow Morgan, affirmed that Tom rose at four o'clock, summer and winter, and that it was he who kept the widow's garden-patch so nicely; it was he who milked the cow; and she had seen him wash and dress his two younger brothers repeatedly.

Mr. Jackson had missed some of his finest pears, and caught a glimpse of a boy climbing over his garden

wall; and, on running to look, Tom Morgan was seen walking along as quietly as if nothing had happened, and not another boy was visible in the whole length of the street. Mr. Johnson, the grocer, however, affirmed that he was summoned suddenly from his shop at a time when his usual assistant was absent, and that he had called in Tom Morgan to take charge of the store; that he had not missed so much as a lump of sugar; and that cakes, candies, and oranges were all within Tom's reach.

"Neighbor Morgan," the villagers said to her occasionally, "your son, Tom, is getting a great lad. Why don't you apprentice him to some trade, or send him to his uncle in New York?" But Mrs. Morgan's reply was always the same, — "I cannot spare him." The neighbors did not rejoin, as they would have done in many cases, "I don't see what good he does;" for there was a quiet dignity about Mrs. Morgan, which seemed to forbid questioning. So they watched and wondered; but Tom still lounged about when he was out of school, or took long and apparently useless rambles into the woods.

It was with no small surprise, therefore, that Farmer Murray, as he shut his barn-yard gate one evening, saw Tom Morgan standing before him, with "business of importance" written on every line of his sharp, shrewd face.

"I heard you say, last week," began Tom, the moment he caught the farmer's eye, "that you wished you could spare time to get your cattle up to the watering-place every day. I would drive them there at seven, and drive them back at four or five, o'clock every day, if you wanted to hire me."

"Hem!" said the farmer. "And how much should you expect for your pains? A walk of two miles, four times a day, is no joking matter."

"I should not always walk four times a day; I should stay there when it was hot; and as to pay, I don't know at all what it would be worth. I could take care of more cows than you have; and perhaps some of the other farmers would like to have their cattle driven up too."

The farmer leaned over the barn-yard gate, and mused. "I like the idea pretty well," he answered at length. "I'll speak about it to Mr. Carter and Mr. Ellis. And, let me see, to-night is Thursday. Come here again Saturday night, and I'll give you an answer; and, if we agree, you can begin Monday morning. I sha'n't want them driven up on Sundays; they do very well then in the home-pasture."

Tom did not fail to present himself on Saturday night at Farmer Murray's. "Well, boy," said Mr. Murray, "we've concluded to try you; and we think that a cent a day for each of the cattle you drive will be about right. Most of the time, there will be about forty cows and oxen; and, if you do well, you'll make something by the end of the summer."

Who so happy as Tom on Monday morning, when he numbered the drove of cattle, and started with them for the watering-place? Farmer Carter noticed a little bag slung over his shoulder. "That's his dinner," thought he. It was indeed his dinner; but the satchel contained books likewise.

Tom had a grand plan in his head. He felt that the farmer's life, pleasant and useful as it is, was not his

calling. He wished to work with his head, and not only with his hands; and his highest ambition for the present was to earn enough to enable him to attend the academy in the next village during the following winter, and to fit himself to enter it by diligent study before the winter term commenced.

So Tom carried with him a Latin grammar and an arithmetic. Then, when the cattle were safely within the bars that enclosed the little pond and the woods and pastures around it, he began his studies. Tom was a great lover of Nature; and the soft clouds, the variously tinted foliage, and the flitting forms of bird and butterfly, made it very hard for him to confine himself to the declension of nouns, or to the horrible combinations of "compound numbers."

But he had made a resolute determination; and so he mastered a page of the grammar, and went to see that the cows were safe. When he came back to his study, as he called a little nook in the trees, he recited to himself the page he had learned; and thus he spent his morning. His afternoon was occupied with his arithmetic. The examples were puzzling oftentimes; but Tom's shrewdness came to his aid much more effectually here than in his study of Latin, and he conquered all difficulties with tolerable ease.

In addition to his satchel, Tom, one morning in August, carried a basket. Mr. Carter thought his brothers and sisters might be going to enjoy a holiday with him in the woods; but he was wrong. Tom had seen blackberries in profusion on the edge of the wood. He made his arithmetic lesson shorter than usual that afternoon, and filled his three-quart basket with the

finest berries. When he drove Mr. Murray's cows into his yard at night, he saw the farmer just superintending a load of rye, which was drawn into the barn by a yoke of oxen.

"Mr. Murray," he called, when the creaking of the cart stopped, "I found some fine blackberries on your ground to-day. I'll call for the basket to-morrow morning." And he went from the gate before Mr. Murray had even time to thank him.

When he went for his basket the next morning, Mrs. Murray came to the back door. "Tom," said she, "my husband bade me tell you that you're an honest little fellow, and that he should not have taken the blackberries if you had not run off so fast. We don't need them, for we have enough nearer home; and do you take all you can pick there home to your mother. It's a nice, cool day," she added, "and you'll be hungry; so you can put this apple-pie with your dinner." And she pointed to something covered with a paper in the bottom of his basket.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray took care to spread this instance of Tom's honesty throughout the village. A more favorable impression of him had gone abroad since he was known to be doing something for himself; and those who had hitherto looked upon him suspiciously were quite ready to believe Mr. Murray's tale.

Mr. Jackson asked him, one evening, if he ever saw a boy steal pears from his garden the year before. Tom answered in the affirmative.

"But why did I not see him when I looked over the wall?"

"Because he had crouched so closely under it. I

was afraid then that you might think I did it: but I knew I had done nothing wrong; and mother says the truth always comes out at last."

Tom earned enough to go to school at the academy last winter. He walked five miles, morning and evening, in all weathers, to attend. The master found him thoroughly grounded in arithmetic, and in the knowledge of the Latin grammar. He continued, notwithstanding his studies at home, to do all the out-door work his mother required; and his standing, when the winter term closed, was far in advance of most boys of his age. He is very desirous of going to college, although he does not yet see how he shall attain his object. We are very sure he will attain it, however; for perseverance and activity like his rarely fail of their reward. Farmer Murray told me privately, the other day, that he thought it best that boys should help themselves; but that, if Tom ever needed aid in obtaining his darling wish, he would readily afford it to him. And here we must leave him, and trust to hear of him in after-life as good and useful, if not a great man, whose favorite haunt in his native village is "the watering-place." ED.

ORIGEN.

IN the year of our Lord 185, about twenty years after the martyrdom of Polycarp, a child was born at Alexandria, in Egypt, who afterwards became famous for his learning and eloquence, which were devoted to the cause of Christ. His name was Origen; and his father's,

Leonidas. While Origen was a boy, his father taught him himself, and afterwards procured for him the most famous masters. A great philosopher, called Ammonius Saccas, was his teacher in philosophy; and Clement of Alexandria taught him the Christian religion. When Origen was seventeen years old, his father was imprisoned, and tried for his life, on account of being a Christian. Origen himself was so full of courage and faith that he wished to put himself in the way of being imprisoned also; and his mother could only prevent him by hiding some of his clothes, so that he could not go out of the house properly dressed. He, however, wrote a letter to his father, urging him to be firm, and not fear to lay down his life on account of the distress and poverty that would come on his family. The good Leonidas remained faithful, and was put to death by his heathen judges.

The Christians had a famous school in Alexandria; but its teacher had left it on account of the persecution. When the storm was somewhat quieted, Origen, then about eighteen, was chosen to the vacant place. At first, he taught other things besides religion; but soon sold all his books of the philosophers and poets, and devoted himself entirely to teaching Christianity. Many of his pupils, who were grown persons, were put to death for their religion, and Origen was in great danger; but probably the Heathens thought of him only as a boy, and did not know how constantly he was working to extend the religion of Jesus.

Some time after this, Origen published a famous work, which showed his learning and industry. This was the Old Testament in Hebrew, with all the ~~different~~ transla-

tions of it into Greek. It was called the Hexapla, or six-fold version, because there were six of these translations. Greek was the language that Origen and all around him spoke; but there were probably few besides him who understood Hebrew. In that age, and for more than a thousand years after, printing was unknown, so that all books had to be written off by the hand. Great numbers of people made it their business to copy books; yet the copies must have been very few, and the prices very high, compared with what they are in our times.

He had now become a distinguished man. He visited Rome, which was then the capital city of the civilized world. The Emperor Severus, who had persecuted the Christians, had died; and Alexander Severus, an amiable young prince, and very favorable to the Christians, was on the throne. His mother, Julia Mammœa, had heard so much of Origen, that she sent from Antioch to Alexandria to have him come and converse with her. Perhaps, if she and her son had lived longer, they would have declared themselves Christians; but they were both murdered. The murderer became emperor; and Origen was obliged to conceal himself.

Origen wrote many books in defence and explanation of Christianity. At length, when far advanced in life, he was imprisoned and treated with great cruelty, — being fastened with an iron chain, and with his feet in the stocks. He was subjected to various tortures, which he bore with firmness and patience, and was threatened to be burnt alive. But this threat was not fulfilled: he lived to write letters to strengthen his persecuted brethren; and died a natural death, at the age of seventy.

The opinions of Origen were different from those held by most Christians on many points, and some things in his conduct are not to be approved ; but he was learned, eloquent, faithful, and pious, and did more, probably, than any other man of his time to spread the truths of Christianity in the world.—*Sunday-School Gazette.*

THREE AFTERNOONS.

"MOTHER," said Mary Clyde, "do you know that I shall be fifteen to-morrow?"

"Nobody is more likely to know it than I," said Mrs. Clyde, smiling.

"Well, mother, it was not just the question I wanted to put. I have been wanting to talk with you; but we have had so much company lately, and you have been so busy."

"But now we are going to have a quiet evening at our needles, and a fine chance for conversation without interruption. Hear the rain pouring down! I am as glad of it as you can be, my child."

"Oh! what a comfort it is that I can talk with you about any thing and every thing that interests me! Jane Carlisle says she never thinks of saying any thing to her mother that she would not say to a common acquaintance."

"That is one of the saddest things that can happen in a family."

"So I think. Whose fault is it, do you suppose, mother?"

"It is of no consequence to us, Mary; we had better not talk about it, if we cannot help the matter. What have you to say about yourself?"

"So much, that I don't know where to begin. I have a great many hopes and fears and anxieties, mother, real *anxieties*, about my own character. I know I have so many faults. Sometimes I think I am conquering them, and then out breaks a new one; or an old one begins to plague me again, when I thought myself cured of it. It is really discouraging. I shall never be perfect, — never, never!"

"Of course, not in this world, Mary. God knows you cannot be, and therefore does not ask absolute perfection. He requires you only to be as perfect as your frail nature will permit; as perfect, in proportion to your human capacity, as he is himself in proportion to his divine capacity for goodness, — which is infinite. Constant struggle, unabated effort, and real progress towards that lofty object, — perfection, — is what he demands of you; and that you can accomplish. Do not waste your time in regret and remorse, unless your conscience tells you that you have been negligent, and have sinfully relaxed in your struggle after a high Christian excellence."

Mary mused a little. "Real progress, then, mother, is the point. I must grow better and better month by month, year by year, or my life is worth little."

She looked her mother steadily and sadly in the face, and said, timidly, "May I ask you to tell me, frankly, how it is with me? You have often said things that encouraged me; but to-day, when I remember that I am ceasing to be a child, I almost despair of myself. Am

I making progress? or am I wickedly stationary, or going back?" she added with some hesitation. "I cannot bear to think the last possible."

Mrs. Clyde laid down her work, and met Mary's earnest look with a kind smile.

"Do you remember," said she, "the afternoon before you were thirteen?"

"Yes, indeed I do, to my shame," exclaimed Mary. "I cannot forget it so long as I live."

"Tell me what you remember. I wish to see how much you can recall."

"Why, mother, you had been away for two years, sick, and travelling for your health; and I had been at boarding-school, and had just come home to you. You see I begin with the palliation. I did not mean to do that. But I was a very bad girl; I showed a great deal of selfishness that afternoon, and bad temper. I was jealous because people praised Cousin Lucy's playing more than mine, and I was rude to you; and finally, O mother! I almost told a falsehood. Oh! I was wicked, wicked! And when you came and sat by my bedside that night, and talked to me so affectionately, I was too proud and stubborn to let you see for a time how much I felt what you said. But that night, I do believe, I made the first real heartfelt prayer of my life."

"And then the change began," said Mrs. Clyde. "Now, I call that a *wicked* afternoon. Tell me, next, how you spent the afternoon before your birthday last year."

"I am sure I do not remember. It made no particular impression on me."

"I remember, Mary. First, after dinner, you played

some duets with your cousin very cheerfully, seeming to have forgotten all your jealousy; and then you and she read 'Evangeline,' and worked on your muslin collars, by turns, till late in the afternoon, when you walked to the hill to watch a beautiful sunset, and then came back in raptures."

"Oh! I recollect it all now, mother. How did you come to remember so well?"

"Because I was contrasting it with the same day in the previous year. That was a *wicked*, this was an *innocent*, afternoon. And now, to-day, what have you to say of this afternoon?"

"I have been going about with India-rubbers and an umbrella: first to read to that poor blind boy; and then to collect money for the Children's Aid Society, because Mrs. Fletcher was too sick to go."

"Then," said Mrs. Clyde, "I think we may fairly set this down as the *useful* afternoon. Wicked, innocent, useful! Any progress, Mary?"

"I think there is indeed," replied Mary, with a tone of no small satisfaction.

"Well, my child, I have turned your attention on the apparent progress for your encouragement; but, only for wholesome encouragement, I must follow it with an antidote for the evil that is apt to lurk in all such encouragement. I must put one or two questions to you. What feelings prompted your movements this afternoon besides benevolent ones?"

Mary was silent. Mrs. Clyde went on, gently, —

"Was there no thought of man's praise, rather than of God's approbation? Did you not remember how the blind boy and his mother talk of Miss Mary Clyde's

kindness, in coming three times a week to read to him, in all weathers? Did not you imagine how Mrs. Fletcher and some others would say, 'What an active, energetic young person that Mary Clyde is!' — did you?"

"Ah, mother! do not go on: the discouragement is greater than the encouragement. If I grow vain, and am selfish even when I am fancying that I am doing good, what hope is there?"

"You need not grow vain, need not be selfish, my dear child. Pray more; continue to watch against sin, in whatever shape it come; strive to forget yourself in the thought of God and the *perfect* Jesus; and you will, in time, attain disinterested goodness, and Christian simplicity of character. Then will come the fourth advance, and you will pass the *holy* afternoon." L. J. H.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Snug and safe in that nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright-black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest:
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine!
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker-wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature! You need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note:
Braggart, and prince of braggarts, is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man:
Catch me, cowardly knaves! if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, — a pretty sight;
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food :
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows, but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

PRAIRIE-DOG TOWNS.

It is probably new to some of our young readers, that among the prairies of the West are found settlements of *dogs*. We extract the following account of these prairie-dog towns from Marcy's report of the exploration of the Red River of Louisiana. This account forms part of a journal. It may be encouraging to those boys, who have friends among the dogs, to know that they can do something more than "bark and bite."

"Our road during the whole day has passed through a continuous dog-town; and we were often obliged to turn out of our course, to avoid the little mounds around their burrows.

"In passing along through these little villages, the little animals are seen in countless numbers, sitting upright at the mouths of their domiciles, presenting much the appearance of the stumps of small trees; and so incessant is the clatter of their barking, that it requires but little effort of the imagination to fancy one's self surrounded by the busy hum of a city.

"The immense number of animals in some of these towns, or warrens, may be conjectured from the large space which they sometimes cover. The one at this place is about twenty-five miles in the direction through which we have passed it. Supposing its dimensions in other directions to be the same, it would embrace an area of six hundred and twenty-five square miles, or eight hundred and ninety-six thousand acres. Estimating the moles to be at the usual distance of about twenty yards apart, and each burrow occupied by a family of four or

five dogs, I fancy that the aggregate population would be greater than any other city in the universe. This interesting and gregarious little specimen of the mammalia of our country, which is found assembled in such vast communities, is indigenous to the most of our far-western prairies, from Mexico to the northern limits of the United States, and has often been described by travellers who have been upon the plains. But, as there are some facts in relation to their habits which I have never mentioned in any published account of them, I trust I shall be pardoned if I add a few remarks to what has already been said.

“In the selection of a site or position for their towns, they appear to have a regard to their food; which is a species of short, wiry grass, growing upon the elevated plains, where there is often no water near. I have sometimes seen these towns upon the elevated table-lands of New Mexico, where there was no water upon the surface of the ground for twenty miles, and where it did not seem possible that it could be obtained by excavating to the depth of a hundred feet. This has induced me to believe that they do not require that element, without which most animals perish in a short time.

“As there are generally no rains or dew, during the summer months, upon the plains where these towns are found, and as the animals never wander far from home, I think I am warranted in coming to the conclusion, that they require no water beyond that which the grass affords them. That they hibernate, or pass the winter, in a lethargic or torpid state, is evident from the fact that they lay up no sustenance for the winter, and that the grass around their holes dries up in the autumn, the earth

LETTER TO A YOUNG GIRL.

MY DEAR ANNA, — With your letter open before me, I will try to answer all your questions with regard to your assuming the responsible position of a Sunday-school teacher. You rightly consider it a very important step, and have judged wisely in deliberating before deciding. And, now, how ought I to advise you? I know you are distrustful of your own powers, and are easily discouraged; but I know, at the same time, that you are really striving to be one of God's children, and that, if you undertake the work, it will be as one to which he calls you. I firmly believe, that, in all cases where the teacher is faithful, she gains as much in teaching as the scholar. Familiar as the truths of Scripture may be to her own mind, they acquire a new power and new force in the process of explanation.

Then the habit of speaking reverently of holy things is a good one. And here I fancy you will find some discouragement. If I estimate you rightly, you will desire earnestly to say many things, and speech will fail you. You will go, with a well-digested plan of conversation, to the Sunday school; and, when there, you will be unable to say a word. This is, indeed, very discouraging; and the only refuge is in prayer that God will give you grace to speak the words of his truth. You will not find any difficulty in speaking of the historical or geographical parts of Scripture; or, perhaps, in explaining any particular texts: but you will feel that the

everlasting truths of the gospel, its precious promises, its heavenly consolations, its mighty and terrible warnings, need a more powerful voice than yours; and this consciousness will choke your utterance.

But, remember, it is not you who speak of yourself. God works through human agencies. Lean on him, then, in the spirit of prayer. Do not think of yourself. Let the high subjects under consideration claim your whole attention. The more you forget yourself, the more your whole spirit is filled with divine truth, the more powerful will be your words.

Of course, were the class which is proposed to you even younger, you would experience no trouble of this kind. The simple precepts of obedience, truth, and love are easily enforced; but, with children of fourteen, the case is different. They are old enough to think for themselves; they are old enough to have the good seed sown, that, when the dews of God's grace fall upon the spirit, those seeds may spring up into everlasting life.

And this seed-sowing is not to be accomplished by a knowledge of the facts of the Bible alone. Properly trained children of fourteen should know, with tolerable accuracy, the history of the Bible. They need the knowledge of the Saviour's life; they need to be led to feel his infinite love and tenderness and compassion; they need to be taught that he is a *friend*, to whom they can flee, in temptation, in sorrow, and in pain, with the *certainty* of help and comfort. And, Anna, to teach these things, you must feel them yourself. If you speak of the aid and consolation of the Saviour only from hearsay, if your words have not that indescribable assurance that a personal experience gives, your class will detect

the counterfeit. They will say in their hearts, "She teaches us because she thinks she must."

Do I dishearten you by this high view of your duties? If you have the true spirit, this will not dishearten you. You will feel, that, if you are weak, God is strength, and can give you power of utterance. I should deem myself unfaithful to the confidence you have reposed in me, did I not give you my full conviction of what will be required of you. Though you are timid by nature, it is not that timidity which shrinks from taking a clear view of any duty which lies before you, but that which fears some hidden obstruction will spring up after it is undertaken.

You say your class are all nice children; but you will find them, doubtless, very different from each other. You will have the chatterbox, always ready to answer, but with very little really worth saying; the silent child, whose answers are in monosyllables, but whose attention is earnest and reverent; the silent and inattentive, whom it is almost impossible to rouse for a moment; and perhaps one or two of that delightful and rare class, who will both give attention, think, and speak. You will soon be able to win the affections and the attention of the latter order of pupils. Do not, therefore, neglect the others. The countenance of the silent listener will often show you, more than words could, that she is gathering instruction from your lips. Be not discouraged with the talkative child. Endeavor, as much as possible, to give her subjects of thought. Suggest to her, on one Sunday, a theme upon which you shall question her the next. As for the silent and inattentive one, you will, by patient study, find means to interest her.

Dear Anna, I have been writing all this time as if it was really decided that you should take this class. The fact is, I saw from your letter that your desires pointed that way; and I should be the last one to dissuade you. I am glad that your class are not to be little ones. These older ones will mature your character; will draw you out as no little children, meeting them for so short a time, could possibly do. You may teach for years, and yet see no fruits. You may feel, at times, ready to give up your class; but never yield to the temptation. God will try you, in this as in every other walk of life, to know what manner of spirit you are of. He will give you cheer when you least expect it. The ray of light *will* break through the thickest cloud.

One thing more, and I have done. Pray for your Sunday-school class; pray for them, individually and collectively. As far as you know their needs, lay them before God, with a prayer that he will supply them. Pray that he will soften the heart that has never learned to look up to him; that he will make his truth the most delightful and precious thing to their young hearts; and that he will lead them in the paths of righteousness. I believe such prayers will be answered; and the children will grow very closely round your heart when they are thus remembered daily at the throne of grace. If my advice will ever again be of service to you, you have but to ask it of

Your sincere friend.

ED.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH
TRAVELLER THROUGH FRANCE AND IN ITALY.

NO. VI.

THE RUINS OF THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

AFTER passing a very happy time in the studio of Mr. Wolff, the sculptor, admiring his noble works, we crossed the Quirinal Hill again; passing again the noble remains of the Temple of Mars the Avenger, and that of Pallas by the Forum of Nerva, to the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, to me as great a wonder as the Vatican galleries, — I mean in the accumulation of interest, and the astounding extent of both. They do not in the least resemble each other; the galleries being an assemblage of the most exquisitely beautiful specimens of ancient Greek art, to all appearance in perfect preservation; and these ruins, of an imperial palace, grand in their wonderful extent, and in the associations connected with them. If it were only for the picture they present of selfish indulgence and extravagance, they would be like reading history afresh; for now we see what the Romans meant when they said, on the building of Nero's "Golden House," "that the citizens must go and live at Veia, for the emperor now inhabited Rome." Nero, in adding this last magnificent palace, had taken several private mansions, and built over them. I have seen the remains of portions of the gardens of these houses, left unaltered even after such a lapse of time. One could still trace the open space, and the smaller proportions of these little gardens, by the side of a fine court, and the remains of a beautiful fountain. In this court, it is said,

the wonderful group of statuary called the Laocoon was first discovered.

I had often dreamed of and fancied these ruins; but they far exceeded my expectations. It is said that this *accretion* of palace added to palace, gardens, temples, and baths, by the long succession of emperors, who each added his portion, was five miles in circumference; and I can easily believe it, from the wide extent and crowding together of ruins. It is over a tract of ground that looks immense, — all high, too; and from the top of some of the shattered buildings, or of the edifices of the middle ages scattered amongst them, we saw glorious views of masses of masonry near, and beautiful hills far off. The mountains which bound the horizon of Rome were all originally volcanic, and therefore very picturesque in outline. Gardens and vineyards are spread over the ruins now, and these gardens are full of all sorts of sweet spring-flowers; jonquils in abundance among them, scenting the air with their rich fragrance. Groves of orange and lemon trees, full of fruit, are mixed everywhere with fragments of masonry. Vines and vegetables now grow all over the house of Augustus; and I think the ground about a villa of the middle ages, reared out of some of these other majestic remains, and again half destroyed, its mouldering flights of once stately terraces speaking of forgotten splendor, is called the Farnese Gardens.

In one place, we were shown, at the bottom of a flight of steep steps, the celebrated Baths of Livia, the wife of Augustus. The baths are small, but most rich and exquisite in the remains of their ornate wall and roof, painting and gilding. The marbles are gone; but from

contemporary writings we know how rich they were. We had to creep along, and to see them by the light of wax candles; and, after again ascending into the bright sunlight, we climbed up a turreted building of some height to see a noble view. On one side of us was the Arch of Janus; the Temple of Vesta, quite plainly visible, though rather distant; the Tiber, and its bridges; St. Peter's, and the Vatican; the Castle of St. Angelo, — a grand set of outlines, and then all these wonderful ruins at our feet. We were on the Palatine Hill; and the gardens and buildings of the palace spread over the Esquiline, and part of the Coelian Hills. This portion of which I am now speaking is called the *Viqua Palatina*, and it contains some of the most ancient fragments, — one, a part of the Circus Maximus, of which but little is now left; and from this spot we saw, in the midst of a grand reach of ground, sacred from association and history, the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. All over this, Nature, ever fresh and faithful, had wreathed her loveliness. Roses, crimson and pink; acacias, green and graceful; creepers in abundance; jasmine, full of leaf, though not yet in flower, — all sorts of benign clothing had the mighty mother bestowed upon the works and the ruins of Time.

Then on we went to the Baths of Caracalla, now being excavated; and again I seemed to lose my breath while looking at the immensity of the place. It is in comparatively good preservation, and exquisite mosaics are now being uncovered. They can trace the hot and cold baths; the places for heating the water; the library; the theatre; the circus, — all that made it a place of refinement and luxury. And it was a place for the *people*;

which it did me good to see, after all those palaces built each for its one man. It is said, that, in the Baths of Caracalla, two thousand three hundred persons could bathe at once, without seeing each other.

The walls are immensely high, and the rotundas and arches of some nearly perfect. Nature was at work in one place, which seemed to have been long open to the air in the roof; for some trailing plants were hanging down from the aperture into the vaulted space below, I should think twenty yards at least in length.

The ground was strewn with fragments of precious marbles, and still more precious morsels of statuary. Here you might pick up a bit of "giallo antico" which had perhaps been part of some fine mosaic pavement; here a "Greek bead" from some fallen border of carved marble. Every thing spoke of magnificence passed away; and what a lesson, as to the frail tenure of earthly things, do these forgotten glories read us! The thoughts that come crowding into the mind here are too deep and full for words. One can only dwell and ponder on them in the silence of one's own heart.

R. W. A.

A WEEK'S RECORD.

(Concluded from p. 119.)

Friday night. — What a different thing it is to pray to and think of God because we love him, from prayer and meditation because it is a duty! This morning, when the first sunbeam waked me, my thought was of God. I am sure I really prayed this morning. I asked

my Father in heaven to give me strength to resolve to live entirely for his service. To-day has seemed very different from any day I ever spent before. Nothing has troubled or annoyed me. Every thing has gone right with me. I have seemed to breathe a purer atmosphere, and almost to be above the world. If I always could feel thus, I need not hesitate to make the consecration to God. But shall I always be in this frame of mind? New thoughts, new feelings, have rushed in upon me so fast that I am scarcely myself. Strange and beautiful as this new life is, can I hope that it will continue? I do not think my mind is any more quiet than it was last night. I am afraid to take the great step that shall decide my whole future life. It must not be done hastily or under excitement. I will wait.

Dear little Eddie is a great deal better to-day. Father wished mother to leave him, and come down to dinner; and, when I offered to stay with him, mother said she should have asked me before, only she thought I should be afraid. But I was not in the least afraid. I held him in my arms till mother came back again. I wonder why it is, that, wakening as I do to such a deep sense of the responsibility and awfulness of life, I should yet feel strong enough to go forward in its paths boldly and courageously. All is a mystery to me. My past life is like a dream. I have been walking till now in a vain show. "Father in heaven, thou who hast opened the eyes of my spirit, pour light into my soul, that I may choose the right path, and follow it unto the end!"

Saturday night. — I feel happy to-night. I thought this afternoon that I would go to see Miss Morison, and talk with her a little while. I was shown into her little

parlor. She was sewing; and she rose, and smiled, saying, "I have been expecting your visit all the week, Charlotte." I must have looked surprised; for she added, "I saw, on Sunday, that you were interested in what I said to you, and I felt quite sure that you would come to talk with me about it. What say you, Charlotte? Are you determined to be God's child now, in the days of your youth?"

I told Miss Morison then all I had been thinking and feeling for the last few days. I told her that I was afraid I was too much excited to resolve upon so momentous a step. I told her I had prayed to be guided aright; but that, as yet, I could not determine whether it would be right in me then to resolve that I would choose the path of holiness. She talked to me a long time. I could not write down half she said; but her words seemed to collect my thoughts, and calm my spirit.

"I see where you stand, Charlotte," she said at length. "Your very fear that you are too much excited will keep you from being so. Can any one come to such a crisis in life, to such a revolution of the whole inner man, and remain impassive? No, my child. You are already much calmer from having expressed your feelings. It seems to me that now is the time for you to resolve to devote yourself to God's service. If you let this precious season pass away, under the impression that you are in a state of excitement, who knows when God may again call upon you? Do not resolve to-night; but if the morning finds you calm and tranquil, and with the same earnest desire to do and to suffer all God's will, then make the solemn resolution."

Ever since I came home I have been so quiet and

peaceful! Father, who rarely notices — in words I mean — our faces, said, "Charlotte must have been a very good girl to-day. She looks as happy as a sun-beam."

I forgot to say before that I had this morning a very great temptation, and a twofold one. I prepared my examples in arithmetic last night when I was quite sleepy. When I went to school, Mr. Macgregor called the class earlier than usual, so that I had no time to look the lesson over. The questions were explained well once round the class; but, when the second time came, Ellen Jarvis explained a question very differently from the manner in which I had done it. I saw in a moment that her solution was right, and mine wrong. Mr. Macgregor said to the next girl, "Is that the way you do it?" She answered that it was; and he repeated the same question to every girl in succession. I was sorely tempted to say, "Yes, sir," when he asked me; for, indeed, I should then have performed it in the right way: but I felt it would be not quite honest; so I answered, "It is the way I do it now, sir; but not the way I did it at home." "And how was that?" he asked. I performed it then in the manner I had at first done it; and all the girls burst into shouts of laughter. I do hate to be laughed at, and had a great mind to be angry; but I made a very great effort, and controlled myself, and could not help inwardly acknowledging that I deserved to be laughed at for my stupidity.

Sunday morning. — The sun woke me at a very early hour; and as sabbath thoughts came to my mind, and I remembered what Miss Morison said to me yesterday, I rose immediately. After dressing, I had two full

hours before breakfast; and I employed that time in thought. I asked myself whether I should be willing to give up worldly pleasures, selfish gratifications, and even innocent amusements, if it seemed to me that God required the sacrifice. I asked myself whether I was willing to trust myself entirely to him, both soul and body; and whether I was willing to trust to him to help me in doing my duty, as far as it should be made known to me. I felt that I could answer these questions in the affirmative, but in no spirit of self-confidence. I have, then, solemnly dedicated my future life to God, feeling how much I need his aid at every step, how weak I am, and that even the purpose to be his does not come from myself alone. But my weakness is his strength; and, if I lean on him, I feel that he can do more and better for me than I can ask, or even think. The first stroke of the Sunday-school bell comes to my ear. What a different being I am from when I last heard that stroke! God help me in my earnest endeavor, and give the lambs of his flock faithful and earnest guides!

ED.

DOGS. — HISTORY OF THE DOG RORY.

SOME years ago, while I was in the latter end of the caterpillar state of undergraduate at Oxford, England, and during the earlier portion of the chrysalis or transition state of bachelor, a dog called Rory, in honor of Rory O'More, was in my possession. He was not my own property; but chose to attach himself to me, utterly discarding his proper master. He was a large, rough,

black terrier, with hair falling over his eyes, and completely blinding him when wet; his ears were partly cocked, but drooping at their extremities; and his general black tints were relieved by a white patch on his breast, like a shirt-front appearing through a black waistcoat; and another white spot appeared on the end of his tail. Add to this a general comicality of aspect, a pair of brilliant eyes, and a tendency to execute a jig whenever looked at, and you will have a good idea of Rory. He was an Irishman by birth; and seemed to have inherited the Irish love of fun to no small extent, fully appreciating a practical joke. For example: He would sometimes pick out some man going quietly along the street, and would charge at him open-mouthed, looking as if he meant to eat him up at the very least; but, when he got within a few yards, he would shoot off suddenly to one side, utter a loud, sharp bark, and walk off in a very sedate manner, as if he had been doing nothing at all.

During term-time I never had to feed him; for he was accustomed to wait at the kitchen-door every morning; watch for the kitchen-boys taking up their breakfasts; and, by erecting himself on his hind-legs and walking gravely by their side, mostly succeeded in extracting a piece of waste meat. His gift of biped-walking was very great. I have often known him walk the whole length of a street upon two legs, merely for his own amusement. Once he did so under rather peculiar circumstances. Rory had few antipathies; but, of those few, beggars and fat lap-dogs, perhaps, had the predominance. Indeed, a fat lap-dog was not to be resisted; and, if one came in Rory's way, it was sure to be upset, and rolled about until it howled for mercy. One day, just as he had

started for a walk, he caught a glimpse of a very fat lap-dog waddling and wheezing along the street, and accompanied by a lady, who seemed to be the model on which her dog had formed itself. This was much too tempting an opportunity to be resisted; so Rory dashed off at once, and, with the impetus of the shock, sent the little lap-dog rolling over and over in the mud. He then turned it over with his nose, patted it, danced round, and barked at it in ecstasy, until its mistress, summoning up courage, snatched up her pet, and put it on her muff.

This was no defence against Rory; for he immediately got upon his hind-legs, and walked by her side, making little jumps and snatches at the poor little dog, which was scarcely less terrified than its mistress, who at last, hoping to drive Rory away, struck at him with the end of her boa. This was great fun for the dog, who, imagining that the old lady wanted to play with him, seized her boa in his mouth, dragged it off her neck, and dashed off down the street with the boa dangling from his mouth, and occasionally getting his feet on it, and tumbling head over heels; at which misfortune he gave the boa a shake, and set off with redoubled energy. He was so occupied with his fun that he did not hear me call; but when he was sufficiently recovered from his excitement, and heard the well-known whistle, the sense of his impropriety seemed to strike him, and he returned in the most penitent manner imaginable, decreasing his pace as he approached me, and casting an occasional glance at my stick; while the boa, being held at one extremity, was slowly trailing in the mud behind him. He was not quite a year old at that time, so that his conduct was partly excusable on account of the exuberance of his

youthful spirits. Nevertheless, I was forced to administer some punishment, or nothing in the shape of a lap-dog or a boa would have been safe. The whole affair did not occupy more than a minute; so that I was unable to rescue either lap-dog or boa until both had suffered.

The greatest treat that Rory could have was to run along the banks of the river while I was in a boat. Once or twice, in the interminable long vacation, a fellow-student and myself were accustomed to pull to Nuneham, a place about seven miles from Oxford by water, taking with us guns and provisions for the day. On these occasions, Rory used to run along the banks, exterminating rats by the way, and making a practice of swimming across the river every time he heard a shot. This he evidently considered to be his duty; but he never fetched out a wounded bird, merely contenting himself with barking at it, and then wagging his tail. On one of these excursions, Rory got himself into what may literally be called an unpleasant scrape. We had landed from the boat, tied it up, arranged our picnic under a shady bush, having fastened the dog to a stake to prevent him from making too close an acquaintance with sundry moor-hens in the distance, whom we did not wish to be disturbed. We had just arranged ourselves, when Rory began to whine most piteously. Naturally imagining his distress to proceed from the fact that a cold fowl was in the act of disappearing without his assistance, we did not trouble ourselves about him. The whine, however, soon changed to short yelps, of such evident distress that we got up, and went to see what was the matter. On reaching the place where he was tied up, the mystery was explained. The poor animal had scraped up an ant's nest,

which had attracted his notice, probably from the busy state of the hillock ; and as he had investigated proceedings, after the manner of terriers, by poking his nose into the nest and grubbing among the ants, the enraged insects had completely covered his face ; and, as the nose is about the most sensitive part of a dog, he was driven almost frantic with their repeated stings. It was really no small work to brush off the multitudes of ants which had congregated on his nose, or had got entangled in the thick masses of hair hanging about his countenance.

When Rory first attached himself to me he was quite a puppy, only numbering about six months, and, of course, occasionally gave way to many youthful frolics which had to be corrected : but as his days increased in number, so did his wisdom ; and, at the expiration of two years, he was the most obedient pupil I ever had, always giving the most ready and willing obedience, even if he were told to do any thing contrary to his own wishes. He had learned all the usual feats of dogs, and had superadded many others, — some being entirely of his own invention. He was on very good terms with the cat, — that is, after they had settled their quarrels consequent on his first entrance into the house, — and would lie very comfortably on the hearth-rug while pussy played with his ears. When pussy was not wanted, we used to tell Rory to put her down stairs ; whereupon he pushed her before him, by means of his fore-paws, until he reached the cellar stairs ; and, when there, he pushed her down stair by stair, until he saw her safely deposited at the bottom ; when he would return, and again lie down before the fire. — *Forrester's Magazine.*

(To be concluded.)

THE ELDER SISTER.

(Continued from p. 112.)

WHILE thus trying to improve the younger children, and make them happy and good, she had not forgotten Matilda's appeal for an elder one, — "If you *could* do any thing for Frank!" She had seen, what Matilda had hinted to her, that Frank, unhappy at home, and without any real companion, had sought friends and pleasures abroad, and, being easily influenced, had fallen among those who certainly did him no good. She saw, too, that her mother, whose favorite had always been her eldest son, not only concealed his misdeeds as much as possible from his father, not hesitating even at absolute falsehoods to shield her darling, but also furnished him with money for the very purposes his father had forbidden. And what could Adelaide do? She had tried to show her brother that she loved him, and was interested in him. She was always ready to put aside her own pleasures for his sake; but she had, as yet, been unable to gain his confidence. It might have been, that, conscious of his own wrong-doing, he shrank from allowing the knowledge of it to reach his pure-hearted sister, lest she should cease to love him; it might have been that he was reluctant to betray his mother's faults to one who seemed to respect her.

He was standing one evening by the window, hesitating whether or not to go out, when a light touch on his arm startled him. "Oh! is it you, Ada?"

"Yes. Were you going out to-night?"

"I don't know. Why?" A shade came over his

face; for he fancied she was going to speak of his wrong habits.

"Only, if you were not, I wanted to ask a favor of you."

"His brow cleared at once. "I should like to do you a favor, Ada," he said, smiling. "You don't often ask any. What is it?"

"Father and mother are out, you know; and I have a new book I want to read. If you would come and read to me a little while, I could finish my sewing; and it would be so pleasant!"

"Yes, I'll come. Where?"

"In my sitting-room. I don't believe you have ever been there. Come."

Frank tossed his cap on the peg, threw his gloves on the table, and accompanied his sister. "Where are those everlasting plagues, Charles and Susan?" he asked, as they reached her room.

"Don't you know? Gone over to Mr. Packard's to spend the evening."

"And Emma and Lucy?"

"Sound asleep. There, you shall have the rocking-chair; and here is the book. Remember, you have free admission here at any time, except when the little ones are at their lessons."

"Why don't you take the other two under your care?"

"Wait," she said, smiling; "I cannot do every thing at once. Besides, after they are tamed, it will be your turn, you know."

"I wish it was my turn now," he muttered to himself; then took up the book, and began to read. He was so interested that he did not pause until Adelaide closed her

workbox, and laid aside her finished work. Then he looked up, and said, "What! done already?"

"Yes; and, when you have finished the chapter, I'll play backgammon with you, if you like. What do you think of the book?"

"Oh! it is grand. Shall I come and read again to-morrow night?"

"I should like it very much. Now go on."

When the chapter was finished, Frank laid down the book, and began to look about the room. "So, these are very pretty engravings, Ada; and so are the casts. Oh! I saw a lovely sleeping child, yesterday, on one of those image-sellers' boards. If I had known you cared for such things, I would have bought it. Now let me see your books. What a number!"

"Father gave me the bookcase, Frank. See what a nice one it is! That lowest shelf is for the little ones."

"I see; but I care more for your books, — history, poetry, sermons. Oh! you do have some novels, too, though not many. What are these? — French, Latin, German? Why, Ada! are you so learned as that?"

"Oh, no! I studied Latin a little, to please Uncle Heywood; and French a good deal, to please myself; and I had just begun German, to please Aunt Lucy. But I shall not go on with that at present, — only try to keep up the others."

Frank was thinking. "They study French at the high school," said he. "I never learned, because there was no one to help me at home."

"Not Matilda?" asked his sister.

Frank shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Oh! as to that, Tilly knows enough. She was the best scho-

lar at school, in spite of home neglect; but she doesn't want the trouble of teaching others, especially slow, stupid ones like me. Now, Ada, I'll tell you: if you will help me, I'll go to school another year, and study French and Latin both; and that may keep me out of mischief," he added, in an aside to himself.

The first step had been taken; and now Adelaide's course was plainer. Frank was delighted to find a friend and companion in his sister, and took great interest in his studies when she was at hand to assist and encourage him. She, on her part, was glad to study Latin with him, and to aid him in any other branches; and her pleasant little sitting-room soon became his favorite haunt when at home. He began to put confidence in her, too; and at last ventured to confess how far astray he had been led by his bad companions, and how much he longed to disentangle himself from his now irksome bonds. But so much was not accomplished at once. More than six months had passed since Matilda's marriage, when Frank entered his sister's room, one evening, with a flushed and agitated countenance. She was not there; but he heard her in another room, putting the little ones to bed, and hearing their evening hymn and prayer. He sat down to wait, and the soft tones and holy words calmed him imperceptibly.

"Ah, Frank!" she said, as she returned, "I'm glad to see you. You have rather deserted me of late."

"I know it, Ada; I've been in worse places. But I wanted to ask you, — Have you any money?"

"Some. How much do you want?"

"Fifteen dollars, — twenty, if I could get it."

Adelaide went to her writing-desk, and, without speak-

ing, took from it two ten-dollar bills, and laid them in his hand.

"And you don't even ask what I want of it, Ada?" he said in surprise, the tears starting to his eyes.

"I can trust you," she answered, quietly.

"You can, Ada? Never did naughty boy like me have such a sister. I will not betray your trust. But this money, — shall you not want it yourself?"

"I can do without it well enough," she replied. "But, brother dear! don't yield to those bad counselors of yours: it grieves our father so, to have you do wrong."

Frank said nothing: he kissed his sister, and left her. Neither of them mentioned the matter again; but he was more constant than before in his evening visits to her, and pursued his studies with increased assiduity. Spring had now come; April was verging into May; and Mr. Wallace, who had been gratified unspeakably by the change already wrought in his household, proposed to Adelaide that she should now send the little ones to school. But she preferred retaining the charge of them still longer; and her father, who had only wished to relieve her, at once acquiesced.

Adelaide had certainly produced a great change in the family. Her mother had learned to trust to her discretion and gentleness in dealing with the children, and depended much on her attention and care in other matters. Too indolent to take trouble herself, Mrs. Wallace yet liked to have things regular and orderly; and was rejoiced to find, that, by expressing her wishes to her daughter, and consulting with her, they generally were accomplished without effort on her part. She hated

any thing like argument, too, and would allow herself to be persuaded into almost any thing, — a fact of which her riotous, self-willed children had always taken advantage. Adelaide also availed herself of this facility of disposition, but only to accomplish objects which were necessary to the comfort and well-being of others. Mr. Wallace now found his home much pleasanter; his wife less irritable; his children much more quiet, and less contentious. The two little ones, under the gentle care of their sister, were rapidly improving; and Frank had seemingly abandoned the courses and companions which had made his friends so anxious.

This was much to have been done by a girl scarcely eighteen; but it had not been accomplished without great effort, much self-denial, and many anxious hours. Adelaide was not naturally inclined to active exertion, and was easily disheartened; and there had been many times, when, her patience well-nigh exhausted, her courage gone, she had been tempted to follow Matilda's counsel, and cease the efforts that seemed to be useless. But Adelaide Wallace was truly religious; and when her strength failed, and clouds seemed to gather around her, she knew where to turn for aid and light. "Ask, and it shall be given," was a promise to which she trusted, and not in vain; and when her little pupils tried her almost beyond endurance, and the other children annoyed her, Frank marvelled at the sweet serenity with which she would continue her labors. The other children, Charles and Susan, "those everlasting plagues," as Frank always styled them, were her greatest trial and hinderance. Self-willed and idle, indulged to excess by their weak mother, they were the torments of the whole household; and any

one, who has seen an unruly boy or girl of ten or twelve years old, can easily imagine the trouble they caused.

They liked Adelaide, — that is, they liked to have her do kind things for them, and keep the little ones away from them; but they liked their own way much better than any thing else; and a most disagreeable way it was. They were half the time at home; for they were allowed to do as they pleased about attending school, and, at first, had annoyed their sister by coming in and making a noise while she was engaged with Emma and Lucy; and when, after vainly repeated remonstrances, she found herself obliged to lock the doors, they endeavored to revenge their exclusion by making all the noise they could outside.

A. A.

(To be continued.)

"THE EARTH IS FULL OF THY RICHES."

PSALM civ. 24.

IN this beautiful and abundant time of the harvest, every step brings this text of Scripture to the mind of a thoughtful man. And why should not children learn to refer all the blessings to the hand of an all-wise, all-bountiful Creator? The very sweet, cool air we breathe seems a benediction. The sky is of the deepest, most cloudless blue. The green and beautiful foliage of the summer does not drop decayed and unsightly to the ground; but glows with crimson, scarlet, gold, orange, and purple. Not only do the fruits of the earth rejoice us with their abundance and delicious flavor, but with their exquisite

coloring. What more charming sight than a tree bending under its burden of rich fruit, or a vine loaded with its clusters of rich grapes, or the beautiful bending ears of the grain-fields? The very sunlight itself, modified from the scorching summer rays, shines with a mellow and hazy beam; the distant hills lose their blue and misty appearance, and glow with the richest purple; the clouds are tinted with the richest shades. And then, when the in-gathering is almost over, when the brilliant leaves are scattered at our feet, comes the dreamy, the delightful, Indian summer, with its balmy air, and its indescribable, and almost magical, light.

Children, you often feel that it is a joy only to live. Perhaps the thought never shapes itself in words; but, when the bracing autumn air gives swiftness to your feet and health to your cheeks, you are full of this happiness of mere animal existence. And it is a very great happiness. Not enough years have passed since our own childhood to make us forget this delightful sense of animal life; and the blessing of vigorous health often brings it to us now. But we have something more to enjoy than the pleasures of our earthly existence. These good gifts should not be received by hearts unmindful of the Giver. The most insignificant object in creation speaks of God to the heart that is alive to his goodness.

Little friends, you can learn to recognize the Father in all his works, and you can lead others to do so too. When the glowing clouds, the dashing spray, the blue of the sky, the star-spangled heavens, bring the thought of their Creator to your mind, speak this thought gently and reverently to your companions. Let them learn from you to "look through Nature up to Nature's God."

In connection with this, we may speak of a very common fault among children — grumbling at the weather. The rains that spoil so many days' pleasure, as it seems to you, in reality bring a thousand-fold more enjoyment by their ministry than you would otherwise experience. The heat, which makes you so uncomfortable, and the intense light, give the beautiful hues to the leaves and flowers, and ripen the fruit and grain. The snow warms and covers up the earth, and prevents the frost from reaching down to the roots of the plants. All the changes of weather are for the good of man; and the hand of God should be as readily seen in them as in the works which are spread before our eyes. The cheerful and grateful heart will always sing with the Psalmist: "Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches." ED.

"EASY TO BE ENTREATED."

IN the seventeenth chapter of James, we are told that the wisdom that is from above is "easy to be entreated." Children are too often fond of having their "own way," as they call it; although, when they say this, they acknowledge that they are rebellious in temper, and ungentle in disposition; that they care more for their own present pleasure than they do for the approbation of their parents and friends, and for their own lasting good. The school-bell rings and mamma tells her little daughter to lay aside the fascinating story-book, and get her

bonnet and satchel; but the "Yes, mamma," means that one more page must be read; and, as she has yielded to the temptation, another, and yet another. In vain mamma looks up from her work, and asks her not to be tardy. She is not "easy to be entreated;" and not until the slow tolling of the bell's last peal does she throw down the book, and, rushing for her bonnet, run breathlessly to school to escape a tardy-mark. She barely does it; but a train of evils follow the fault of the morning; and a day thus wrongly begun, ends, as any one would suppose it would, in disgrace at school, and unhappiness at home.

Be easily entreated to do what is right, — not what is wrong; and, if you are old enough to read our little paper, you are old enough to see and know the difference. There are many unfortunate children in the world, who have no one to instruct them in what is right, and teach them to avoid what is wrong. They will often entreat you to do what your conscience will tell you is not right. Then you are not to listen to entreaty; but to know that it is evil, and to resist it.

Let your ears ever be open to the true voice of entreaty, — the voice that asks for charity and mercy, for kindness and protection; to the entreaties also of your parents and teachers. Listen to them; and your heart must feel that they are right in whatever they ask. Then there is another voice of entreaty; and it is the word of God; and, as often as you listen to the others, you will be the more ready to listen to his. — *S. S. Gazette.*

HIRAM POWERS, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

LIKE many other men of genius, Hiram Powers was once a poor boy. He was born in Woodstock, Vermont, July 29, 1805. His father was a plain farmer, and was a poor man, with eight children besides Hiram.

At a suitable age, young Hiram was sent to the district school, where he made good use of his brains and his books. Nor was he idle when out of school; but, by making the acquaintance of certain skilful persons, he contrived to pick up some instruction in the use of mechanics' tools, and in the art of drawing.

But Hiram's father, being poor, found it difficult to support his nine children on his little farm. Hoping to better his condition, he took his family to the great West, and settled upon a farm in Ohio, where, alas for his wife and children! he soon died.

Poor Hiram was still a boy when this sad event took place. But he had a stout heart, and was willing to work. See him, then, with his little bundle under his arm, trudging off to the Queen City of the West, — Cincinnati, — without a friend to help or to advise him. Ah, how I pity him — poor, lonely, fatherless boy. But, you know, God watches over orphan children, if they try hard to do right. He helps them, too. Young Hiram found it so; for he soon obtained something to do. First, he acted as boy in a reading-room; next, he became clerk in a store; and afterwards the assistant of a clockmaker. But, wherever he was employed, he behaved well, and was a steady, industrious, honest boy.

At length he met with a Prussian, who was something of an artist. Young Powers, seeing this man modelling a bust of General Jackson in plaster, felt a strong desire to imitate him. The kind artist gave him a little instruction; and Powers soon succeeded in making some very excellent busts.

This success led him to determine to become an artist, — a great artist. In pursuance of this resolve, he entered the Museum in Cincinnati, and was employed in its artistic department. A museum is not a very promising place for a youth; but it seems that young Powers resisted its temptation, studied closely, kept himself in the quiet path of sobriety, and steadfastly proceeded to improve himself, during the next seven years. When he was thirty years of age, he went to Washington, where his great talents were recognized; and he was employed to take the busts of some of our greatest men. His work was highly prized; and the name of Hiram Powers began to be known to the country.

Two years afterwards, aided by the liberality of a wealthy gentleman, he went to Italy, and became a student of sculpture in the studio of the lamented Greenough. Here, with the great works of ancient artists before his eyes, he made rapid progress.

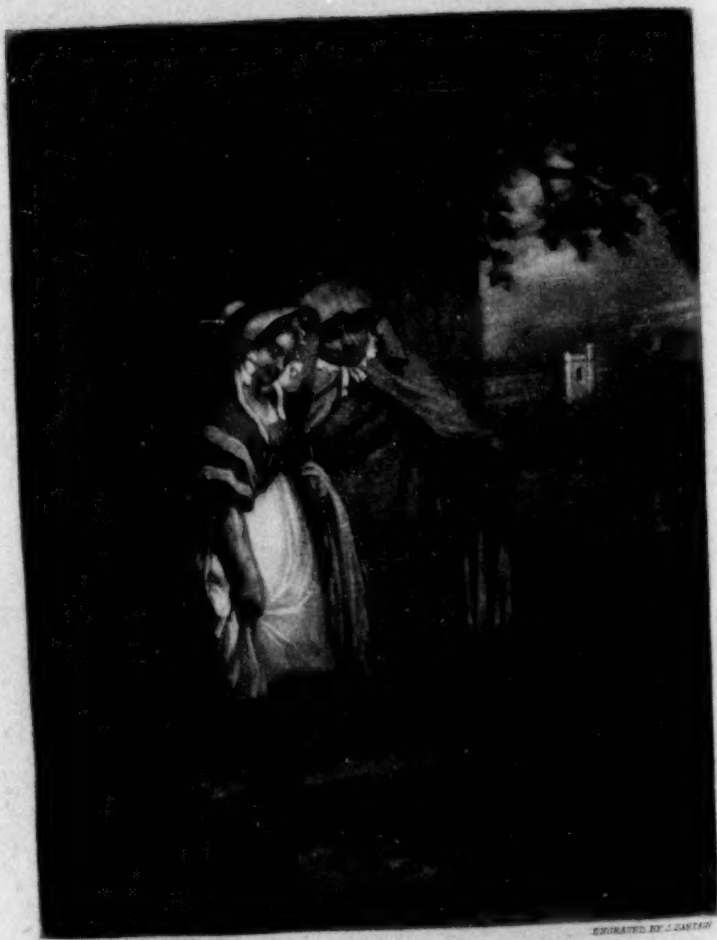
He first gave himself to the productions of busts of living men. These busts soon became celebrated. But this did not satisfy him. He aimed higher. He sought to climb high as the highest of the sons of art. Hence he produced his beautiful statues of Eve, of the Greek Slave, and of the Fisher Boy. These works have been exhibited in London and America. The best judges of such objects have pronounced them equal to the most

renowned statues of antiquity. The great Thorwaldsen, so well known as the artist of the famous statues of Christ and his Apostles, declared Powers to be the greatest sculptor since Michael Angelo.

Here, then, you see a man who made himself what he is by his own industry. Had he, in the days of his boyhood, been idle and vicious; had he, in his youth, yielded to the temptations of city life, — his name, in spite of his natural genius, would have never been known out of Cincinnati. But, by right action, he has made it familiar as a household word. Courage, then, dear boy! You may be poor or rich, no matter which, only be true to yourself. Dare to do right; resist temptation; be studious; be persevering; never despair; and you will not be a common man by and by. No, no! You may not be as widely known as Powers; but you will make a mark on the world, which will remain long after you are dead. — *Forrester's Magazine*.

THE IVORY NUT-TREE. — The ivory nut-tree is popularly called the Tagua plant, and is common in South America. The tree is one of the numerous family of palms, but belongs to the order designated as screw-pine tribe. The natives use the leaves to cover their cottages, and from the nuts make buttons, and various other articles.

In an early state, the nuts contain a sweet milky liquid, which afterwards assumes a solidity nearly equal to ivory, and will admit of a high polish. It is known as ivory-nut, or vegetable ivory, and has recently been brought into use for various purposes. — *Youth's Cabinet*.



PAINTED BY A. H. HOFFMAN

ENGRAVED BY J. LANTAN

SUNDAY MORNING.

SABBATH MORNING.

WHAT child has not felt that the sun shone more brightly, the birds sang more sweetly, and that all nature was more beautiful, on a sabbath morning? Quiet as the country usually is, it seems as if an unusual hush was spread over it. The farm-yard, with its noisy voices, is less noisy; and every bush and flower appear to have adorned themselves anew to do honor to the day.

What a charming Sunday-morning picture we have! Only we fancy it must be an English scene. The vine-covered cottage does not much resemble an English house in our land; and the dress of the old woman is not like that which we are accustomed to see. But what a cheerful countenance she has! We imagine that her grateful heart has been busy, since the beams of the sun waked her, in repeating to herself verses of praise and thanksgiving. We can fancy that she is now saying that beautiful psalm, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

We can imagine how swiftly the necessary household duties have been performed by that young girl, who must be the grand-daughter of the aged female. We can see her go to the oaken chest, and take from it the treasured contents of the good old woman. We can see her take the cap, and fold the snow-white handkerchief; we can place the Bible within her reach, while she is making her simple toilet. She gathers, perhaps,



SUNDAY MORNING.

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SABBATH MORNING.

WHAT child has not felt that the sun shone more brightly, the birds sang more sweetly, and that all nature was more beautiful, on a sabbath morning? Quiet as the country usually is, it seems as if an unusual hush was spread over it. The farm-yard, with its many voices, is less noisy; and every bush and flower appear to have adorned themselves anew to do honor to the day.

What a charming Sunday-morning picture we have here! only we fancy it must be an English scene. That low, vine-covered cottage does not much resemble any rustic house in our land; and the dress of the old woman is not like that which we are accustomed to see. But mark what a cheerful countenance she has! We can imagine that her grateful heart has been busy, since the first beams of the sun waked her, in repeating to herself verses of praise and thanksgiving. We can imagine that she is now saying that beautiful psalm, commencing, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

We can imagine how swiftly the necessary household tasks have been performed by that young girl, who must be the grand-daughter of the aged female. We can see her as she goes to the oaken chest, and takes from it the Sunday garments of the good old woman. We can see her tie the cap, and fold the snow-white handkerchief; and, at last, place the Bible within her reach, while she goes to make her simple toilet. She gathers, perhaps,

a rose or a honeysuckle, to put in her bosom, and arranges it by the smallest of looking-glasses, and smiles as she sees the glass reflect a countenance as bright and sunny, yet as quiet, as the morning.

But now the bell breaks upon the stillness, and the hills give back the echoes. People already are walking along the church-path. It is not far. We can just see the tower peep out from among the trees. Now the grand-daughter puts her grandmother's cane into her hand, and assists her down the steps. If we were to follow them, we should see all ages and sexes thronging with reverent air to the house of God.

Children, is Sunday a delightful day to you? We fear that most of you would declare it to be far otherwise. The sermon wearies you, you say; you do not like to be still. But you perhaps enjoy part of the day. You enjoy your Sunday school; you enjoy your mother's Bible-stories at the twilight; and you like to make one of the circle of children who surround the table, after the lamps are lighted, to read the Bible to your father. You love to answer his questions about the men in Bible-times; and to hear about the manners and customs of the Jews, which seem to you so strange.

These things hallow the day to you; and will prepare you to like the sermon, too, when you are old enough to understand it. But did you ever try to understand it? If not, make the experiment. Try to remember the text, — you will succeed in that, — and then remember *one* thing that the minister said; and you will find that it will not be long before you can call to mind many things, and will be able to derive as much benefit as your elders from the "preached word."

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VISIT TO STIRLING, SCOTLAND.

STIRLING is about thirty miles north-westerly from Edinburgh, and may be reached either by railway, or by steamboat which plies daily up the river Forth. The river is very winding in its course; and, if the saving of time be any object with you, it is better to go by rail. But, if you have the day before you, and would look upon some of Scotland's most beautiful scenery, by all means take the little steamer, even though you are obliged to disembark six miles short of Stirling Bridge, and take a coach, or else follow the serpentine windings of the river in an open boat.

What if you are, during the last few miles, packed, a dozen in the little row-boat, with trunks and bags so thick around you that you cannot move? Are you not winding through the most beautiful meadow you ever beheld? and are you not surrounded with slopes and hill-tops in the distance, which have each a thrilling history, and are rendered classic and sacred, from being the scene of some mighty achievement in the past?

We left Edinburgh at eight in the morning, and reached Stirling, by boat, in season to dine at three, and, after dinner, immediately bent our course up the long hill on whose summit stands the castle. As we ascended, we had a fine view of the city, which is spread out in the plain, and extends up to the castle. The town, numbering eight or nine thousand inhabitants, bears an appearance rather antique than elegant; but there are several fine streets, and a great number of

neat villages in the outskirts. There is a famous old church on the hill as you approach the castle, — a handsome Gothic fabric, known as Greyfriars. It was erected, by James IV., in 1494. Since the Reformation, it has been divided, by a partition through the centre, into two places of worship, called the East and West Churches. Here is the identical old oak pulpit from which John Knox preached the coronation-sermon of James VI., and where, on other occasions, he moved the sturdy Scots to heroic purpose by his impassioned eloquence. Here, too, was the scene of the ministry of the celebrated Ebenezer Erskine, the founder of the Secession Church.

But let us pass on to Castle Hill. It is a weary walk up the narrow paved street, and you will be out of breath by the time you reach the top. But what a magnificent prospect is here spread out before us! Through the broad and fertile plain that lies at our feet, the river Forth is seen stealing its way with a thousand meanderings, while round the northern horizon sweeps the almost continuous chain of the Grampian Mountains. To the south lie the green hills of Campsie: turning round from which, towards the south-east, the eye rests on a scene of cultivated beauty; terminating, in the far distance, by the cresting towers of Edinburgh, and the summits of Edinburgh Castle and Arthur's Seat. About two miles to the south, you see the little stream of Bannock; and on its bank is the village of Bannockburn, and behind it the field where the famous battle — the Marathon of the North — was fought, June 24, 1314, between the English army of one hundred thousand men, under Edward II., and the

Scottish army of thirty thousand, commanded by Robert Bruce; in which the English were signally defeated, with a loss of thirty thousand men and seven hundred nobles.

Turning again to the northward, you see, in the plain about two miles distant, a bridge over the Forth, that marks the scene of another of Scotland's most heroic achievements, in which the immortal Wallace figured. On the 13th September, 1297, the English army, of fifty thousand foot and one thousand horse, advanced towards Stirling in quest of Wallace, and had reached the bridge, over which they must pass before they could gain access to the town. Meanwhile, Wallace had collected a force of forty thousand men, and hurried to the bridge to dispute the passage of the Forth. The attack was made while the English were in the act of crossing the bridge; and the result was, that they were signally defeated, and large numbers who were not killed in battle were drowned, while the remnant that escaped fled in the utmost confusion.

We might long linger to gaze on the beautiful panorama which is seen from the heights of "gray Stirling." The town itself, and every hill and valley, every rock and ravine, in all its surroundings, is suggestive of romantic story. They each and all have a history that would enchain us long in the recital.

But here comes the guide to show us through the castle. Let us pass on over the moat, through the portcullis, and up, up, up again, a long, winding, inclined plane, to the open plat, from which, on the west side, you can look down, as from a perpendicular precipice, hundreds of feet. Here we are accosted by four intelligent-

looking ladies, who wish to join us in our tour of the castle. They are of a respectable family in the north of Ireland, and are spending a few weeks at Allan Bridge, a watering-place four miles distant, and have come over to spend the day at Stirling. They are in a right cheerful mood, and seem determined to enjoy themselves. They evidently intend to sustain the reputation which the well-bred and better class of Irish people have for cordiality of manner and general good humor in their social life. The elderly lady of the party has a son in America; and the fact that I am an American wins her confidence at once; and, before we have been acquainted ten minutes, I am invited to go and dine with them at their hotel, and to join them the next week at their family mansion, near Belfast in Ireland, and spend a few days there.

But I must not linger, except to say, — and I say it in compliment to Irish affability, — that when at night-fall I handed the ladies into their carriage, as they returned to their hotel, I felt that I was parting from old friends; and their *Au revoir*, as they wheeled away, smote me with a momentary pang of sadness. I was alone again among strangers.

The Castle of Stirling used to be a very important fortress to the Scottish realm in a military point of view. From its position on the Forth, it was the key to the Highlands, "the bulwark of the North." Standing on a bold eminence, three hundred and fifty feet high, it commanded the pass of Stirling Bridge and the valley of the Forth. On this eminence once resided the royal families of Scotland. It became a royal residence about the middle of the twelfth century; but probably none

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of the present buildings of the castle are older than the middle of the fifteenth century, when James I., on his return from his long detention in England, made this place his principal royal seat. His son and successor, James II., was born here; and one of the existing apartments in the castle is renowned as the scene of a deed of bloody ferocity perpetrated by this monarch. The powerful family of Douglass had been for many years the chief source of disturbance to the kingdom, and had, on various occasions, shown a determination to dispute the possession of supreme authority with the reigning house. The laws of honorable warfare were probably but little regarded on either side; and, in a contest waged for so high a prize, it was to be expected that men's passions would be maddened to great excess. — *Merry's Museum.*

(To be concluded:)

THE ELDER SISTER.

(Continued from p. 186.)

FRANK had relieved her from this annoyance; for, finding how troublesome they were, he spoke to his father, and obtained a command that Charles should attend school whenever he was not really ill, and, armed with this authority, informed the young gentleman that he should go, even if he were obliged to drag him through the streets. Charles would have resisted; but one struggle, in which his elder brother easily gained the victory, taught him submission; and, as it was very

little pleasure to Susan to be at home alone, she accompanied her brother. In vain had Adelaide endeavored, by the gentlest means, by the kindest affection, to win their confidence and love: on neither could she make the slightest impression.

One morning, early in summer, Mr. Wallace told his daughter that he wished to take a journey with her mother, and be absent for some time; and he inquired anxiously if she felt herself equal to the care of the household in their absence. She hesitated a little; and Frank interposed: "If you would only send away the torments, father, or one of them, we shall do well enough. If Charles were out of the way, Ada could manage Sue, I fancy."

"You can do nothing with them, then?" asked Mr. Wallace, sorrowfully, of his daughter.

"Not yet. I am afraid it is my own fault," she replied.

Mr. Wallace pondered a while. "Where could I send the boy?" he asked, abruptly.

"Aunt Lucy would be willing," said Adelaide. "She has offered to take either of the children for a year; and, if you liked the plan, father, I really think it would do Charles good."

The suggestion pleased Mr. Wallace; and, when he went on his journey, he took Charles with him, and left him under Mr. Heywood's care.

Adelaide found her new responsibilities less trying than she had expected. The domestics were capable and faithful, and loved Miss Ada too well not to do all in their power for her. From Lucy and Emma she had nothing to fear; and Frank, she knew, would assist her

as much as possible. The one great trial was Susan, who, fancying that Adelaide had been the originator of her separation from Charles, resented it as an outrage, and conducted herself even worse than before.

Matilda, whose visits home, since her marriage, had been very short and infrequent, had now come to pass a week or two with her sister; and she openly expressed her surprise at the success, partial though it was, of Adelaide's efforts. Matilda was much altered. She was more thoughtful and quiet, more gentle in her manners, less sarcastic and contemptuous in her remarks; and, though her hasty temper, and her scorn of weakness and deceit, often broke out in impetuous words, Adelaide rejoiced to see that she was much more happy than she had ever been before. One morning, as the sisters were together in the breakfast-room, Susan entered. Adelaide glanced at the clock. Her own little pupils, she knew, were playing on the front steps, their hour for study not having arrived; but it was past Susan's school-time.

"You will be late for school, Susy, if you are not quick," she said, gently. "Can I help you any?"

"No: I don't want any of your help," was the rude answer. "Besides, I'm not going to school to-day."

"But you know, Susy dear, father desired you not to be absent. You had better go." Adelaide never attempted, with the spoiled, self-willed girl, an authority which she knew would be set at defiance: her efforts were limited to persuasions and the gentlest reasoning.

"I don't care. I tell you I won't go," retorted Susan, pushing by her sister, to go to the window.

Matilda, indignant at the impertinence, caught Susan

by the arm, and bestowed on her such a hearty cuff that the tears came to her eyes involuntarily. "If you had any shame left in you, Sue, you would be ashamed to speak so to Adelaide," she said. "Is Frank in the house, I wonder?"

"Here!" answered a voice from the library.

"I wish you'd take this naughty girl to school."

"If Adelaide wishes it," he said, coming forward, and taking the hand of Susan, who had vainly tried to release herself from Matilda's iron grasp. He held the screaming, struggling child closely, saying, coolly, "If you kick, I shall tie you," — a threat which caused the struggles to end, — and then looked at Adelaide for further directions.

"No, Frank; let her go," said Adelaide, whose eyes were full of tears. "Susan is too old to be governed by force. If she will not do what she knows she ought, she must be induced to do it by other means than violence."

"If she will not do her duty, she should be made to do it," said Matilda; while Frank released his captive, who scampered from the room. "Why, it is abominable, Ada. I wouldn't endure it."

"I don't think you would," said Frank, laughing. "Witness only your achievements of the last five minutes. But Ada holds that your way of managing is not the wisest. Good by: you'll be boxing *my* ears next, if I'm late for school."

Matilda blushed deeply. She felt how unwise, how undignified, her conduct had been, and was thankful that her husband had not been present to witness it. She turned to Adelaide: "You see, Ada, I never

could do any good at home, just because I am so hasty and impetuous. And that girl never will be persuaded into doing right. What can be done?"

"I don't know," answered Adelaide, sadly. "Susan has kind feelings, I think, and many good qualities. I can only hope, that, by and by, her love for others may become strong enough to induce her to do better. And, when there is nothing else we can do for those we love, you know we can always pray for them. I have great faith in prayer."

"Have you? I believe that must be the secret of your success," said Matilda, thoughtfully. "But do you never despair?"

"Not utterly; but sometimes it is very difficult to trust. And then, I make so many mistakes, and have to learn a better way by experience. Still, I have much to encourage me, dear Matilda. The little girls are almost always good; and I cannot tell you how much Frank helps me, — he is so kind and thoughtful."

Matilda sighed, recalling her own neglect of home duties; but she made no reply, and the conversation ended. It was not without its results, however, on Matilda's character and conduct.

A few days after, Susan was with her little sisters, with whom she had chosen to play occasionally since her brother's absence. "I wish mother would come back, Em," she said; "then I could have some comfort."

"I don't see why Ada does not do just as well," answered Emma. "She is always kind to us, and mother isn't always."

"I wish Ada had never come home," said Susan, impetuously: "we don't have half such good times as we used to."

"Don't we?" asked Emma, with a look of great surprise; while Lucy, who had twice the energy and quickness of her sister, exclaimed, "That isn't true, Sue; we have better times; and, if you'd only be good, you'd think so too. You don't let Ada make you happy."

"Ada can't bear me, I tell you," was the reply. "Didn't she send Charles away just to plague me? and doesn't she keep you two away from me more than half the time?"

"She didn't send Charles away," retorted Lucy. "Frank said he ought to go, — I heard him; and father sent him. It was not Ada; and I don't want to play with you, Susy, if you talk so about *my* sister. Come, Emma; let us go somewhere else."

Emma, easily persuaded by any one, hesitated; and Susan said, "You needn't be so put out, Lucy: I didn't mean any harm. Only, if mother was here, I should have a party on my birthday, and you should have a nice time."

"Ada will let you have one," said Adelaide's little champion; and, dropping her playthings, she ran off to her sister, who, sitting with Matilda in the next room, had heard a part of the dialogue. "Ada, Sue wants to have a party next week: mayn't she?" she asked, eagerly.

"Don't, Ada; it will be so much trouble," said Matilda.

"Oh! I should not mind the trouble: besides, if mother promised it, she cught. Ask Susy to come here, Lucy, and tell us whom she wishes to ask."

Lucy flew back to say that Ada was willing, and

wanted Susy to come and see about it; and, to Susan's great surprise, she soon found herself eagerly settling with Adelaide the particulars of the party. "I wish I had a pretty dress to wear," she sighed. "I tore my best one last week; and it is dirty, besides."

"But Hannah washed it, and I mended it," answered Adelaide. "Still, I think you had better not wear it. You may wish to run about out doors; and it might be torn again. If Matilda will help me, we can finish your new gingham; and that will be much prettier for the purpose."

Like all children, Susan fancied a new dress, and chose to wear the gingham; and Adelaide continued, "And you must let me braid your hair for you, and tie it with ribbons. It will be more comfortable so. Sue has very pretty hair, — hasn't she, Matilda?"

"If it ever looked decently," said Matilda. "But it generally resembles what people call a hurrah's nest, whatever that may be."

"Susy, come back!" called Emma. And Susan went, followed by little Lucy.

"What in the world makes you take so much pains to please that troublesome child?" asked Matilda; "treating you as she always does, too. I would do nothing for her until she would behave better."

Adelaide smiled. "That would do no good," she said. "It is the old fable of the sun and the wind over again. I have great faith in the sunshine of affection."

"You've tried it a good while in vain," answered Matilda, hastily.

"Not in vain, perhaps. How long does the sun shine

on the ground, and the soft spring rain fall upon it, before the plants begin to peep up? Susan's heart is not a rocky soil: we shall have flowers and fruits there yet."

A. A.

(To be concluded.)

A LETTER FROM AUNT TRUTHFUL.

MY DEAR LITTLE NEPHEWS AND NIECES, — When, some three months ago, I visited you in your city home, I felt pleased that you all were generally so obedient, and willing to yield to each other. I liked your behavior at home extremely. I did not think much about your conduct at school; but some facts have lately come to my knowledge, that make me write you a word of caution; for although you may be tolerably good at home, yet you may have faults which only come into broad light at school.

In the house where I board, at Eastfield, lives also the village schoolmistress. She bears sway over all the children above seven years of age. Last week, she was too ill to attend school, and I offered my services. She gladly consented; and I went, on a certain Wednesday morning, to the schoolroom. That the first day was a somewhat singular one, can easily be imagined; but I succeeded in convincing them, during that morning, that they could take no advantage of me, and that I *must* be obeyed. On Thursday morning, therefore, all was very quiet and orderly, till at last my quick ear detected a whispering in the back desk. I questioned its occu-

pants, — girls of eleven or twelve years of age. Both denied having spoken. I was sure that I had heard the sound, and that it had proceeded from that desk. I said nothing more about it then; but, when school was dismissed, I requested the two children to wait a few moments. I repeated my question; and one of them at length said, hesitatingly, "I spoke to *you*."

"That is against the rule," I replied. "You are forbidden to speak to me from your seat. What did you say?"

"I only said, 'O Miss Nelson! Lizzie Doane has torn her apron!'"

Upon inquiry, I found that it was a confirmed habit of many of the pupils to cheat their teacher in this way. I ascertained that they often spoke of what was passing, merely prefixing the teacher's name to what they said, and then denying having spoken at all. Of course, what was said was too low to reach the teacher's ear, and often what they would not have wished her to hear. In the afternoon, I gave the school a long lecture upon it; and it impressed my mind so forcibly that I determined to write you about it.

It is bad enough to disobey the rules of the school; yet it is possible that this may often be done carelessly, and without deliberate purpose of being disorderly. But no child could address a companion, and remember to prefix his teacher's name, without knowing in his inmost soul that he was doing what was wrong. A child who is guilty of such a transaction, commits, not one sin, but two. He disobeys his teacher, and he tells an untruth.

I made my investigations so thoroughly, in the day or two that elapsed before the regular teacher returned,

that I detected another trick, not quite so deeply dyed with deceit, but bad enough. This was a habit of saying *one* word, and then denying, when called upon, that there had been any talking going on. Some of the best children in the school had yielded to this temptation. When I reached home on Thursday evening, I felt that all sense of honor, all horror of falsehood, had departed from the school; and I should have been glad had Miss Wirt been able to go the next morning.

My experience made me think of my dozen nephews and nieces who were old enough to attend school; and I wondered if any of them had ever been so unworthy as to deceive in this manner. If you have, let me say to you that you have injured yourselves more than you have your teacher. You have troubled her, it is true; you have made her feel that she cannot trust you; you have made her suspicious and uncomfortable; you have taught her that she cannot give her undivided attention to the recitation she is hearing, or the lesson she is explaining, but must watch you, because she cannot depend upon you to watch yourselves. And, if your teachers are conscientious, which I believe they are, they are anxious on your account. They know that the habit of deceit, if not resisted, grows fearfully strong, and will impair your usefulness in this world, and be a source of misery to you in another.

Whatever is not the exact truth is falsehood. I do not mean by this that children must always express their unkind feelings and thoughts towards each other. They are not called upon to do this; but, when they are asked to give an account of any occurrence, they should state it exactly as it happened, neither adding to nor

taking from it. The first time a child deceives his teacher in this way, his conscience reproaches him. He knows that it is wrong; but he drives away the thought, or tries to excuse himself to his conscience by saying that other boys do it. It haunts him the whole day, perhaps; and, if he has been rightly taught, it is one of the sins for which he asks forgiveness when he prays at night. The next time it troubles him somewhat; but he does not remember it in his prayer; and so he goes on till he has ceased to consider it wrong. His conscience is becoming hardened; he is falling into the most fearful condition into which a human soul can fall; he is losing the power to distinguish good from evil.

Deceit of every kind is mean, cowardly, and base, to say the least. But I will not consider it in this worldly point of view. Deceit is a sin against God. Over and over again, is it enumerated in the Scriptures as one of the most terrible of sins. They even state expressly that "liars shall not enter the kingdom of God." Therefore, if one of my little nephews has ever been guilty of this or any other deceit; if he has heard his neighbor prompt him in his lesson, and has answered it as if he knew it himself; if he has ever varied from the truth, — I beg him to turn from the error of his ways. He may hitherto have done so thoughtlessly; but he can no longer plead that excuse. His eyes have been opened; and, as he values the love of his parents, the peace of his own soul, or the approbation of God, let him never fall into the sin again.

Perhaps you think your aunt has been unnecessarily severe. But the consequences are so fearful, and the sin so fatal, that I feel I cannot say too much by way

of warning or entreaty. Be assured that I suspect none of you; nor have I reason to do so. You are only mortal children, however, and are liable to fall into the same temptation, as others; and for this reason I have warned you. I felt that I could not wait till I came to the city again, for that every commission of the sin deepened the stain upon the soul. Forgive me if I seem to you a little harsh now. In future time, you will thank me for what I have said, and will know they are the truest friends who rebuke your faults.

Your loving AUNT TRUTHFUL.

ED.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

A TRANSLATION.

A GANG of burglars had entered a country town secretly, in the night-time, and done a great deal of mischief. Houses were broken into, buffets of plate opened and emptied, and secretaries forced. All this had been accomplished with so much dexterity and skill, that, although people had heard strange sounds, no one had surprised the thieves. They had directed their attempts against the houses of the richest people, and had always chosen the most favorable hour for the execution of their plans, — entering early in the night at those places where the family were in the habit of going to bed early, and waiting for a later hour for their operations in those houses where they retired later. Every thing showed that they were well instructed and led. In some houses

near the ramparts there were traces of their entrance into the town by the means of the roofs and windows.

In one of these houses dwelt a carpenter named Benoit, upon whom suspicion of being an accomplice fell. He was little known in the town, where he had only lived for a short time; and there was something quite repelling in his grave, severe face, his black, joined eyebrows, and a long scar which extended across his face. He seldom spoke, even to his wife, to whom he was otherwise a good husband; though his taciturnity, and the great dislike he manifested to ever repeating a second time any thing he had once said, inspired her with a profound awe of him, and gained her the condolence of all the gossips of the neighborhood.

He never abused his son, Silvester; but he did not allow him either to disobey or to reason with him; and, though he was but seven years old, he obliged him to work. The little boys, who observed that, as soon as Benoit appeared in the distance, Silvester ran from them to set himself industriously to work, were as much afraid of him as of a wild beast, and called him the wicked Benoit.

It was known, too, that Benoit had followed different trades. At one time, he had been a soldier, and had visited different parts of the world. Of course, he must have met with many adventures. As he never told of them, it was taken for granted they were not creditable ones.

As soon as the villagers began to suspect Benoit, they collected all the indications that could possibly confirm their suspicions. They observed that he, who never frequented the tavern, had been there the evening before

the robberies, had drank a good deal, and conversed with an air of familiarity with two men of evil appearance, who did not belong to the town, and had not been seen since. A neighbor declared, that, having been by chance at his window at eleven o'clock on that night, he had seen Benoit's door, which he always closed at nine, half open, and a light in his shop. Besides, a piece of rope was discovered hanging from the window of Benoit's garret, which had probably served to hold firmly a ladder; and they even distinguished the marks which this ladder had made where it rubbed against the house, and they saw upon the window-sill the footprint of a man.

Upon the strength of this evidence, they arrested the carpenter, and threw him into jail. He allowed himself to be carried thither with perfect tranquillity, because he was innocent. An old soldier-comrade of his, named Trappe, had come, some time before, to establish himself as barber in the town. He had once saved Benoit's life, at a time when they were hard pressed by the enemy; so that he now treated him with friendliness, though he did not like him; for Trappe was a great talker and boaster, and, as Benoit believed, something of a rogue besides.

The evening before the burglary, Trappe came to find him, to say that two of their old comrades, who had served in the same regiment, were passing through the town; and that it was necessary to drink a bottle with them, for the sake of old times. He reminded him, at the same time, that this was the anniversary of the day on which he had saved his life: after which, Benoit could not refuse Trappe's invitation. They tried to make Benoit drink enough to become loquacious; for Trappe

and his companions were associated with the band of robbers, and they hoped to obtain some information from Benoit. Moreover, they wished to intoxicate him, so that he should not hear any thing going on in his house in the night; or, at least, should be unable to oppose it. Now, Benoit would neither talk nor drink freely; only he went home with his head somewhat heavy, and slept more soundly than usual.

The next morning, he perceived that his shop-door had been opened. He was astonished; for he was sure he had closed it. In his garret, he found a window wide open. He was sure of having shut this, too. He noticed that a bag of beans had been displaced there. Benoit said nothing to any one, for it was not his custom to talk over matters before he understood them; but he reflected a great deal upon the subject. Going out to his work, he found the whole town in excitement: nothing was talked of but the last night's robberies. People said, that, the night before, they had observed suspicious-looking persons at the taverns: they designated particularly the one where Benoit and Trappe had entertained the two soldiers. Immediately he perceived that every one began to avoid speaking with him, and to look at him with an evil eye. He remembered then that Trappe had followed him home the night before, with a bottle in his hand, and had gone into the house talking and laughing boisterously, and forced his wife and son to drink two glasses of wine, apparently to stupefy them. He remembered, also, that, when Trappe went down stairs, he had gone to the window to see him off, and, not seeing any thing of him, to his surprise, had supposed he must have already gone.

From all this, he concluded that Trappe must have remained concealed in the house, and let in the robbers by the door and window.

Benoit went to him, and said, plainly, "It is you who have opened my door and window to let the robbers into the town." At first, Trappe pretended he could not understand what he meant. Then he feigned great anger; but he was greatly embarrassed. "You have once saved my life," said Benoit. "I will not inform against you; but, if you have done this, — why, go off. Let me never see you again, or you shall have to deal with me."

O.

(To be concluded.)

HISTORY OF THE DOG RORY.

(Concluded from p. 179.)

RORY had attained such a command over himself that he would sit on a chair, with his fore-paws resting on the table, and remain perfectly unmoved, even when the leg of a fowl, or some such dainty, was placed on his plate. He had often executed this feat at my breakfast-table, and had been frequently invested with a cap and gown, in which venerable raiment he used to sit with corresponding gravity, occasionally looking in a very imploring manner at us if a particularly fine bone were placed on his plate; but he never touched it until he had obtained leave. When his habits became known, he was often regularly asked to breakfast by the collegians, and, being decorated with cap and gown, in a manner

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similar to that adopted much about the same time by Tiglath Pileser, the Christchurch bear, was accustomed to parade the room on his hind-legs with the most laudable gravity, and afterwards to take his place at the breakfast-table with true dignity.

He was also perfectly at home at a wine-party, and took his port and filberts with gentlemanly ease. He underwent a long course of instruction in cigar-smoking, but could never learn that art. Indeed, although he did not mind the dense clouds of smoke that generally accompany, or rather conceal, a college wine-party, he never could endure a cigar or pipe near his nose, and, whenever one was put into his mouth, sat blinking and patient until the annoyance was removed.

At last, he attained to such a pitch of reason that he was always looked upon more as a companion than an inferior; and, if he required instruction, it was generally sufficient to tell him what to do; while, if he had done wrong, a gentle remonstrance would throw him into the greatest depression of spirits, and he would crouch flat on the ground, gradually crawling along like a snake, until he reached my feet, on which he would lay his nose, and wait for a word of forgiveness, when he would start up overjoyed, and appear thoroughly happy.

Of course, a dog of such capabilities might not be supposed to be very safe in a place like Oxford, where the superabundance of dogs produces a correspondent amount of dealers. Several attempts were made to seduce his allegiance. These he indignantly repudiated; while all endeavors to use force he resisted; and his teeth were remarkably sharp. If a dog-stealer offered him a piece of meat, he ate it, and waited for more; but,

if the man's hand approached his neck, — for he was so well known as to need no collar, — he quietly bit the man in the wrist, and run away.

After being acquainted with Rory, one was led to read the Arabian Nights with much less incredulity; for few transformed princes acted with greater propriety or wisdom than did Rory; always excepting the transformed prince, who, under the shape of an ape, gained introduction at court by his calligraphy, beat the king at chess, complimented him in extemporaneous verses, and at last, in being retransformed, destroyed the king's daughter, servant, and palace.

The last time I saw Rory was under rather peculiar circumstances. I had been resident in the country for several months, but was forced to leave Rory behind. One day, I returned to Oxford for a few hours, and was met by Rory, who did not give way to his usual ebullitions of joy, but walked behind me with his nose against my heel until I entered the house, when he lay down before me, put his chin on the ground, and never took his eyes off me the whole time of my stay in the house. When I left, he accompanied me in the same way, not having given utterance to a single sound, or indulged in a single bark.

At the expiration of the first term, after he had taken up his residence with us, his master sought him, for the purpose of taking him back to Ireland, but sought in vain; for, at the first sight of the packed trunk, Rory had taken himself off, and was not to be found. After three or four days, when he imagined that his master had left Oxford, he came back, and announced himself after his usual fashion; viz., by jumping on the sill of the

dining-room window, and knocking at the pane with his tail. This plan he adopted for several years, but at last was outwitted by his master, who laid violent hands on him a day before any one left college, and sewed him up in a hamper. Poor Rory was then carried off to Ireland, under a promise of restoration when his master should again visit Oxford, at which time he was to become our property.

A few months ago, his master was seen in Oxford, and we immediately went to claim Rory. Alas! poor Rory had died a month or two before; and great was the grief occasioned by the news. Let this history be his monument. — *Forrester's Magazine*.

THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

GERTRUDE MAURICE was lying on her couch one balmy summer evening. The rays of the setting sun streamed into the window; and the birds were flying home to their nests, uttering their quick, soft notes. But Gertrude was not looking at the sunset, nor was she listening to the songs of the birds. She lay as quietly as if she feared to move; and the faint flush on her cheek came only from the rosy light of her chamber. The family were at their evening meal; and she had, at her own request, been left alone. She did not hear the soft foot-step of her sister Jessie, who came and knelt beside her couch. Jessie fancied Gertrude asleep; and she watched her in silence for a time, and then uttered so long a sigh

that Gertrude opened her eyes, and, looking full at her for a moment, asked, —

“What makes my little sister sigh so?”

“Oh! I am so sorry, Gertrude, to have waked you from that quiet little nap! You have suffered so much all day!”

“I was not asleep, Jessie dear; only my pain has entirely left me, and I was enjoying the freedom from it. I almost feared to open my eyes, lest I should bring it back. But I have thought too much of self to-day. Tell me what troubles you.”

“O Gertrude! it is *so* hard to do right! It seems as if I never should be tempted to do or say any thing wrong to *you*, because you are so ill and so patient; and yet, this very morning, how impatient I was with you! and how unwillingly I went to carry those flowers to Mrs. Arnold for you! I have not thought of it since; but when I came up here to-night, and saw you so pale, I felt so wicked that I did not know what to do.”

“I did not give your reluctance a second thought, Jessie, because I know you almost always love to be ‘feet to the lame.’ But, if you have been impatient and angry, *that* is a sin against our heavenly Father.”

“I know it, dear Gertrude! Oh! if you could only help me! You are so good!”

“Hush, Jessie! The Bible says, ‘There is none good but one, — that is God.’ If I can help you any, it will be only because God is so kind that he permits me to be of use to you. Tell me, darling, — should you be willing to change places with me?” Gertrude could see the rosy flush come over Jessie’s cheek; and she read her hesitation aright. “I do not mean,” she continued,

"to ask you if your love for me would be great enough for you to make the sacrifice to relieve me. I only meant to ask, if you would be willing to suffer pain, and to be deprived of a great many pleasures."

"No, Gertrude: I often wonder how you can bear it."

"Then you think I have more to bear than you?"

"Oh, yes! I am sure of it."

"If I tell you, then, what helps me, and *how* it helps me, don't you think it will help you?"

"Perhaps," — with a doubtful shake of the head.

"But, Gertrude, — you will not think I am wicked? — in one way you do not have so much to bear. People are always kind to you, and never ask you to do what you do not wish."

"But, for that very reason, I have a temptation in another way. If I did not try to guard against it, I should become, as I dare say I often seem, selfish and exacting."

"I will not be selfish now, Gertrude, much as I love to talk with you. You are so worn out with pain, you ought not to talk any more."

"Only a few more words, Jessie. Whenever I am patient, whenever I am unselfish, it is because I have been thinking about Jesus Christ. You know how often I ask you to read me about his sufferings; and I want to hear of them, and read of them, over and over again. And then, when the sharp pain comes, it never seems so hard to bear, with the thought of him in my mind. You shall come in here to-morrow morning before breakfast, — that is the hour I always have to myself; but you shall share a part of it, whenever I am well enough, — and we will read about Jesus together. He can aid you, darling, as well as me."

Jessie returned the soft pressure of her sister's lips by a dozen passionate kisses, and flew out of the room. Gertrude felt her warm tear on her own cheek.

Gertrude Maurice had been one of the sprightliest girls in her native town. She was very ambitious, as well as very intelligent; and, when placed by her father at school in a neighboring city, her application had been so intense for two years that it brought on an acute nervous disease. Gertrude, at the age of sixteen, was a confirmed invalid; a hopeless one the physician would not call her. He said her constitution was naturally good, and that she might recover in time, but it would be after many years of suffering. For four years, she had never known the blessing of a day of health. For a great part of the time, her disease had taken away the power of locomotion, and she was obliged to be carried from her bed to her couch. At the time of which we write, an unusually severe attack had just commenced, and rendered her, if possible, more helpless than before.

And how had Gertrude borne all this? At first, bravely; for she was a girl of great fortitude. For months, she endured, without a murmur, the various fluctuations of pain and weakness; but, when at last she was able to sit up, and even to ride out a little, she became impatient of her slow recovery, and one day asked the physician, in a fretful tone, "if he never meant to get her well." She was alone when she asked him, and the doctor was a Christian.

He answered, "My dear child, you will not recover from this illness for a very long time. If it were in my power to give you health, I would gladly do it; but you must not murmur because our heavenly Father has

appointed this trial for you. Ask him for strength to bear it, and be sure that he will not turn away from your cry. We are all placed here to do his work. Your part of it now is to be resigned to his will."

Gertrude made no reply, and the doctor left her. Mrs. Maurice detained him some time below stairs to ask him many questions concerning her daughter; and, when she came into Gertrude's room, she found her so still, so silent, so different from the excited girl she had left, that she was astonished. Gertrude offered no explanation of her altered manner; but, from the moment the doctor spoke, her old life had vanished, and her new life stood before her. But what a life! — full of pain, of weariness, of privation. How could she ever endure these things?

The doctor had told her to call upon God; but her voice was mute. Her prayers had hitherto been formal and cold, and she could not pray. She was in a still, dumb despair. She could not appeal to either father or mother, — they were not then religious people; and she had no friend who had ever spoken any words of life to her. Her thoughts turned to the doctor. If she could only see him again alone, she would try to speak to him. The opportunity was delayed for a long time; but it came at length.

One stormy morning, which Mrs. Maurice had set aside for some indispensable household duty, and when Gertrude was well enough to be left alone, Dr. Gilbert entered Gertrude's room. He rubbed his hands by the cheerful blaze of the little fire, and sat down; declaring that Gertrude looked so comfortable, he had half a mind to spend the morning with her.

Gertrude felt that she must speak now. "I am very comfortable, so far as outward things can make me," she said, sadly; "but my heart is not comfortable. I have been thinking a great deal of what you said the last time you saw me alone. You said that God would help me to bear the pain and privation that were before me; but I cannot ask him. I do not know the way."

The gay expression of the doctor's face changed in an instant to a grave smile. "If I could help you, Gertrude," he said, hesitatingly.

"Oh, you can! you can!" she exclaimed. "If you would only once pray with me! No one has ever spoken to me before as you did; and your words seemed to make every thing different."

The doctor paused a moment. In his life, he had never prayed with any one out of his own household; but he was too true a servant of his blessed Master not to see that it was his duty to pray with her and for her. The first few words of prayer came low and tremblingly; and then, forgetting himself, he sought to lead the heart of the frail being by his side upward to the Father who was more ready to grant than she to ask.

Gertrude was silent for many minutes after the earnest tones ceased. She was mastering her emotion; and at length she said, quite calmly, "You have done more good to my soul, Dr. Gilbert, than you ever have to my body, kind and faithful as you have been these many months. I feel now that I can pray myself; but I shall need some one to assist me. It is a very great trial to which I am called; and will you not come often to see me? Come when you think I am alone, and when you can talk with me."

"God bless you, my dear, and give you the strength you need! Such aid as I can give shall always be yours. I wish I could remain longer with you now: but you are not alone; for the Father will be with you."

From that time, the progress of Gertrude in the Christian life was steadily onward. She had many trials. Her disease itself made her irritable; and she was in danger of feeling that too many sacrifices must be made to her on account of her feeble health. Then the countless privations she was called upon every day to endure were for a time very trying. She had earthly help, as well as heavenly, however. Christian friends were given; and now she was like a ministering angel in the household. Very few were the works of her hands; but the example of patience and resignation and unselfishness was not lost upon any of the family.

We have said thus much of Gertrude — though our story will chiefly relate to Jessie — because we would have our young readers know the influences which helped to form Jessie's character. Early the next morning, Jessie's gentle knock at her sister's door was answered by a cheerful "Come in!"

"Oh! it has been so lovely this morning, Jessie! I have been awake a long time, and have enjoyed the morning so much!"

"Has your pain gone, sister?" asked Jessie, as she passed her hand fondly over Gertrude's beautiful hair.

"Quite gone, Jessie. I think the worst is over now for the time, and I rested very quietly. But now, darling, you may read to me. Read the fourth chapter of St. John." Jessie read, and Gertrude listened. When she had finished, Gertrude resumed, "We make very

great mistakes, often, in thinking that children cannot be Christians. You can be a Christian, Jessie, just as well as the oldest person living. You remember what the hymn says:—

‘The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.’

God requires of all his children obedience to his laws. These laws are fewer and simpler in childhood than when we grow older; and you can do his will now as well as if you were a woman.”

“Yes, sister, I know that; but then, I don’t think. I forget that I have resolved to be good.”

“Suppose, Jessie, that mamma was to go away, to be gone a long time, and should leave you some written directions, telling you what to do. Suppose that you made a resolution that you would read them every night. Some nights you would be half asleep before you had finished them; on others, you would read them so fast that you could not understand them. Do you think you should be likely to do all she requested?”

“No, indeed; unless I kept running to look at them.”

“Ah, Jessie! that is the very thing. We do not keep running to look at God’s directions to us. We read the Bible hurriedly, perhaps just before we retire, or in the morning when we are eager to hasten to some pleasure; and we do not go to the Bible at other times to find out our duty. But why would you go constantly to the directions?”

“Oh! because I should want mamma to be pleased with me.”

"But, dear Jessie! God's pleasure, when you do right, is greater than an earthly parent's can possibly be. You must try to think of him often, — to feel that he is watching you; and, if you are in doubt as to your duty, there are the written directions."

"But how can I think often of God? I am busy or playing almost all the time."

"That need not prevent your thinking of God. If you are at work, you can ask him to aid you to be faithful in its performance; if you are at play, you can be gentle and kind, because he requires it. But if you begin the day aright, and really determine that you will try to do right; if you ask God's help sincerely, and not as a mere form of words, — you will be much more likely to have God in your thoughts than you otherwise would. Kneel down by my side now, Jessie, and we will ask God to strengthen you for this day to do his will, and to enable you to-day to begin the life of a Christian child."

Jessie followed with her heart her sister's prayer, and was silent for a moment after it was ended; and then she said, "I have been thanking God for giving me a sister who could help me to do right." Gertrude kissed her without speaking. "But, Gertrude, *you* do not pray as I do. You pray as if you felt sure that God would give you all you asked. I did not know that was the way to pray. It seemed to me just in the same way that you ask father for what you want; only," she added, reverently, "God is so much holier than any one on earth is."

"Do you think, Jessie, that father would like to give me any thing, if he felt that I thought to myself all the while, 'I'll ask him; but it won't do any good'?"

"Why, no."

"Our heavenly Father desires us to trust him entirely; and I believe that he will give us what is best for us, as fully as I believe that my earthly father will."

"What, Gertrude, Jessie here in the morning!" exclaimed Mrs. Maurice, who entered the room.

"Yes, dear mamma! and, Jessie, come again after tea. No, darling, you have not tired me; you need not look anxious."

Jessie went quietly away, thinking no one ever had such a sister as Gertrude.

ED.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

I AM an old man of eighty winters. I was once tall and erect; but my form is now bent with age, my brow deeply marked with wrinkles. My head is bald, with a few shining white locks about my temples. I am too infirm to do much with my hands or my feet; but I am not idle. I sit, these long, bright summer days, in my deep arm-chair, under the old elm-tree, whose branches spread over the roof of my humble home, kindly shading it in summer, and protecting it from the piercing winds in winter. There I sit and think, and sometimes write out my thoughts for a little band of grand and great-grand children, who come to see me every bright Sunday evening, and love to cluster about my knees, and hear my stories.

My house is within a few miles of the White Mountains, and theirs are scattered around within some half-dozen miles.

Last Sunday, little Robin, my namesake and pet grandson, brought with him his first number of "The Child's Friend" to show to grandpapa. I have been reading it now and then this week, and have been thinking that perhaps its little readers would like to hear some of my stories, — some of the incidents of my past life. Ah! I have lived many long years, — all through childhood, youth, and manhood. Old age has nearly run its course, too; and soon I shall go to my other home, — I hope in heaven. It would gladden my heart, while I yet linger here, to fill up a passing hour for you with a pleasant story, and at the same time to teach you, who are just commencing life, how to live well, and shun the faults which I have myself committed. In this letter I will tell you of my boyhood's first fault.

My father was a farmer, — a hard-working man, — who raised corn, potatoes, hay, and vegetables, with his own hands. Mother was a real helpmate to him; milking the cows, churning butter, and raising her own herbs and flowers. I was expected to do my share. At seven years of age, I drove the cows to pasture, brought in the firewood, and drew water from the old well. Ah! that old well and bucket! It still stands by the roadside; and many a traveller to Mount Washington stops in his morning drive for a draught from its clear, cold spring. I had twin-sisters younger than myself; while Frankie and Annie were some years older.

I remember I was loved by every one. People called me sweet-tempered and obliging; but my father and

mother often, very often, reproved me for a fault which seemed sorely to trouble them. I was a sad loiterer. I would do whatever I was told to do in a pleasant, gentle manner, but would take my own time to do it in.

Now, my little readers, you may think this a slight fault; but let me tell you it is a very serious one. I went on indulging in it month after month, year after year. It seemed to be my only fault; and perhaps I met with less reproof than if I had been a passionate or ill-tempered boy. Listen to the sad event, which, but for this fault, might never have taken place in our happy home. Back of our house, far away through cornfields, apple-orchard, and wide pastures, was the Saco River, running clear and deep between steep banks shaded by shrubbery and trees. In one place, the river was so shallow that at times we could wade through it. Happy days, though "few and far between," when father took us there, and let us launch our little boats on the swift current! How we shouted and laughed as we forded the river, leaping from stone to stone, with many a stumble, and now and then a splash and a plunge into deep water! Our shoes and stockings we left on the clean grassy bank. Oh! what delight to feel the cool stream gushing and rippling around our naked limbs! Little we cared if sometimes our clothing was wet through and through, if only father looked happy and smiled. But we were sad rogues; and often his voice was raised in warning. Now it was, "Frankie, look out!" and now it was, "Robin, what will your mother say?" Yet, for all, we had grand frolic and play; and father could not bear to check us much, we were so happy.

But to return to our story. We were never allowed to go to the river alone. One bright sunny afternoon, mother had sent the twins to gather windfalls in the orchard : farther than that, they were not to go. Full of delight, they set out on their errand. They loved dearly to pick up the red apples, they liked better the prospect of mamma's nice pies and huge turnovers. Their baskets were soon heaped full of rosy-cheeked apples; and then they began to amuse themselves with playing hide-and-seek among the trees, as their mother had told them they might for a little while.

(To be concluded.)

SUN-DIALS.

THE first sun-dial mentioned in history is that of Ahaz, who began to reign twelve years before the building of Rome. The allusion to it is in these words: "Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the dial of Ahaz ten degrees backwards" (Isa. xxxviii. 8). The dial in use among the ancient Jews appears to have differed from that in use among us. Theirs was a kind of stairs: the time of the day was distinguished, not by lines, but by steps or degrees: the shade of the sun every hour moved forward to a new degree. Several of the Grecian astronomers and mathematicians constructed dials. Thales is said to have made one; as also Aristarchus and Anaximenes. Herodotus informs us that the Greeks borrowed the invention from the Babylonians. The first sun-dial used at Rome was set up by L. Papirius Cursor, about three hundred years

before Christ; but this, being found to be inaccurate, was subsequently replaced by a more correct one. Before the use of dials in Rome, there was no division of the day into hours; nor does that word occur in the "Twelve Tables." They only mention sun-rising and sun-setting, before and after mid-day. According to Pliny, mid-day was not added until some years afterward; an *accensus* of the consuls being appointed to call out the time when he saw the sun from the senate-house, between the Rostra and the place called Græcostosis, where the ambassadors from Greece and other foreign countries used to stand.

In course of time, machines moved by water-power were invented for the measurement of the day. The invention of the first of these water-clocks has been ascribed to Ctesibius of Alexandria, who lived about the year 250 before the Christian era. But some means of measuring time by the running of water was used at Athens before this period. Water-clocks were introduced at Rome in the year 157 before Christ. In these clocks, the water issued, drop by drop, through a hole of the vessel, and fell into another, in which a light body, that floated, marked the height of the water as it rose. The writer of an able article on "Time Measures," in that excellent English journal, the "Family Friend," says, "For a long time, the Roman people had nothing in their houses to announce the hours when night had thrown

‘Its dusky mantle o’er the earth.’

During the day, they could know the hours after water-clocks had been constructed at the public expense, and placed in open buildings erected in various parts of the

city. The case seems to have been the same in Greece; and rich families kept particular servants, whose duty it was to announce to their masters and mistresses certain periods of the day, as pointed by the city clepsydræ. By and by, water-clocks were kept in the palaces of the great. Potronius mentions a potentate who had one in his dining-room, and a servant attached near it to proclaim the hours, 'that his voluptuous master might know how much of his lifetime was spent; for he did not wish to lose one single moment without enjoying pleasure.' "

In the Grecian courts of justice, a practice was observed which might not be without its use in some of our own departments. Lest the speeches of the advocates should weary the patience of the judges, and prevent them from proceeding to other business, they were limited to a certain time, which was measured by an hour-glass used with water; and, that no fraud might be practised, a person was appointed to distribute the water equally to both parties. When the water had run out of the glass, they were to conclude their speeches. But while the laws quoted by them were read, or if any other important business intervened, the glass was stopped. "Let him speak until my water be run out," was said by an orator, who, having ended his speech before the time allowed him was expired, gave to his adversary the remaining part of it.

In England, the use of bells and clock-towers, sundials, hour-glasses, and other measures of time, are of considerable antiquity. A famous clock-tower stood formerly near Westminster Hall; that at Christ Church, Oxford, St. Alban's, and several others, still remain; and it is becoming a fashion to erect them in useful places in modern times. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

THE PRETTY PICTURES.

I AM a little peasant girl :
 My father's very poor :
 No rich and handsome things have we ;
 No carpet on our floor.

And yet this morning, when I woke,
 I saw, to my surprise,
 Four pretty pictures in my room,
 Alike in shape and size.

The first was of a lake so clear,
 With woods encircled round,
 Through which there sprang a frightened deer,
 Pursued by many a hound.

The second is a quiet stream,
 Which through a valley winds :
 Tall trees and shrubs are on the brink,
 And flowers of various kinds.

The next a little hamlet seems,
 With its neat church and spire :
 Behind it, hills and mountains rise
 Up to the clouds, and higher.

The last is a vast waterfall,
 Which a broad lake supplies :
 Masses of water tumble down,
 And clouds of spray arise.

These pictures all will fade away, —
I know it to my sorrow;
But mother says she thinks I'll have
Four other ones to-morrow.

Who gives them to me, do you ask?
And how much do they cost?
The giver I have never seen;
The painter is — JACK FROST.

Opal.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

How many times have we seen puzzled countenances as we have asked "the children" what was meant by Thanksgiving Day! Roast-turkey, plum-pudding, mince-pie; going to some grandpapa's or uncle's; and eating and playing to the utmost, — seem to comprise their idea of the day. We cannot so much wonder at this when we see our scattered congregations on this day; for we suppose that children take their ideas from the example of their elders.

But, children, Thanksgiving Day is one of the most beautiful festivals of the year, rightly considered. If every person, who was not detained at home by illness or the care of those who were unable to care for themselves, went to church on that morning to praise God for his great goodness, and then returned to pass the day in innocent festivity, it would indeed, be a day among a thousand.

Do we need to have famine stare us in the face to

make us appreciate our plenty? Do we need to be reduced to poverty to feel how good God is when he loads our tables, and when the bursting barns promise abundant supplies for months to come? "Oh! I have to go to church on Sunday, and I don't want to go to-day," says many a child to his mother. Very probably he is indulged in his wish, and remains at home.

But, my little friend, do not ask to stay at home again. God has been very good to you. He has given you loving parents, a comfortable shelter, a warm fire, thick garments to protect you from the cold, and abundance of food. You do not think every day how much, how very much, you have to be thankful for. But here is a day which the wisdom of our forefathers set apart for men — ay, and children too — to remember their blessings. They knew that men did not think of them as they should; they knew that men took God's good gifts as if they were their right; and they desired to call them, on one day in the year, to number over their blessings, and to see and realize how many and how great they were.

We should be sorry to see Thanksgiving Day turned from any of its enjoyment: only, in justice to the purpose for which it was appointed, in gratitude to the great Giver of all things, we ought surely to assemble in the "congregation of the people" to "sing praises unto the Lord."

The pleasure of the rest of the day, if less noisy, would be more real; if more subdued, would be more heartfelt. Do not let this day come and go without bearing on its wings your song of love and gratitude and praise to your Maker. The remembrance of God, and

the recognition of him as the Author of all things, does not produce gloominess nor check the peal of laughter. The happiest man is he who thinks most of God; who tries most to serve him; and who acknowledges him in all the events of his life, whether great or small.

Thank God, then, for all the friends who gather with you to the "feast of fat things;" and, if a chair is vacant by that board which last year was filled by one as joyful as you, thank God, that, through his blessed Son, he has taught that there will one day be a meeting of friends which shall know no parting. ED.

THE TRUMPETER SWAN.

THERE are several species of the swan on our continent; and among them none are more noteworthy than the *trumpeter swan*, of which I will give you a slight sketch. The trumpeter makes a singular noise; to which circumstance he is indebted for his name. He is much in the habit of blowing his own trumpet, like some other animals with the same number of legs, but without feathers.

All the American swans are migratory; that is, they pass from north to south every autumn, and back again from south to north in the beginning of spring. The period of their migration is different with the three species. The trumpeter is the earliest, — preceding all other birds, with the exception of the eagles. They seek the north at the breaking up of the ice. Sometimes they arrive at a point in their journey where this has not

taken place. In such cases, they fly back again until they reach some river or lake where the ice has disappeared, where they remain a few days, and wait the opening of the waters farther north. When they are thus retarded and sent back, it is always in consequence of some unusual and unseasonable weather.

The swans go northward to breed. Why they do so is a mystery. Perhaps they feel more secure in the inhospitable wastes that lie within the Arctic circle. The trumpeters breed as far south as latitude sixty-one; but most of them retire within the frigid zone. They build in marshes and the islands of lakes. Where the musk-rat abounds, his dome-shaped dwelling — at that season, of course, deserted — serves often as the breeding-place both for the swans and wild-geese. On the top of this structure, isolated as it is in the midst of great marshes, these birds are secure from all their enemies, the eagle excepted.

The eggs of the trumpeter are very large, — one of them being enough to make a good meal for a man. Six or seven eggs is the usual setting. The cygnets, when half or full grown, are esteemed good eating, and are much sought after by the hunters and Indians of the fur countries.

When the cygnets are full-grown, and the frost makes its appearance upon the lakes and rivers of the cold regions, the swans begin to shift southward. They do not migrate directly, as in the spring, but take more time on their journey, and remain longer in the countries through which they pass. This, no doubt, arises from the fact that a different motive or instinct now urges them. In the spring, they are under the impulse of

love to their young. Now they range from lake to lake and stream to stream, in search only of food; winging their way to the great lakes, and afterward along the Atlantic coast, and by the line of the Mississippi, to the marshy shores of the Mexican Sea.

The swan is eagerly hunted by the Indians who inhabit the fur countries. Its skin brings a good price from the traders, and its quills are valuable. Besides, the flesh is a consideration with these people, whose life, it must be borne in mind, is one continuous struggle for food, and who, for one-half the year, live upon the very verge of starvation. The swan, therefore, being a bird that weighs between twenty and thirty pounds, ranks among large game, and is hunted with proportionate ardor. Every art the Indian can devise is made use of to circumvent these great birds; and snares, traps, and decoys of all kinds, are employed in the pursuit. But the swans are among the shyest of God's creatures. They fly so rapidly, unless when beating against the wind, that it requires a practised shot to hit them on the wing. Even when molting their feathers, or when young, they can escape, — fluttering over the surface of the water faster than a canoe can be paddled.

The most usual method of hunting them is by snares. These are set in the following manner: A lake or river is chosen, where it is known the swans are in the habit of resting for some time on their migration southward; for this is the principal season of swan-catching. Some time before the birds make their appearance, a number of wicker-hedges are constructed, running perpendicularly out from the bank, and at a distance of a few yards from each other. In the spaces between, as well

as in openings left in the fences themselves, snares are set. These snares are made of the intestines of the deer, twisted into a round shape, and looped. They are placed so that several snares may embrace the opening; and the swans cannot pass through without being caught. The snare is fastened to a stake, driven into the mud with sufficient firmness to hold the bird when caught and struggling. That the snare may not be blown out of its proper place by the wind, or carried astray by the current, it is attached to the wattles of the hedge by some strands of grass. These, of course, are easily broken, and give way the moment a bird presses against the loop. The fences or waddle-hedges are always constructed projecting out from the shore; for it is known that the swans must keep close in to the land while feeding. Whenever a lake or river is sufficiently shallow to make it possible to drive in stakes, the hedges are continued across it from one side to the other.

Swans are also snared upon their nests. When a nest is found, the snare is set so as to catch the bird upon her return to the eggs. These birds, like many others, have the habit of entering the nest on one side, and going out by the other; and it is upon the entrance-side that the snare is set. The Indians have a belief, that, if the hands of the persons setting the snare be not clean, the bird will not approach it, but rather desert her eggs, even though she may have been hatching them for some time. It is, indeed, true that this is a habit of many birds, and may well be so of the wild-swan. Certain it is that the nest is always reconnoitred by the returning bird with great caution; and any irregularity appearing about it will render her extremely shy of approaching it.

Swans are often shot among the Indians, in the fur countries, by torch-light. The hunter chooses a dark night, and paddles his canoe along slowly and carefully, with torch-lights burning. The swans are dazzled and attracted by the lights; the hunter draws near them; and so the poor birds are shot. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

THE BRAZIL-NUT TREE.

THE Brazil nut-tree may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist. This tree thrives well in the province of Brazil; and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries.

It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and, in appearance, is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit, in its natural condition, resembles a cocoa-nut; being extremely hard, and of about the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-cornered nuts, nicely packed together; and to obtain the nuts, as they appear in market, these shells have to be broken open.

During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to knock down the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner, they are perfectly secure from injury. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

RIDDLES.

TRANSLATIONS FROM SCHILLER.

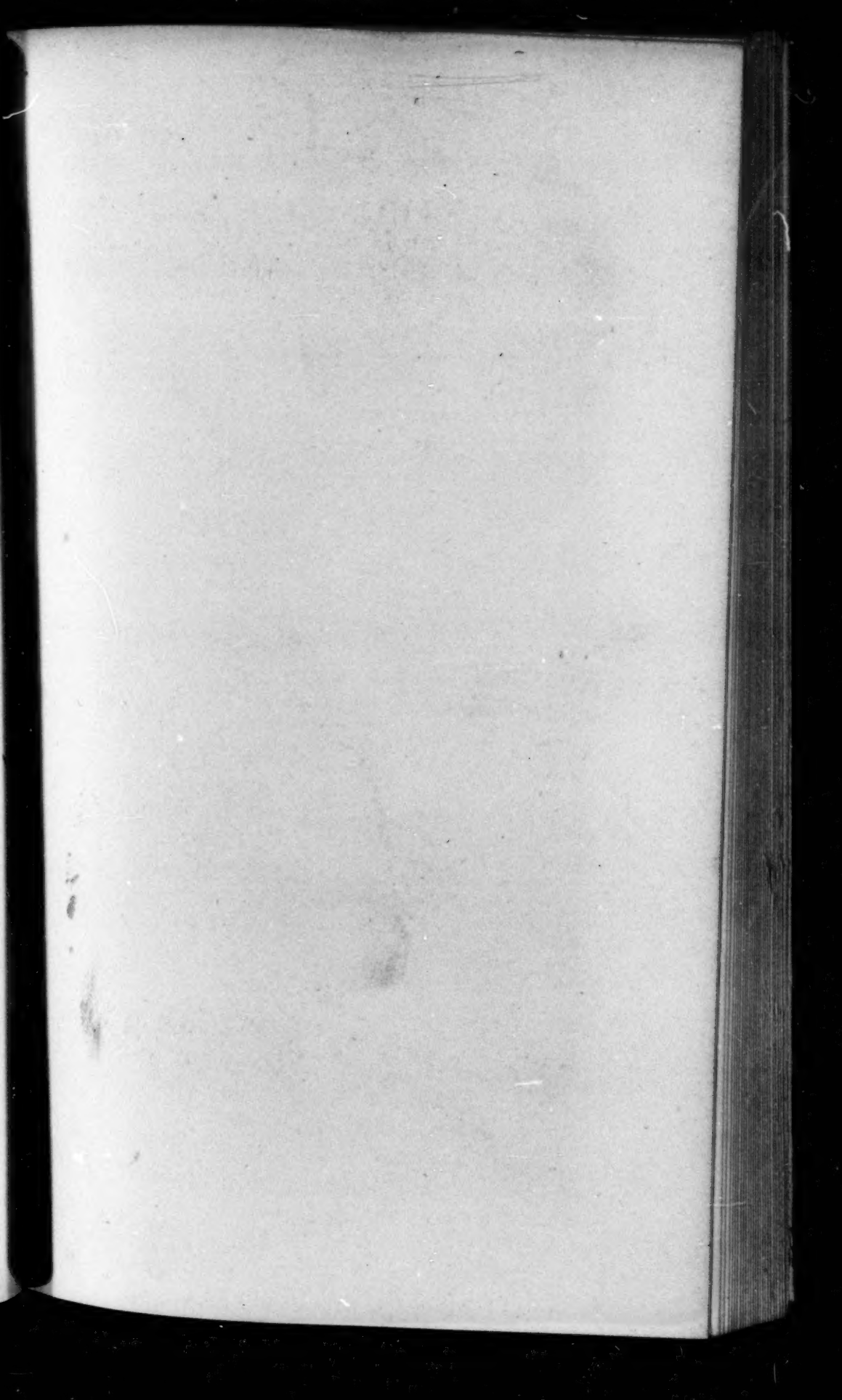
I.

THERE is a mansion vast and fair,
 That doth on unseen pillars rest:
 No wanderer leaves the portals there;
 Yet each how brief a guest!
 The craft by which that mansion rose,
 No thought can picture to the soul:
 'Tis lighted by a lamp which throws
 Its stately shimmer through the whole.
 As crystal clear, it rears aloof
 The single gem which forms its roof;
 And never hath the eye surveyed
 The master who that mansion made.

II.

Up and down two buckets ply
 A single well within:
 While the one comes full on high,
 One the deeps must win.
 Full or empty, never ending,
 Rising now, and now descending;
 Always while you quaff from this,
 That one lost in the abyss;
 From that well the waters living
 Never both together giving.

Selected.





PAINTED BY T. S. READ

ENGRAVED BY J. MARTIN

EXCLUSION.

EXCELSIOR: A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS.

SEE ENGRAVING.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S exquisite poem, with which all our readers are, we hope, familiar, represents a youth whose love of fame leads him to forsake home and domestic enjoyments, and to brave the greatest dangers; and our engraving shows him almost at the mountain-summit. It has occurred to us that a noble lesson might be drawn from the noble motto, and one particularly appropriate to the season of the year.

Christmas is a time of especial rejoicing for our blessed Saviour's birth. You all know that it is he who alone has shown us the way of life, that he has "opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers," and that in him we have the highest example of goodness. He alone is worthy of imitation; and to him alone we should aspire. If you begin now, while you are young, to follow his example, you will, as you go higher and higher towards the heavenly life, find still new heights above you, and still a voice in your hearts crying "Excelsior!"

If heretofore, dear children, you have been content with a low aim; if you have said to yourselves that you should like to be as good as some earthly friend, and have hitherto only copied him; or if you have only desired to be good that you might be agreeable in the sight of your fellow-men, — let this Christmas-time remind you of a nobler aim, of One whom only you should imitate, and lead you to desire goodness for its own sake. You may set bounds to your earthly desires; you may determine how much wealth or how much

learning you need, and may limit your exertions accordingly; but not so with virtue. We must be constantly going higher. If we are not going upward, we are going downward. In the life of the soul, nothing is stationary.

Fix your spirit's eyes, then, children, on the Saviour. He is farther above you in purity than mortal heart can imagine; and yet he would draw you to him. The same being, who is so infinite in holiness, yet has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and, "He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

That alpine summit, at which the youth in our engraving aimed, was cold and dreary; and, at its far height, he might have said, "And is this all?" But on the heights of goodness there is no disappointment. Each peak that we gain seems more satisfying, more glorious, than the last; and, though we may still be ascending when the scenes of this world close upon us, it is a blessed thought that in another we may continue our upward course.

Blessed, forever-blessed Christmas! We shall never in this world realize the myriad blessings that have streamed upon our lives from the Saviour's birth. We cannot love the day too much, nor make it too much a season of rejoicing: only, dear children, — and all our readers are old enough to comply with the suggestion, — let one half-hour of its happy light be spent in quiet thought or talk of him whose birth the whole Christian church commemorate; of him who was once a child; of him who took little children in his arms, and blessed them; of him who lifted the dark shadow from the valley of death, and brought to us the glorious certainty of an eternal life. Higher! higher! until we reach that heavenly home.

ED.

THE ELDER SISTER.

(Concluded from p. 206.)

WHEN the day came, and Susan, dressed in the new gingham, and her hair smooth and glossy, was ready to receive her young friends, she suddenly turned to Adelaide, and said, in her blunt way, "I've plagued you, I know, Ada; but I thought you meant to plague me. I don't think so now."

"I am glad of it," said Adelaide, in her quiet manner. "I hope my dear little sister will believe that I only wish to make her happy."

Susan was more ready to believe it when the party was over; for Adelaide exerted all her powers to render the afternoon pleasant, and Frank willingly helped her. Matilda more reluctantly allowed herself to be persuaded, but, once yielding, did her utmost; so that the young guests were undecided which to prefer, — the kind and gentle Miss Wallace, or the very amusing and entertaining Mrs. Holbrook.

"I will try to be good," were Susan's last words, as she kissed both her sisters that night; and Matilda had the discretion to refrain from any censure of the past; while Adelaide warmly returned the kiss, and said, "I am sure you will."

Time passed on. Matilda's visit was over; and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace returned from their journey, — leaving Charles at Atherton, to the great vexation of Susan. She had, however, a long letter from him, — ill spelled and worse written, — in which he expressed his delight

with his new residence, and his desire of remaining. Susan, divided between pleasure that he was happy and resentment that he could be so without her, resolved to be contented without him; and, as she had already begun to find pleasure in her sisters' society, she spent more and more time with them. Adelaide offered to assist her in her lessons, and, idle and inattentive as she often was, never lost patience, and, knowing that the child was continually blamed (deservedly enough, it must be confessed), sought every occasion to commend her, and, when she found it necessary to reprove, did so in the gentlest manner. Susan began first to feel ashamed of giving so much trouble; then to value the praises she received; then to desire to deserve them; and finally, completely won by Adelaide's forbearing and forgiving love, to long to be like her.

"I think, Ada," she said one afternoon, after a long silence, — "I think it must be very easy for pretty children to be good." Adelaide, a little surprised, made no answer; and Susan went on: "They are loved and praised so much, you know. There's our Emma, with such beautiful blue eyes and bright curls: everybody says how very pretty she is; and she can't help being good. And Lucy looks so bright and happy, and has such winning little ways, that she gets petted too. But everybody tells me how rude and awkward and homely I am; and it isn't of any use to try to be any thing else."

"Emma is very pretty indeed," replied Adelaide; "so pretty, that I am afraid the praise she has may make her vain. I do not think she finds it much easier to be good on that account, though I dare say her beauty often shields her from blame. But, Susy, after the first im-

pression is over, people do not think so very much of beauty: good character will win its reward in the love and respect of those who know us. And you need not think yourself so very plain. Your features are well enough when you look pleasant; and your hair, now that you keep it smooth, is very soft and glossy. Mother said, only yesterday, that she had no idea you were such a pretty girl."

Susan brightened up at this. "I'll try to keep neat, and have a pleasant face," she said; "and, now I have you to tell me and help me, I can break myself of my rude ways perhaps."

Matilda would have answered, that she might have had that help before; but Adelaide only replied by an affectionate caress, which made Susan feel that she had her sister's sympathy. As she left the room, to find the little girls, Frank entered. He closed the door which Susan had left open, and, coming to Adelaide with a countenance beaming with delight, laid on the table before her two gold eagles. She looked up inquiringly.

"Don't you remember lending me some money last spring?" he said. "It saved me, Ada; for I was able, with that help, to break off from my bad associates. But I never meant to take it as a gift, although you would not let me know how much you sacrificed in letting me have it. I never could thank you enough, my darling sister; but I shall, at least, have the satisfaction of repaying you the money."

"But, Frank," she began.

"Oh! you needn't say a word; you *must* take it. Half of it I gained by school-prizes; and, as you helped me in my lessons, it is rightfully yours. And as for

the other yellow-bird, oh ! I earned it somehow, — honestly though. Ada," he added, more seriously, " the very working for this, and saving it to repay you, has been of great benefit to me. I have gained in energy and perseverance, in self-denial and steadiness, by it ; and you must not refuse me the pleasure of restoring it to you."

Thus urged, Adelaide did not refuse ; and most gratefully did she acknowledge, in her prayers, the blessing that had accompanied her labors. It was fortunate for her that Susan's affection had been gained ; for Mrs. Wallace's subsequent illness obliged Adelaide to relinquish the care of the little girls, and they were necessarily much with Susan. Still she continued her oversight of them ; and Susan, truly penitent for her past misconduct, strove to deserve her sister's confidence ; and Frank was ever her supporter and assistant.

Mrs. Wallace lingered a long time a complete invalid, irritable and capricious to a degree that rendered it a most difficult and painful task to attend on her ; and although Adelaide and Frank, as well as Mr. Wallace, did all that affection and care could do, they could not succeed in making her at all happy or comfortable. After two years, she died ; and perhaps her death was a relief, though not owned as such by her husband or children. Respect for her they could not have. She had always been indolent, exacting, and selfish ; and, though sometimes weakly indulgent to her children, she had cared little for them, and they, in return, bestowed little affection upon her. But Adelaide's teachings and example had led them to pity her sufferings, to excuse her faults, and to treat her with the respectful kindness that children owe to their parents.

"I have not been a good daughter, Ada," said Matilda, sadly, as she stood, with her child in her arms, by the side of the dead: "I have neglected my duty in that respect. I will at least endeavor to be a good wife and mother, that my husband and my little Ada here may sorrow for me when I am gone."

To one who strove as earnestly to do right as did Adelaide Wallace, trial and cares could only teach new reliance on her heavenly Friend; and, when all the household responsibilities came upon her, she went forward as she had done before, — simply and trustfully, performing the duty of the present, and satisfied to leave the future in the hands of the All-wise. Her brothers and sisters, led by her gentle influence, grew up in the love of truth and duty; and, when after some years she left her father's home for one of her own, Susan, a lady-like, intelligent young woman of twenty, was well fitted to take her place as mistress of the house. Frank, in partnership with his father, was winning a high reputation for integrity and capacity; and Lucy and Emma, sweet, amiable girls, were the delight and comfort of their happy home.

All came to Ada's wedding, of course, — Mr. Heywood and Aunt Lucy; Charles, who, true to his early preference, had remained mostly at Atherton, and was now a happy young farmer; and Mr. Holbrook, with Matilda and her little ones.

"How lovely you look, dearest Ada!" said Susan, fondly, when the fair bride was completely arrayed. "I always thought you pretty; but to-night, — is she not beautiful, Matilda?"

"The beauty of holiness," said Matilda, earnestly.

"Dear Ada, before you leave us, let me thank you once more for the happiness you have conferred on this family. I believe you have saved us all; and, if those little people" — glancing towards her own three children, who were with their young aunts in an adjoining room, — "ever grow up as they should, and as I hope they will, we shall thank Aunt Ada for it; for, without Ada's example and influence, what should we have been? Love, faith, and patience, — they have been your support: they shall be mine." A. A.

VISIT TO STIRLING CASTLE.

(Concluded from p. 199.)

WILLIAM, the Earl of Douglass, met with a bloody fate in Stirling Castle. He had raised an army, and formed a confederacy of the nobility, with the avowed intention of setting at defiance the royal authority.

On this, the king invited him to come to Stirling, that they might settle the matters of dispute between them peaceably, in a personal conference. The promise of a safe convoy induced the earl to trust his person within the royal castle. At first, he was treated with all hospitality, and apparent kindness. James then led him to his private closet, and they entered into conversation. By degrees, their altercation grew warm, — James insisting that Douglass should dissolve his rebellious confederacy, while the latter steadily refused to obey the command. At last, the king, rising from his seat in fury, exclaimed, grasping his dagger as he spoke, "If

you will not break this league, I shall!" and instantly plunged the weapon into the earl's heart. The apartment is still shown in which the murder was perpetrated, and is known by the name of "Douglass Room." It is in the north-west corner of the castle, in the suite of rooms which anciently formed part of the royal residence, and are now occupied as a fort. Our guide pointed out to us the window from which the body of the earl was thrown after he had been murdered.

One of the buildings in the castle is called the Palace. It was built by James V. It is a quadrangular edifice, with a court in the centre, and is remarkable in its exterior appearance, on account of some very quaint and elaborate carvings in stone. The figures are full of spirit, and, considered as the productions of so remote an age, are altogether wonderful. Nor are they less interesting in another point of view; for there is reason to believe that they are not fancy sketches, but resemblances taken from living originals.

On the west side of the castle-square is a long, low building, which was originally a chapel, and is now used as a storehouse and armory.

On the north and west, the descent of Castle Hill is almost a perpendicular precipice: down it there is a winding and dangerous path, called in Gaelic Ballan-geich, or "Windy Pass."

It is said that James V., when he occupied the throne of Scotland, used to descend this pass, and, in disguise, visit the neighboring villages, for the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently, also, from the less justifiable motive of gallantry. On one of these excursions, he had an adventure which well-

nigh cost him his life. He had been paying his addresses to a pretty girl of the lower rank, which excited the jealousy of some other of her admirers, who attacked him while on his return. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of the sword, the king took his post on a narrow bridge, and defended himself bravely. A peasant, who was threshing in a neighboring barn, heard the noise, and came out in season to take the side of the weaker party, and disperse the assailants by threshing them lustily with his flail. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and towel to remove the stains of the broil. This being procured, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing the farm of Braehead, upon which he labored as a servant. The lands chanced to belong to the crown; and James directed him to come to the palace of Holly-rood and inquire for the guidmon (i. e., farmer) of Ballangeich, — a name by which he was known in his excursions.

The peasant presented himself accordingly, and found with astonishment that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown-charter of the farm of Braehead, under the service of presenting a ewer, basin, and towel for the king to wash his hands whenever he shall pass the Bridge of Cramond. In 1822, when George IV. came to Scotland, the descendant of this John Howison of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his majesty water from a silver ewer.

Returning again to the castle, you see, a little to the

north, a small mound, or hill, on which executions took place; hence it is called "Heading Hill." Here the Duke of Albany, and Duncan, Earl of Lenox, and his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were beheaded in 1424.

On the south side of the castle, between it and the town, is a small valley, with a high rock on the south side, called the Ladies' Rock. In this valley, tournaments used to be held; and, from the rock, the royal ladies used to witness the exciting spectacle.

The two younger of my Irish lady companions succeeded, after a wearisome and hazardous climbing, in mounting it, for the purpose of sitting on the rude stone throne. We stood and gazed thoughtfully at the scene before us. The sun was just sinking below the horizon; and, westward, a most beautiful landscape was glowing in the mellow light. The valley of the tournaments was all still; a plot of smooth greensward, — nothing more, — it could appeal to us only by the romantic associations of the past; but, beyond it, there was a scene of rural life and landscape beauty on which the eye loved to linger. When, a half-hour after, I had parted from my companions, I returned to this spot; for it seemed to me enchanted ground. I lingered to muse and to commune with the dim and distant past. As I stood looking westward, the gray old turrets of the castle loomed up against the evening sky, and frowned down upon me; before me, far off in the fading twilight, rose majestically the bald head of Ben Lomond, thirty miles distant; while at my left lay the town, with its narrow streets and antique stone gables, presenting an irregular and picturesque view; and, still beyond this scene of

life, there lay, in solemn shadows of evening, the field of Bannockburn, which I have already mentioned. How still it is now ! Centuries have rolled by since the noise of its battle was hushed, and the bones of its victims bleached ; but to my excited imagination it seemed that I should even now see the marks of carnage, and hear sounds from the war-camp. But let the reveries of that evening hour be confidential between me and the high old rock. Suffice it to say, that, long after nightfall, I wound my way through the streets to my hotel, and made preparations for an early start by coach for the Highlands. — *Merry's Museum.*

“THERE IS JOY AMONG THE ANGELS OF
HEAVEN.”

KNEELING 'mid the bright-robed angels
That surround our Father's throne,
One, with weariness and sadness,
Bowed his drooping head alone ; —

And, when ceased the mighty anthem,
Rose his deep and solemn strain ;
While the peace and joy of heaven
Dawned upon his face again : —

“From the earth I bear the record
Of another rolling year ;
And the sins of mortal children
Weigh upon my spirit here.

"I had thought their fresh, young spirits
Had not lost their heavenly glow;
But earth's contact hath defiled them:
They have stained my book of snow!"

Then outspake another angel: —

"Earthly airs have dimmed thy sight;
For the tears that they are weeping
Thou wouldst else behold to-night; —

"Thou wouldst, o'er those pages bending,
See some dark stains vanish thence,
And wouldst own that true repentance
Far excelleth innocence.

"Lo! commissioned by our Father,
To the earth I gladly fly,
Knowing tears will cleanse the record
That I, too, must bear on high."

Then, his glorious wings unfolding,
Sped he down from upper air,
God's fresh gift — the new year — bringing,
As the falling snow-flake fair.

Shall those strong, bright pinions daily
Droop for thinking of your sin?
Shall another mournful angel
Give a blotted volume in?

No! The joy of blessed spirits
You may here on earth increase,
If you turn from paths of error
To the ways of truth and peace.

ED.

A LETTER FROM THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

(Concluded from page 229.)

WEARY with romping and chasing butterflies, at last Susie proposed just to run through the pasture to the top of the bank, and take one peep at the river. "Only one, Katie: mamma would not mind only one. Look! 'twill take but a minute. It is so pretty to see the bright water running so quickly, and hurrying round the stones!" Katie hesitated a little; then yielded, as she usually did, to her sister. Alas that children should ever disobey their kind parents, who know so much better than they what plays and pleasures are safe, and what are dangerous!

In a few minutes, the children were gazing with delight at the water below. Then the bright wild flowers, and the tempting red chickaberries, enticed them down the bank. There they sat, and filled their little aprons with their new-found treasures. An empty bird's nest was next discovered, with a shout of joy from Susie. "We'll carry it home to Robin, Katie. Perhaps he'll put it in our great elm-tree for the robins to live in." But Katie's face is almost tearful. "See, Susie! the sunlight is gone! We must go home. Mamma will be displeased, — oh! she will, indeed!" "Yes, in a minute, Katie. Just let me run once across the water, as papa and Robin did the other day!" And, quick as thought, the child ran in. But, alas! she had missed the ford. It was not the place where they used to cross

on the stones. The gravelly bank sloped here quite suddenly; and in an instant she was gone. The swift current hurried her off; and she sank, with a wild scream, into the deep water.

The sun was just setting as I brought in my last armful of wood for the morning fire. My mother met me at the door. "Robin," said she, "the twins should have been home before this. Run quickly to the orchard, where I sent them to gather apples, and bring them home. Be quick, Robin! For once, do not loiter. They may have wandered towards the river. Remember, don't loiter!" But, ah! the sun was setting. I loved to see the bright sunset clouds, — to watch their ever-changing shapes and shifting colors. Sometimes, piles on piles they rose up like distant mountains, with deep valleys between, and rosy-tinted summits. Sometimes, soft fleecy clouds floated across the western sky, as if borne on wings; and I seemed to see angels' faces looking down lovingly and tenderly upon me. I climbed a high rock, as was my wont, and sat there gazing dreamily. A shrill scream roused me. My mother's warning rushed to my mind. I flew rather than ran to the orchard. The twins were not there. Katie's frantic screams brought me to the river's bank. Who can paint my agony? The little straw hat, full of flowers and berries, the little shoes, standing close to the water's edge, alone remained of my darling sister. I caught Katie in my arms, rushed to my mother, and sank, in a deep swoon, at her feet.

More than seventy years have passed, children, since that awful moment; but, to me, the event is as vivid as if it had happened yesterday. Even now, I cannot keep

back the tears as I write. But why should I tell you, my young readers, this sad tale? The hope, that, if any of you are loiterers, you may correct your fault, and not suffer for its indulgence, as I have done, is the only inducement to do it. If I had obeyed directly my mother's command, dear Susie's life might not have been lost. I should have been then in time, if not to prevent their going to the river, at least to have kept Susie from trying the dangerous ford.

The habit of loitering is a very serious fault. It is a selfish habit, too. You are considering your own pleasure, rather than that of others, when you indulge in it. Therefore you cannot be a generous, disinterested child, if you are a loiterer. You will never be decided and prompt. Your parents and friends cannot rely upon you and trust you.

Take warning by my sad experience, I implore you, lest your life be saddened as mine has been. Need I say that I became, from that moment, a prompt, obedient child? But the suffering my fault brought upon me I cannot, if I would, describe. Ask your heavenly Father's aid every night and morning, if this be your fault, and he will help you to correct and conquer it.

It is not an uncommon fault; and many a bright-eyed boy and girl will read this letter with a moistened eye; for are they not often rebuked for loitering?

Farewell, my little readers! Think of what I have told you; and perhaps some day you may hear again from

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

"WHEREWITH SHALL THE YOUNG CLEANSE HIS WAY?
BY TAKING HEED THERETO, ACCORDING TO THY
WORD." — Ps. cxix. 8.

THE close of the year is an excellent time for us all to look back upon the past, and to cleanse our ways, if they have been sinful, — to take *heed* thereto, according to God's holy word. How much of the sin and suffering of the world is caused by want of heed, — by what we call heedlessness! Your elders are by no means free from this fault; yet it is to you, now, that we would more particularly address ourselves. The angry word is spoken, and often the selfish act is committed; and the child pleads, as an excuse, "I forgot; I did not mean to be angry; but I spoke before I thought."

But, dear child, your ways will not be clean until you *learn* to think. That is a most important thing for you to learn. You say you desire to please and serve God; you really wish to become a good child. You never will do this unless you *think* of God. If you think much of God, then, when you are tempted to do what is wrong, this thought will be a shield from temptation. It will check the angry word upon your lips, and it will make you thoughtful and loving in your behavior to others. It will do you no good to make resolutions for next year, just as you did for this, unless you give heed to them. Indeed, if you make them, and do not try to keep them, it is even worse than if you had not made them at all.

But there is one thing more: the young must take heed to their ways according to the word of God. They must make the Bible their study; they must write

its laws upon their hearts, and conform their actions to them. The word of God contains the only sure directions for happiness here and hereafter. The child, who strives to walk according to God's commandments, may sometimes seem to be giving up great pleasures, and practising needless self-denial. His companions may pity him, and ridicule him, for not enjoying the good things of the present life; but he is happier than they are. The serene happiness which comes from a consciousness of trying to serve God is far, far better than the excitements of an evening's entertainment, or than the jests and laughter of the merriest associates. His companions think it is hard for him to give up their sports. It *was* hard the first time, and perhaps the second and the third; but he has now tasted so much higher pleasure, that it would be hard for him to join them.

Remember, then, young friends, that you are never to plead forgetfulness as an excuse for wrong-doing; because the Bible especially enjoins *heed* upon such as would turn from the error of their ways. A high and noble character is the most glorious and beautiful thing in the world. Architects have devoted their lives to planning and overseeing magnificent buildings; painters and sculptors have spent years in the accomplishment of some one picture or statue; and shall the child, to whom has been given an immortal soul, be too indolent or too careless to watch over it, and to see that no spot of sin remains upon it to eat in and mar its beauty? No: rather let each resolve that he will be ready to say, at the day of account, "Lord! thou deliveredst unto me ten talents. Behold, I have gained beside them ten talents more." ED.

"WATCH, MOTHER."

MOTHER ! watch the little feet
 Climbing o'er the garden wall,
 Bounding through the busy street,
 Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.
 Never count the moments lost ;
 Never mind the time it costs ;
 Little feet will go astray :
 Guide them, mother ! while you may.

Mother ! watch the little hand
 Picking berries by the way,
 Making houses in the sand,
 Tossing up the fragrant hay.
 Never dare the question ask,
 " Why to me this weary task ? "
 These same little hands may prove
 Messengers of light and love.

Mother ! watch the little tongue
 Prattling eloquent and wild, —
 What is said, and what is sung,
 By the happy, joyous child.
 Catch the word while yet unspoken ;
 Stop the vow before 'tis broken :
 This same tongue may yet proclaim
 Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother ! watch the little heart
 Beating soft and warm for you ;
 Wholesome lessons now impart ;
 Keep, oh keep, that young heart true !

Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed ;
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripening for eternity.

Home Journal.

THE GIRAFFE.

THIS beautiful and extraordinary animal is found only in Africa. As the gnu seems to combine the properties of the antelope, horse, and buffalo, so the giraffe appears to bear the characteristics of the antelope and the camel. In the opinion of modern naturalists, it holds a place by itself between the deer and antelopes. It forms, at all events, a group to which no other animals belong.

The height of the giraffe varies from thirteen to eighteen feet. Its beautiful long neck enables it to browse on the leaves of the trees on which it feeds. It is very dainty while feeding, and plucks the leaves, one by one, with its long and flexible tongue. On its head are two very remarkable projections closely resembling horns. These projections are not horns, but only thickenings of the bone of the skull, covered with skin, and bearing a tuft of black hair at the extremity of each. The fore-legs, at first sight, appear longer than the hind ones ; but this apparent difference is only caused by the great length of the shoulder-blades, as both pair of legs are of the same length at their junction with the body. Its eyes are very large and prominent, so that the animal can see on every side without turning its head. Just

over and between the eyes is a bony prominence, resembling the projecting enlargements of the skull, called horns. The use of these projections is not very well known, as although in play the giraffe will swing its head round and strike with it, yet, when it wishes to repel an assailant, it has recourse to violent and rapid kicks from its hind-legs. So light and swift are these kicks, that the eye can scarcely follow them; and so powerful are they, that the lion is not unfrequently driven off by them. Vaillant relates that a giraffe, which he was hunting, kept off his pack of dogs by its rapid kicks. Indeed, if it were to venture its head too near the lion, a blow from his tremendous paw would in all probability lay the animal prostrate.

The giraffe has much difficulty in reaching the ground with its mouth; nor does it often attempt to do so, unless it is bribed with something of which it is very fond, such as a lump of sugar. It then straddles widely with its fore-legs, and, with some trouble, succeeds in reaching the object aimed at. This attitude was noticed and copied in the Prenæstine pavement.

The appearance of this animal in its native haunts is very magnificent. "These gigantic and exquisitely beautiful animals, which are admirably formed by Nature to adorn the forests that clothe the boundless plains of the interior, are widely distributed throughout the interior of Southern Africa, but are nowhere to be met with in great numbers. In countries unmolested by the intrusive foot of man, the giraffe is found generally in herds varying from twelve to sixteen; but I have not unfrequently met with herds containing thirty individuals; and, on one occasion, I counted forty together.

This, however, was owing to chance; and about sixteen may be reckoned as the average number of a herd. These herds are composed of giraffes of various sizes, from the young giraffe of nine or ten feet in height, to the dark chestnut-colored old bull of the herd, whose exalted head towers above his companions, generally attaining to a height of upwards of eighteen feet. The females are of lower stature, and more delicately formed than the males, their height averaging from sixteen to seventeen feet. Some writers have discovered ugliness and a want of grace in the giraffe; but I consider that he is one of the most strikingly beautiful animals in the creation; and, when a herd of them is seen scattered through a grove of the picturesque parasol-topped acacias which adorn their native plains, and on whose uppermost shoots they are enabled to browse by the colossal height with which Nature has so admirably endowed them, he must indeed be slow of conception who fails to discover both grace and dignity in all their movements. There can be no doubt that every animal is seen to the greatest advantage in the haunts which Nature destined him to adorn; and, among the various living creatures which beautify creation, I have often traced a remarkable resemblance between the animal and the general appearance of the locality in which it is found.

“In the case of the giraffe, which is invariably met with among venerable forests, where innumerable blasted and weather-beaten trunks and stems occur, I have repeatedly been in doubt as to the presence of them, until I had recourse to my spy-glass; and, on referring the case to my savage attendants, I have known even their optics to fail, at one time mistaking these dilapidated

trunks for camelopards, and again confounding real camelopards with these aged veterans of the forest."

The movements of the giraffe are very peculiar, the limbs of each side appearing to act together. It is very swift, and can outrun a horse, especially if it can get among broken ground and rocks, over which it leaps with a succession of froglike hops. — *Forrester's Magazine*.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

A TRANSLATION.

(Concluded from p. 214.)

THE next day, Trappe disappeared. It was on the very day that Benoit was arrested. They asked if he had opened his door and window, and he declared he had not. They demanded to know if he was aware who had opened them. He said he did not; for, indeed, he was not sure it was Trappe. When they asked if he suspected any one, he answered that he had been arrested on suspicion, and he was not willing to be the means of another man being arrested who might be as innocent as himself; in short, he answered all their questioning with truth, but said not a word to inculcate Trappe. After having examined the case, and found there was no proof against Benoit, they were obliged to set him free; but every one remained convinced of his guilt. He perceived this in the manner in which they announced to him that he was free, and in the talk which he heard as he passed through the court. He appeared entirely unmoved by it. When

he reached home, he embraced his wife, who was transported with joy at his return, and, greeting his son, said tranquilly to him, "Silvester, you will hear it said everywhere, that, although I am acquitted, I am nevertheless a rogue, and that it was I, indeed, that let in the robbers. But do not be troubled: this will not last for ever." His wife was alarmed at his words, and unwilling to believe them; so she went out to receive the felicitations of the neighbors. Some of them turned their backs upon her without uttering a word; others regarded her with an expression of pity, and shrugged their shoulders, as if to say, "Poor woman! it is not her fault;" others declared openly what they thought. After angrily rebuking two or three, she returned, weeping and uttering loud cries, declaring they could no longer remain in the town, but absolutely must quit it at once. "If I should go away," said Benoit, "only my bad reputation would remain." "But what good will it do for you to stay?" asked his wife. "I will build up again a good reputation." "You will lose all your work." "No; because I will be the best workman in town." "There are many good workmen: how will you manage to be the best?" "When things are more difficult to manage, one must take more pains." Benoit had work on hand which had been given him before his arrest. He did this so promptly, so well, and so cheaply, that the person for whom it was done continued to employ him, although he had not a good opinion of him. He rose two hours earlier, went to bed two hours later, and worked more diligently every day, than he had been accustomed to do; so that, being obliged to employ under-workmen less often, he was able to make his

charges lower, although he furnished better work and materials. In this way, he not only kept his old patrons, but acquired new ones. He knew perfectly what people thought of him, but affected not to be disturbed by it. If he noticed that they took precautions against him, and did not dare to leave him alone in a room, he contented himself with a quiet smile, and said nothing; but, if any one passing him in the street thought proper to say any thing ill of him, he gave him a look which effectually cured him of a wish to repeat it. He saw, indeed, that they examined his accounts with a kind of distrust; but he took care to make them so clear and detailed, and to support them by so many proofs, that it was often said to him that he was over-careful. "No," he would reply, "I know well that you have a bad opinion of me: you must see clearly that I do not deceive you." At one time, a house took fire, and it threatened to spread to the next. Several firemen had tried to cut off the communication between the two buildings, but had given up, because it was so dangerous. Benoit went to the door of the threatened house: he saw that the servants did not dare to give him entrance without the permission of their master, who was away. "Ah!" said he, thrusting them aside, and forcing an entrance, "your house must be saved; afterwards you may look to see if any thing is missing." He mounted to the very top of the house, which was abandoned by every one else. In crossing one of the chambers, he saw a watch upon the mantel-piece; so he put it in his pocket, for fear some one else might take it: but then, reflecting that possibly he might perish in this enterprise, and that, if they found the watch upon him, they would take him for a thief, he

hid it in a hole in the wall. Climbing up to the place nearest the fire, he fixed himself upon a part which had already caught and was beginning to blaze: this he cut off with a few strokes of his hatchet, and then descended. He met the master of the house, and showed him where he had put the watch. "I concealed it there," said he, "because, if any person had taken it, every one would have believed it was I."

So many marks of honesty and openness, and his regular conduct under the scrutiny of all the town, began to make an impression in Benoit's favor. A rich man came to the place to erect a large manufactory. He inquired for the best carpenter, and it was impossible not to point out Benoit to him. He employed him, and was so much pleased with his intelligence, his zeal, and his uprightness, that he pronounced him a very honest man. This produced much effect, as it came from a man of influence. Benoit's reputation as a workman now extended throughout the province. He had charge of important undertakings, and was able even to venture upon some of less importance on his own account. This brought him in contact with a great many people, all of whom formed a high opinion of his character. He was no longer watched with suspicion, though it was still questioned how his window and door were open for the entrance of the robbers into the town. Many believed that he knew all about it. The rich man who had employed him to build his manufactory, and who had become interested in him, told him, one day, that he ought to explain this affair. "That would be useless," said Benoit, "if I should establish entirely my character as an honest man." Finally, the townspeople ceased to

occupy themselves about the affair, since they were convinced he could have taken no part in it. Many months after this, one of the robbers was caught, and he confessed the whole story. Every one thronged to present their respect to Benoit. "I was not disheartened," said he: "I knew that an honest man could not pass for a rogue for ever." o.

THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

(Continued from p. 226.)

"AND how has it been to-day with my little sister?" asked Gertrude, as Jessie came to her side in the twilight. "Have you taken any steps on the right path?"

"I have not been so good, dear Gertrude, as I hoped and meant to be when you talked to me this morning; and I do not think I have been as wicked as I was yesterday. But you shall hear. Yesterday, my brown hen laid a curiously speckled egg, and I asked if it might be boiled for my breakfast this morning. Cook sent it up among the other eggs; and I took it from the dish, and put it on my own plate. John saw me do it, and he said, 'No reason why you should have the speckled egg, Miss Jessie!' And then he seized it. I was very angry, and cried out, 'You naughty boy!' but then I recollected that I meant to keep the thought of the Saviour in my mind, and I remembered that 'he was always self-denying;' so I did not say any more; and John went on preparing the egg to eat. When he

had nicely seasoned it, he held out the glass to me, and said, 'There's the reward of merit. If you had made a fuss, you should not have tasted a particle.' I told him then the reason I wanted it so much, and he said he was sorry that he had teased me."

"I think that was a great victory, Jessie."

"Ah! but there came next a great defeat, sister," said Jessie, sadly. "It was the very worst thing I have done to-day. You have heard me talk about poor little Dora Allen, who is so pale and thin, and is so often sick? I do not like her much, for she is always whining; but I cannot help pitying her. This morning, she was passing the house as I came out to go to school, and she asked me to go the short way with her. O Gertrude! I am ashamed to tell you. I told her I liked the other way best; and, when she said she was not strong enough to take the longer walk, I told her that I was going that way, at any rate; and so I ran off."

"And did you not think of the Saviour then?"

"No, Gertrude not then; but, when I had walked as far as the corner, I did, and I ran all the way back; but I could not see her. She must have called for one of the other girls. I felt so sorry, that I could not help thinking of it in school; and I lost my place in the reading-lesson two or three times, and had a severe reproof from Miss Minot. Conscience kept telling me that I ought to go to her, and say I was sorry; I could not bear to say it to her; but at last, just as recess was over, I did ask her forgiveness, and told her I would walk home with her. I'm afraid, now, she'll want me to go with her every day."

Gertrude's grave smile made Jessie ask her the occa-

sion of it. "I was thinking," she said, "how many things are needful to make a Christian. You felt remorse because you had been unkind to Dora, and you offered to walk home with her, and to do her a kindness; and yet you cannot be Christian enough to like to have her walk with you every day."

"But, Gertrude, I don't believe *you* would like to walk with her."

"Very probably not, dear; but that is not the question. The question is, What would Christ have done in your place?"

Jessie uttered a deep sigh. "I *will* walk with her, sister, if she wishes it, but not because I like it."

"And now let us hear the rest of your day."

"Oh! I was so sorry for being selfish to Dora, that I do not think I did any more selfish things. I began to be disobedient to mother; but I remembered just in time to save myself, and then I went and told her all about it. I have helped John to weed his garden, and I have wound a great deal of silk for mamma, and I have practised a whole hour and a half."

"And were all these little things done from a good motive?"

"I do not know: I did not think much about the motive. I *wanted* to help mother and John: but I think I practised from a good motive; for I should have liked to have been in the garden all the time."

"Then I should call this, on the whole, a good day. Now, cannot you make to-morrow as good, or even better?"

"I dare say I might, Gertrude; but, then, I *never* shall learn to be good always."

Again the grave smile flitted over Gertrude's face. "When I was first sick, Jessie, I did not find it hard to be patient, because I thought I should soon recover; but, after Dr. Gilbert told me that I should be an invalid for years, I thought I never could bear it. One day, after suffering severe pain, in one of the intervals of ease I took up my little Bible, and my eye fell upon the passage, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' Oh! what a comfort this was to me! I realized then that we have only one day's work before us to do; then, when that is over, God, with the new day, will give us the new strength. I knew I could be patient for *one* day, for I had often been so; and I could look forward then, and smile at suffering, because I felt that each day brought no more than its appointed burden. So it is with the life of holiness, Jessie. Each day, God will give you strength for its duties, if you seek it. With to-morrow you have nothing to do; only you must remember, with every new day, to ask the help you need."

"That seems a great deal easier, Gertrude; but sometimes it will not be so easy to do right as it has been to-day."

"The oftener you do right, the easier it will become."

"Gertrude, dear, you ought not to have talked so long. You are going to have another of your attacks of pain."

"No, Jessie: it has been coming on for an hour. If you are afraid to stay with me, call some one."

"I'm not afraid, dear sister; but can I do every thing for you?"

Gertrude could only say Yes; and Jessie watched her

with the utmost tenderness and care. She had always before been sent from the room when her sister was suffering most; but she knew the few simple things which sometimes brought relief, and most eagerly did she try one after the other. The paroxysm was passing away before Mrs. Maurice came into the room.

"Why, Jessie! you should have called me," she whispered.

"Gertrude told me I must not, unless I was afraid to be with her; and, indeed, I have done every thing."

"Go now, then, Jessie. I am sorry you should have seen her suffer so much. I never meant you should, until you were older. It is hard for us, who are older, and whose nerves are stronger. Go now, my child." Jessie obeyed without speaking.

Gertrude was not able to be moved to her bed that night; but she would not allow any one to sit up with her. She only needed rest, she said; and she should not rest, if she felt she was disturbing any one. When she opened her eyes at dawn the next morning, after an hour's slumber, she saw Jessie, in a little wrapper, standing at the foot of her couch.

"So early, darling?"

"Yes: I woke early, and came to see how you were."

"Oh! much better. I wanted to kiss you last night, and thank you for your nice care of me; but I could not speak when you went away."

Jessie's eyes filled with tears. She stooped down, so that Gertrude should not see them, and answered, "I love to take care of you, sister; but I am going now. It is so early, you will have another sleep before any

one is stirring." And she glided away without giving Gertrude time to speak.

The sight of her sister's suffering, so patiently and uncomplainingly borne, made a great impression upon Jessie. She was sure that Gertrude must have help from above to sustain her; and she asked herself, seriously, "If Gertrude can bear her great trials, cannot I learn to bear my little ones?"

Jessie had always loved Gertrude dearly; but her high animal spirits could not always be restrained, and, consequently, she had seldom remained in Gertrude's room more than a few moments at a time; but now it seemed to have a fascination for her. She loved to sit, with her book or work, beside Gertrude while she slept, and was unwearied in anticipating her wishes.

One day, Gertrude was much better. She was able to walk around her room, and to sit upon the piazza on which her window opened. Jessie flew hither and thither, delighted at her sister's improvement, and eager to make every thing as comfortable as possible for her. When Gertrude was at last arranged in an easy posture, Jessie seated herself at her feet; and, feeling instinctively that Gertrude would like to be silent for a while, she did not interrupt her, and Gertrude was the first to speak. "I am afraid I am very selfish, my dear little sister, to sit here enjoying all by myself, without now and then, at least, saying something to you. But of what have you been thinking all this long half-hour?"

"I am sure I could not tell your half my thoughts. I have been thinking about you, and wondering whether, if you were to be well again, you would be as good as you are now."

"If I were to be any worse than I am now, I should not wish to be well."

"I am *so* glad you did not send me away the other night when you were so sick! I think it did me good to be with you. I could not bear to see you suffer so, and I hardly slept all night for thinking of it; but then, in a day or two, I thought how *very* much God must have helped you, to make you so quiet and patient, and I felt that he could help me to be good too. I don't think I ever really felt in the bottom of my heart, before, that God would help me."

"Then, darling, if my long sickness has brought no other good than this, I thank God for it. He has permitted me to be of use to your soul; and that is the highest blessing he can grant to any of his creatures."

Miss Minot came to see Mrs. Maurice about a month after Jessie's first conversation with her sister. "I think Jessie very much improved," she said. "She is gradually losing her impetuous, wild manner, and is becoming very much more gentle."

"She is much with Gertrude now," answered Mrs. Maurice; "and, indeed, for the past month, Gertrude has seen much more of her than I have. I have noticed, myself, that she was improving, and have attributed it to Gertrude's influence."

As Miss Minot left the house, she overtook Jessie, who was sauntering along with a huge bundle in her hand.

"Where are you going, Jessie?" she asked.

Jessie looked up, and smiled. "I suppose I am going to Mrs. Mullagan's," she replied; "but I don't love to go there, and I have not quite decided."

"But why should you set out until you had decided?"

"Gertrude asked me to go, and I did not like to tell her why I did not wish to go; and, besides, I knew I ought not to feel so about it; and so I came."

"And why don't you like to visit Mrs. Mullagan?"

"Oh! the house is so dirty and disagreeable! and she always brings me her dirty little baby to kiss."

Miss Minot could not forbear smiling at Jessie's expression of extreme disgust. "And why do you think you ought not to dislike to go there?" she inquired.

Jessie answered, in a reverent tone, "Because the Saviour would not have disliked to go where he could do good; and we are to be like him."

"And do you always think, Jessie, of what the Saviour would do in your place?"

"Oh, no, indeed! I am only trying now to think of him. Gertrude says, if we *always* kept Jesus in our minds, we should never do wrong. I never saw any one who did, except Gertrude; and she says she has a great many wicked thoughts, and that I do not judge her rightly, because I cannot look into her heart."

Miss Minot took leave of Jessie at Mrs. Mullagan's door; and Jessie went in, and delivered her message to the good-hearted Irish-woman. She even tried not to be reluctant when she kissed the baby; and, when Mrs. Mullagan regretted that the baby's dress was not cleaner, Jessie was almost tempted to offer to make it another dress; but first she must consult Gertrude.

"What can I do?" thought Jessie, as she walked homewards. "I ought not to dislike so much to go

there. I believe I will go once a week, until I have conquered this foolish and wrong disgust." Jessie was true to her resolution; and she succeeded, little by little, in inducing Mrs. Mullagan to keep the baby clean, and inspired, in one or two of the other children, a desire for neatness.

"Gertrude," said Jessie, one day, after some months had passed, and the elder sister had really begun to feel that the example of Christ was imitated, day by day, by the younger, "I have not had a puzzling question about *right* and *wrong* for a long time until to-day. I always play in recess with Lizzie Selden and Alice Burton, and sometimes we have little secrets together, which we do not wish the other girls to hear; and, when they come near us, we stop talking. It does not seem to me that this is wrong; but Fanny Carey and Julia Darling say we are exclusive, and do not like it; and they annoy us by saying to the rest, whenever they pass us, 'Oh, come away! the *club* have so much to say to each other!' They make us very uncomfortable; and I wish you would tell me what I ought to do."

"I will help you unravel your own thoughts, Jessie, which will be better than giving you mine. Which is least selfish, — to gratify a few, or to gratify many?"

"To gratify many."

"Then is not your question answered? It is really not an absolute wrong for you to choose to associate in school with only one or two. But you are trying to be like Christ: would not he have sacrificed his own wishes, and have induced others to sacrifice theirs?"

"Yes, sister: you are right; and I will try to per-

suade Lizzie and Alice to give up our secrets in school-time, and to join the other scholars in their amusements. Perhaps we may have just as pleasant recesses; and we shall prevent ill feeling at least."

ED.

(To be continued.)

THE GREYHOUNDS OF AFRICA.

NOTHING evinces more the aristocratic tastes of the Arabs of Sahara than their treatment of their greyhounds. Here, as in all other Arab countries, the common dog, whatever the utility of his employment in protecting the tents and flocks, is still regarded as a contemptible and troublesome servant, — a disagreeable necessity. The greyhound alone, as the companion of his chivalrous pastimes, is treated by the Arab with affectionate attention and respect. While, therefore, the faithful watch-dog is driven forth from the tent, treated as a vulgar brute, and allowed to seek his food among the offal and bones that have been thrown out, the greyhound sleeps in the men's apartment, on a carpet beside his master, or even on his bed. He is abundantly but carefully fed; and, in summer, cakes are made for him of milk and stoned dates, which are said to be highly tonic. If a thorough-bred animal, he will not drink out of a dirty vessel; nor will he taste milk in which any one has put his hands. He is defended from the cold with coverlets, like the horse, the Arab having no objec-

tion to his being sensitive in this respect: it is an evidence of high blood. They delight in decking him with ornaments, and make for him collars of shells, to which they attach talismans, to secure him from the blight of an evil eye.

At the age of three or four months, the education of the greyhound is begun by the children starting jerboas, or small deer, and inducing him to give chase. He soon becomes so fond of this pastime, that he will bark round the holes, to induce the youngsters to renew the sport. The next game on which he is tried is the hare; then the young gazelle. At the end of a year, he has attained his full strength, and is advanced to be the companion of the master of the tent, who teaches him to hunt the full-sized gazelle. The Arab talks to him as to a human being: "Listen to me, friend: thou must bring me some venison; I am tired of eating nothing but dates;" whereupon the dog leaps, wheels about, and intimates, as plainly as possible, that he understands his master's wish, and is abundantly willing to comply.

When the dog perceives a herd of thirty or forty gazelles, he trembles with joy, and looks wistfully at his master. "Ha, young Jew!" says the Arab, "thou wilt not say this time that thou hast not seen them." He then unties an ox-skin, and refreshes the body of the dog with a sprinkling of water. The impatient animal turns on him an imploring eye; he is closed on the game, and bounds away; but yet conceals himself, crouches down, if he is perceived; makes a zigzag course; and it is not till fairly within reach, that he darts with all his strength, choosing the finest of the herd as his victim. When the hunter cuts up the ga-

zelle, he gives the dog part of the loin. If he were offered any refuse, he would reject it with disdain.

A thorough-bred hound will hunt with no one but his master; and he manifests due self-respect in his choice of prey. If, on loosing him, his master has pointed out a fine gazelle, and he has succeeded only in taking a small and middling-looking one, he seems to feel the reproach that attaches to the failure, and slinks away ashamed, instead of claiming his accustomed share. The dog always accompanies his master when visiting, and shares whatever hospitalities he receives. By his extreme cleanliness, the kindliness of his manners, and his respect for the usages of society, he shows himself worthy of the attentions thus bestowed on him. When the Arab returns home, after a prolonged absence, his dog makes a single bound from the tent to the saddle, and welcomes him with caresses.

The greyhound of Sahara is very superior to that of the coast. He is tall and fawn-colored, — has a thin muzzle, black tongue and palate, large forehead, short ears, muscular neck, very soft hair, no paunch, dry limbs, and the muscles of the croup well marked. A pretty good one is considered worth a fine camel; but those which take the largest gazelles will bring as much as a horse. A family hunter, however, is never sold: an Arab would almost as soon think of selling one of his sons. When he dies, it is a time of mourning in the tent. The women and children weep and lament as for a member of the family. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

'THE GIFT.

AH, dear children ! Good news ! I see it in your sparkling eyes and earnest faces. "A baby-sister !" What a wee thing ! yet how perfect and how beautiful ! She cannot speak or smile, or even look at you. She thinks nothing, and knows nothing, but to lie and sleep. Can you imagine her grown into a restless, frolicsome child, laughing, talking, running, and playing with you, and at length studying and working with you also ? How slow, but how sure, will be that growth and development ! and how very wonderful it seems to look forward to, as you watch, now, the weak, uncertain motions of the little infant ! A new and beautiful gift of God ! I do not wonder at your thoughtful joy over such a blessing. And what are you to do with her ? Oh ! you will rock and tend and caress her ; wash, dress, and frolic ; and, by and by, teach her to walk and to talk, you think. You anticipate such happiness and pleasure as you cannot express, when you look at that tiny, helpless being lying on mother's lap, and *waiting*, as it were, for its germ of mind and heart to grow into all the knowledge of the earth and skies.

Do you see how wonderful is its little frame ; its soft, brown hair, and changing eyes, and pretty mouth ; its tiny hands and fingers, unable yet to clasp yours, so feeble are they ; its cunning little feet, — all these organs, ready for all the uses to which you put your own eyes and hands and feet, but needing growth and strength before they are of any apparent use to the unconscious

owner of such perfect instruments? You will love the little creature, at first, almost wholly because it is so helpless, so unconscious, and so delicate, and be very tender in your touch and caress, lest you hurt the soft flesh. But how your love will grow as the small frame grows and develops; as the little sister learns to smile, and look after you, gradually to know, and then to *love*, you, for that will be an early lesson; as you see the *soul* shine out from her eyes, and hear it in her sweet voice, and remember that the body you hold and feel and see is but the casket of that fresh, innocent, *immortal* soul which God has breathed into it, to grow into greatness and nobleness, and into something worthy of his likeness! When you think of this soul, — of the heart which is to learn to love you and all around it; of the mind which by slow degrees can grasp so many mighty truths, and be taught so much, — then you will look no less lovingly, but more *reverently*, upon your baby-sister, as more wondrously formed than you can realize, — as a gift from the loving Father above all price, to be kept pure and holy and innocent by the most thoughtful and gentle care.

“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;” “Their angels do always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven,” — were Jesus’s words about such little ones; and we believe *he* loves them all, and that benignant angel-faces bend over them from above, to shield them from evil, and guide them into all good. Do you not think of many spirit-friends who would look lovingly and tenderly down upon this lamb of the good Shepherd’s flock, earnest to bless and help it?

But perhaps you have not thought yet how much you each and all have to do in this work, voluntarily and involuntarily; how great will be your influence over the young soul before you think it knows any thing; how strong your power for good or evil over the fresh, unlearned heart. Will you think about it? Will you remember that she is ever looking to, and learning of, you? — that your example is ever influencing her? And, then, think what you would like to have her imitate, — what you would like to have her be. Do not let her have a chance to learn unkindness or wilfulness or discontent from any of you. Let sunny smiles and kind words and gentle manners be her portion. I have reason to believe, dear Amy, that she may learn a kindly thoughtfulness for others, docility and patience, from you; and, from sweet May, a frank fearlessness for truth, and a quiet independence: but let no weeds grow up with the flowers and fruits, for her or for yourselves to pluck up in the future. Set her the example, little brothers, of generous love and of quick obedience, — can you? And remember how much dearer she will be to you as she grows in goodness and in the beauty of holiness. You are glad and grateful for this new object of love. With your joyful thanksgiving, let an earnest prayer go up to your heavenly Father, that he would help you to be yourselves, and to keep her, pure, peaceable, truthful, holy, — his loved and loving children here on earth and in heaven.

H. S. H.

INGENUITY OF BIRDS.

THRUSHES feed very much on snails. "Having frequently observed some broken snail-shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel walk, which had a hollow between them," says one, "I endeavored to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation. At last, I saw a thrush fly to the spot with a snail-shell in his mouth, which he placed between the two stones, and hammered at it with his beak till he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell when it was rolling about; and he therefore found, and made use of, a spot which would keep the shell in one position."

When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, or hole, and stamps the ground by the side of it with its feet, somewhat in the same manner as I have often done, when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from its hole, which, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavors to make its escape, when it is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of the ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of moles. The animal, when in pursuit of worms, on which it feeds, frightens them; and the worm, in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground, where it is seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been related of the gull. — *Selected.*

THE PRICKLY SEA-MOUSE.

THIS marine animal, belonging to a very low order, is about six or eight inches in length. It has scales, or plates, upon its back; but these are covered by a filmy substance, which resembles tow, and arises from the sides of the animal. It has also strong spines, which pierce through this tow; and a number of flexible bristles — which are irradiated with gold, purple, green, and every rainbow hue — grow in great numbers upon the surface, rivalling in lustre the richest tint of the humming-bird or the peacock, and having a remarkably metallic appearance. The sea-mouse will not live long in the house. The brilliant tint, however, will long remain uninjured, if the animal be preserved, after death, in spirits, or in that chemical preparation now generally used for similar purposes. Every mode of drying will destroy the brilliancy.

The sea-mouse belongs to the class of the *annelides*. The annelides differ a good deal in external appearance, in manners and habits; but they may be generally described as having an elongated form, always marked by rings at certain distances round the body. These rings are united to each other by strong muscles, enabling the animal to twist in various directions; and the moist skin with which it is covered shows the marks of the rings more or less plainly. The common earth-worm is a familiar instance of an annelide.

Turn up any of the sea-weeds or stones on the shore on a summer day, or look for a while into the salt-water

pools, and you will probably see some of the nereids. These are little wormlike animals, with many feet, looking, but for these, like tiny eels or serpents, or perhaps reminding us of the centipedes of hot countries, as they move in the water with an undulating motion. They are sometimes of most brilliant blue or green; but the greater number are red or flesh-colored. Many of them have a fierce aspect, as if they would dart at us. One common kind, when seen under a microscope, looks as if it had the head of a dog on its ever-twisting body. They are phosphorescent; and Linnæus termed one, which is especially so, the *night-shining Nereis*. One kind contributes greatly to the phosphorescence of the sea at Genoa.

Many of the annelides are seen to be extremely beautiful when viewed beneath the microscope. They form, doubtless, a great store of food to the larger animals of the sea, as well as to the birds of the ocean and its shores. To man, some of the largest kinds are useful as bait for fish, especially for mackerel. They even constitute a small article of commerce to the inhabitants of the shores of the Mediterranean and Atlantic. That little animal found everywhere by the sea, the lug-worm (*Arenicola piscatoria*), is very useful in this respect; and fishermen may often be seen digging a good way with their spades into the sand to procure it. This long reddish worm, which changes into a dark green, has no particular beauty of color or form to attract us; and we must watch it, if we would perceive the extreme grace and symmetry of its gills, or breathing apparatus, which change continually into most beautiful colors. These gills separate around the head of the worm, like the

radii of a circle, all gently curving inwards. Each stalk of this feathery crown supports small plumed branches, which are subdivided into branchlets again and again. This lovely coronal can never be seen for more than a moment. It is extended in every direction, and is of a fine red color, often changing, as we glance at it, to a still richer and deeper hue. We have hardly had time to look at it, however, before it is lost to us, and folded up; but, in another minute, it is expanded again, and bright as ever. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

THE YEAR THAT HAS PASSED.

WHAT has our magazine done for you, little friends, during the year that is closing upon us? We dare say it has amused you. You have, no doubt, taken it up, when it has been brought into the house, and read all the stories. Perhaps you have even been interested in the anecdotes of animals, or the sketches of the characters of good men or women; but these are not the parts of the magazine which are most especially intended to benefit you. It is true that most of the stories in its pages are written with a view to impress some moral lesson, and to convey to you real truths in a striking and attractive manner; but as we never compose a number without one or more articles which may be of real use to you spiritually, so we should be rejoiced to learn that each number sowed a good seed in the heart of at least one of our readers. But this cannot be done unless you do *your* part, and *read* whatever is written

for you. It is comparatively an easy thing to write stories which will interest you ; but to convey the precious truths of the Bible to your mind, in a simple and impressive form, requires much thought and care.

Our magazine is not intended merely to amuse you ; we should add but little to the thousands of books of amusement which are published for children : but we feel that you have immortal souls, which should be ministered to, in some measure, by books, as the souls of your parents are ; and every number is meant to meet the spiritual wants of some child. It is a book for Sunday reading. A great many of your books are such as cannot be read with profit on Sunday ; and, if you do not read the more serious articles at any other time, you can at least occupy some of those hours, which too often pass wearily, in reading them.

Christianity is not confined to men and women ; and, if any thing in our pages can induce a single child to think more of its heavenly Father and of the blessed Saviour, and he is led by that thought to try to live a holy life, our aim is attained. We sometimes wish we could talk with every one of our little friends, so that we might set before them the importance of trying each day to become more and more Christlike ; and yet perhaps the spoken words would not accomplish what the written words may.

The records of the old year are almost closed ; already your hearts are filled with joyful anticipations of its successor : but do not let the seal be placed upon the book until resolves to begin a new and a true life are written upon its pages, — until those resolves are strengthened and confirmed by earnest prayer.

We hope that pleasant thoughts are associated in your minds with those who, from month to month, thus hold converse with you. Certainly we ourselves love to fancy the bright-eyed children, merry and frolicsome, or thoughtful and still, who greet the little pamphlet at its every appearance. We love to hope that all these children are dutiful, gentle, and truthful. We like to look forward into the future, and to see them grown into Christian men and women. God grant that our fancies may prove realities, and for each one of these loved, though unknown, ones there may be laid up "a crown of life" !

ED.

CHATSWORTH.

THE Duke of Devonshire's place, at Chatsworth, is said to exceed in magnificence any other in the kingdom. In the grounds about the house are kept four hundred head of cattle, and fourteen hundred deer. The kitchen-garden contains twelve acres, and is filled with almost every species of fruit and vegetables. A vast *arboretum*, connected with the establishment, is designed to contain a sample of every tree that grows. There is also a grass conservatory, three hundred and eighty-seven feet in length, one hundred and twelve in breadth, sixty-seven in height, covered by seventy-six thousand square feet of glass, and warmed by seven miles of pipe conveying hot water. One plant was obtained from India by a special messenger, and is valued at ten thousand dollars. One of the fountains near the house plays two hundred and seventy-six feet high, — said to be the highest jet in the world. Chatsworth contains thirty-five hundred acres ;

but the duke owns ninety-six thousand acres in Derbyshire. Within, Chatsworth is one vast scene of painting, sculpture, mosaic-work, carved wainscoting, and all the elegances and luxuries within the reach of almost boundless wealth and highly refined taste. The duke's income is one million of dollars per annum; yet he manages to spend it all. It will be remembered that Paxton, the originator of the Crystal Palace, is the Duke of Devonshire's head gardener; and to him is the duke's place at Chatsworth indebted for all its glories. — *Selected.*

THE LIGHT OF ALL NATIONS.

ON the south coast of England, near Deal, is a place exceedingly dangerous to ships, called the Goodwin Sands. Many vessels have been wrecked upon them, and there many have found a watery grave. It was thought impossible, on account of the soft and shifting nature of the bottom, to establish a lighthouse there.

A few years ago, a plan was suggested for a structure of iron, which has been carried into successful effect. This consisted of an immense hollow iron shaft, thirty feet in diameter, and sixty-four feet in height, forming the base. This was sunk thirty feet deep in the sands, and rested on a bed of limestone. Upon this, a column eighty-six feet high was raised; then came the lantern, and above this a statue of the queen; and this last, with the lantern, is forty feet in height.

The whole structure is one hundred and ninety feet high. The weight of the lower shaft, or base, is one hundred and twenty tons. In the long shaft, there is room for one hundred men, with provisions; in the top part, near the lantern, there is room for twenty men, whose attendance is constantly necessary to manage the light. This splendid beacon is called "The Light of all Nations." — *Child's Paper.*

